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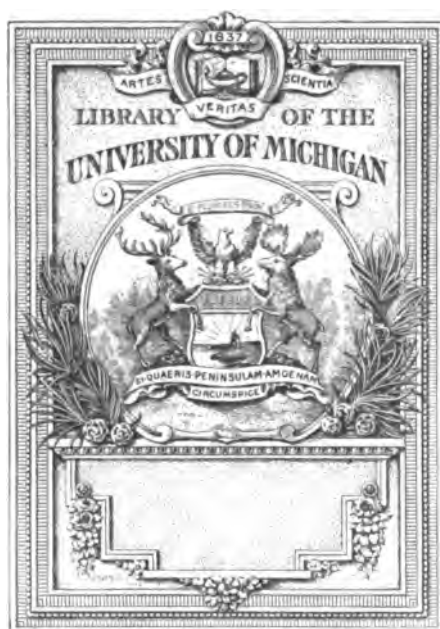
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE  
AND STATE PROGRESS

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VOLUME XXXVIII

NEW SERIES, VOLUME I

0

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CONCORD, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1906

CONCORD, N. H.  
RUMFORD PRINTING CO.  
1906

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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NOTE.—An error in the paging, by which the number was increased two hundred, was made in the September number and has continued through the volume, it not having been deemed expedient to make another change by returning to the correct number for the succeeding issues.





2000



HON. NAHUM J. BACHELDER,  
*Master of the National Grange.*

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVIII, No. 1.

JANUARY, 1906. NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, No. 1.

## A NEW HONOR FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*By H. H. Metcalf.*

While New Hampshire is not now classed among the states of the Union distinctively known as agricultural, and while its combined manufacturing interests now take the lead in amount of invested capital and number of persons employed, agriculture still remains a prominent factor in its industrial prosperity and commands, in no small measure, the intelligent enterprise of the people. Acre for acre, the value of New Hampshire farm products compares favorably with that of the richest agricultural states in the country, which fact of itself demonstrates beyond question the superior industry and intelligence of the rural population of the state. Their progressive spirit is demonstrated, moreover, in the fact that for many years past New Hampshire has held first rank among the states for membership in proportion to territory and population in the great representative farmers' organization—the Grange, or Patrons of Husbandry—and for active interest in the work of that order.

For the first time in its history the National Grange, at its thirty-ninth annual session in Atlantic City, N. J., in October last, honored the Granite State by electing to the chair of master one of its leading citizens and most prominent agriculturists in the person of ex-Governor Nahum J. Bachelder, whose name has long been familiar to members of the order in all parts of the country as that of a tireless worker for the promotion of

its interests and the general welfare of the farmers of the land.

It is not the purpose of this brief article to present a detailed sketch of the life of Worthy Master Bachelder. That was done, indeed, in the issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY for July, 1902. It is designed, now, simply to record the fact of his election to this important and honorable position and to summarize as succinctly as possible the leading points in his career.

Mr. Bachelder was born September 3, 1854, on "Highland Farm" at East Andover, the son of William A. and Adeline E. (Shaw) Bachelder. Educated in the public schools, Franklin Academy and New Hampton Institute, on reaching manhood's estate he devoted himself to the intelligent pursuit of agriculture on his ancestral acres, the original homestead (which has never passed out of the family), having been cleared from the wilderness by his great-grandfather, Capt. Josiah Bachelder, who settled thereon in 1782, and additions having been made thereto till the farm and outlands now include about eight hundred acres. Here has been his home, and agriculture in its varied lines has been his occupation up to the present day, except as the discharge of the official duties to which he has been called has precluded, during much of the time, that personal attention to details which would otherwise have been given.

He became a member of Highland Lake Grange at East Andover, in

1877, shortly after its organization, having been temporarily absent from home, engaged in teaching, at the time of its institution. He served as lecturer and, subsequently, for four years, as master, of the local grange and was chosen secretary of the State Grange in December, 1883, which position he held until elected master in 1891, meanwhile serving as charter lecturer of Merrimack County Pomona Grange. He filled the office of master of the State Grange with conspicuous ability and fidelity for 12 years, until December, 1903, commanding in the meantime the confidence and regard of the National Grange, in which he at once became a conspicuous figure, in such measure that he was soon selected as a member of its legislative committee (which position he still holds), and in 1899 was chosen lecturer, which office he held until his recent election as master. While serving as national lecturer Mr. Bachelder addressed grange audiences and the general public in the support and advocacy of the principles and purposes of the order in 18 different states of the Union, including the six New England states, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Kansas and Oregon.

Since the spring of 1887, when he was chosen to fill the vacancy in the office occasioned by the death of James O. Adams, Mr. Bachelder has been secretary of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture, with his office in Concord, where he has also had his winter residence for the past five years, and in the performance of the duties of this responsible position, involving the executive work of the board, which has been of vast importance and advantage to the agricultural interests of the state, he has rendered faithful and painstaking service. He also served for many years as a member of the Board of Cattle Commissioners, and also as Commissioner of Immigration from the estab-

lishment of the office until its duties were merged with those of the Board of Agriculture, and in that capacity he instituted and has carried on the work which has largely peopled the abandoned farms of the state either with permanent residents or summer home seekers from abroad, who have greatly contributed to the general wealth and prosperity.

As secretary of the Grange State Fair Association during the prosperous years of that organization, later, for two years, as secretary of the Concord State Fair Association; as treasurer for some years of the Granite State Dairymen's Association and secretary, since its organization, of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, effectively coöperating with ex-Governor Rollins in establishing the "Old Home Day" observance now so general throughout the state, and zealously continuing his efforts to maintain and strengthen the interest therein, along with his work in the grange and as secretary of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Bachelder has unquestionably done more than any other man in New Hampshire to promote the progress of agriculture in the state and the welfare of the people engaged therein.

Never a politician, seeking no political office and holding no public position of any kind by election of the people except that of superintending school committee in his own town, when there came at last a strong demand from the farmers of the state for recognition of their calling by the dominant party in the selection of its gubernatorial candidate, in 1902, he was naturally selected as the proper man for the position; and his unanimous nomination was followed by an election by a plurality of nearly nine thousand votes. During his term of two years as governor of the state, although continuing his work in other lines, he faithfully met every requirement of the high position, promptly and courageously performed every duty and responded to all calls for

attendance upon public and semi-public occasions to a far greater extent than has ever been done by any other governor of New Hampshire. As chief magistrate he was, indeed, eminently a man of the people, and personally known to a greater proportion of the men and women of the state than any other incumbent of the office.

Mr. Bachelder is a ready, effective and pleasing speaker; a forceful and voluminous writer, contributing extensively to the agricultural and Grange press and a devoted and loyal son of the old Granite State, supporting all measures calculated to advance its interests along all material lines. He is a thirty-second degree Mason, a Congregationalist in his church adherence and a member of the Woonolancet and Commercial Clubs of Concord. Dartmouth College, in 1891, conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M.

He was united in marriage, June

30, 1887, with Mary A., daughter of Henry and Abigail (Alexander) Putney of Dunbarton. They have two children living—Ruth, born May 22, 1891, and Henry Putney, March 17, 1895.

As the official head of the great order of Patrons of Husbandry, with its million members, united by the bonds of fraternity, for advancing the interests of American agriculture, broadening the minds and elevating the characters of those engaged therein, and thereby promoting the general welfare of all the people, this honored son and representative farmer of New Hampshire will be able to do greater and better work than ever before for the cause he loves—the advancement of that great basic industry which, according to the official estimates, gave the land during the year just closed a contribution to its material wealth to the value of more than six billions of dollars.

---

OLD TIME CHEER.

I dare not trust myself to think  
Of joys I used to know,  
For fear those very joys should prove  
To be my deeper woe.

Nor dare I even trust myself  
To think of those once here,  
Lest, perchance, they wandering by  
Should miss the Old Time Cheer.

And, even there, their happiness  
Could scarcely perfect be,  
If they should know the sorrow that  
Has come to you and me.

God grant us love to live by, that  
The dear ones there and here  
May never, never know the change  
Come to the Old Time Cheer.

—E. T. O.

## A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.—THE OLD NORTH CHURCH AND ITS PRESENT PASTOR.

*By Elwin L. Page.*

On November 18, 1905, the First Congregational Church of Concord was 175 years old. The occasion was appropriately observed by exercises beginning on Friday, the seventeenth, closing on Sunday, the nineteenth, and combining in just proportion history, reminiscence, sociability and thought for the future.

This church is noteworthy for the fact that in its century and three



North Congregational Church.

quarters it has had but six pastors. These are Timothy Walker, 1730-1782; Israel Evans, 1789-1797; Dr. Asa McFarland, 1798-1825; Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, 1825-1867; Dr. Franklin D. Ayer, 1867-1897; George H. Reed, 1898 to the present time.

During the same time it has occupied four meeting-houses. First came a log block-house, serving as both church and garrison from 1726, and

abandoned in 1751 for a frame structure located upon the site of the present Walker School. As the town grew, improvements to this building became necessary in 1783, and a considerable enlargement was added in 1803. Until 1825 the church was supported from the town treasury, but after the disestablishment in that year many of its following dropped off and formed other churches of the same and other denominations. As a result the great building became too large for the use of the parish and a new edifice was built in 1842 on the corner of Main and Washington Streets. This was burned in 1873 and upon the same site the house now standing was erected the following year.

The commemorative exercises began Friday evening, November 17, with a programme which was chiefly historical. The Hon. Joseph B. Walker, great-grandson of the first pastor, gave a vigorous address upon "The Early New England Town," describing something of the physical and human features of the first settlement in Concord.

The Hon. Sylvester Dana, the nestor of the local bar, now in his ninetyeth year, gave some very amusing reminiscences of the "Old Time Minister." William P. Fiske spoke upon "The Sunday School," and Elwin L. Page gave an address upon "The Look Forward." All of these speakers are members of the parish, but the sister South Church was represented by her pastor, Rev. Edwin W. Bishop, D. D., whose subject was "The Mission of the Church."

During the evening two anniversary hymns were sung, one written by Rev. N. F. Carter of Concord, the other by Rev. George H. Reed, the pastor of the church.

On Saturday afternoon, in the

church parlors, was given a reception under the auspices of the Ladies' Social Circle. The receiving party consisted of Rev. Franklin D. Ayer, D. D., fifth pastor and now *pastor emeritus*, Rev. George H. Reed and Mrs. Reed, and of descendants in the direct line of all the other pastors of the church with the exception of Mr. Evans, who had no children.

At the Sunday morning service the pastor gave a commemorative sermon and Dr. Ayer conducted the sacrament

this old church is held by the whole city with whose history it has been so closely identified. Moreover, the tone of the exercises warrants belief that the church is to remain a force in the community.

REV. GEORGE HARLOW REED.

Rev. George Harlow Reed, who is the sixth and present pastor of the First Congregational Church of Concord, was born at Worcester, Mass., in 1858. His father was Samuel G.



Rev. George H. Reed.

of the Lord's Supper. The evening exercises brought the celebration to a close. Miss Annie A. McFarland read a paper upon Rev. Asa McFarland, prepared by his grandson, Mr. Henry McFarland of Concord; Dr. Ayer gave a historical review of the last 25 years; and Rev. George H. Dunlap of the East Concord Church brought the greetings of the other Congregational churches of the city.

The large attendance at the various services attested the affection in which

Reed, for many years a successful wheelmaker and inventor in that city; his mother was Cleora E. Harlow of Shrewsbury, Mass., and a descendant of Pilgrim stock.

Mr. Reed received his early education in the public schools of his native city and at Phillips Exeter Academy. His training for the ministry he had at the theological seminary at Bangor, Me., whence he was graduated in 1886. Subsequently he took special work at Boston University.



The first church served by Mr. Reed was the Winslow Church of Taunton, Mass., where he began his work in June, 1887, and where he met his present wife, Virginia, the daughter of Dr. A. S. Deane. His marriage occurred on July 16, 1889. Mr. and Mrs. Reed have one daughter, Margaret.

From Taunton Mr. Reed went to the North Congregational Church in Haverhill, Mass., in November of the year 1891. Here he remained for

something more than six years, when he received a call to his present pastorate.

Mr. Reed was installed in Concord June 30, 1898. In the seven years that he has been here he has been prominently connected with the religious and moral life of the city and his activity has reached out all over the state. He is frequently heard at conventions and is first vice-president of the New Hampshire Home Missionary Society.

### THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

*By William Ruthven Flint.*

A streamlet by a shingly turn  
Loiters for a backward glance  
At the mosses, grass and fern  
Growing in its sunlit haunts.



Sunlit Haunts.

Lingering, seems to question "Whither?"  
Then pursues its wandering way,  
Leaving grass and fern to wither,  
While the streamlet, in its play,

Flashing on in sun and shadow  
Thro' the birch-woods and the beeches,  
Thro' the sunshine-flooded meadow,  
Deeps and shallows, pools and reaches;

Telling in melodious jingle  
Tales that ever in the swelling  
Of the ripples on the shingle  
Are forgotten in the telling.

Still with many a low-toned grumble  
At the boulders in its path,  
And with music in the rumble  
Of its many-voicéd wrath,



A Rocky Barrier, Steep.

Dashes now in headlong fury  
O'er a rocky barrier steep;  
Then in quiet, silent hurry  
Whirls beneath the waters' leap.

Ever onward in its faring,  
In its carefree wandering,  
Nomad of the woodland, daring  
All its passes; pondering

Not the rythm of its singing,  
Not the burden of its toil;  
Nor the joy of foam high flinging  
From the rocks in white recoil.

*THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.*

Yet, in all its rippling clatter,  
Where the still, black water tarries,  
In the spray's continual spatter,  
Everywhere, the streamlet carries

Secrets of the sky and cloudland;  
Early morning mist that dallies  
O'er the pasture and the plowed-land;  
Secrets of the hills and valleys;

Of the age-old rocks and ledges,  
Fingered by the fretting waters  
Smooth, and sloping to the edges,  
Where the rotting pine-stump tatters.

And the streamlet, slowly changing  
From its cheerful melody,  
To the deeper bass notes ranging  
As it curves out toward the lea,

All its secrets and its singing  
To the greater symphony  
Of the silent river bringing,  
Yields at length its sovereignty.

August, 1905.



The Silent River.

## WALTER PARKER BECKWITH, PH. D.

*By Carl A. Allen, M. D.*

Dr. Walter P. Beckwith, the subject of this sketch, was born in Lempster, August 27, 1850. His parents were Ransom P. and Emily L. (Parker) Beckwith. His father was a farmer, but a man of good education, a leading citizen of the town, who had served in various town offices and as a member of the state Legislature. His mother was the only sister of Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, a former member of Congress and a trustee of Tufts College.

Both parents had been schoolteachers and, without doubt, supplemented the meagre education of the district school, which the boy, Walter, attended during the usual ten weeks in summer and the same in winter. With these opportunities, and one or two terms at a private school in the same town, he had so mastered the rudiments of an education that at the age of 16 he taught his first term of school in an adjoining town and with marked success.

At the age of 18 he went to Claremont, where he attended the high school for a short time. In the fall of 1869 he entered Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, from which he graduated at the head of his class in the college course in 1871. The same year he was admitted to Tufts College, from which he graduated with the highest honors of the class in 1876, having been obliged to remain absent one year in order to earn money enough by teaching to enable him to complete his college course.

The following account of his college life, written by his college chum and life-long friend, should be an inspiration to any young man who is obliged to earn his own way through college:

I gladly comply with the request to contribute something concerning the college life of my dear friend, Walter P. Beckwith. My acquaintance with him

began in the fall of 1871, for though he did not graduate until '76 we both entered Tufts with the class of '75, and he remained with our class one year. He was acknowledged by us as a leader from the beginning. He was above the average age of his mates, and his previous experience had given him a maturity of judgment and a readiness of speech which were speedily recognized by all members of the class. He came to college with an excellent preparation and carried easily the work of freshman year. Upon his return to the Hill, after an absence of several months spent in teaching, he joined the class of '76, and was graduated with honor as the class leader. Seventy-five was sorry to lose him from her ranks, for she had grown to rely upon his judgment in all class discussions and interests, and there was great reluctance to yield to a class, naturally her rivals, so strong and able a member. But though after freshman year I was not associated with him in class work, our personal relations during my three remaining years upon the Hill were close and happy. We were in the same fraternity. We smoked together, we read together, we walked around the reservoir together by day and by night. We were associated in the management of the Adams Club—the prolific source, I fear, of much post-graduate indigestion.

I very early grew to admire Beckwith's habits of work. He was my ideal of a student—self-reliant, industrious, thorough. Possessing these qualities, his work in college merited and received the quick approval of the professors. But though he was justly proud of his standing in the college, his success as a student did not unduly exalt him. He never made a fellow-student uncomfortable by any assumption of superiority, and he was always ready with suggestions and assistance for those of us who sought his aid. He greatly appreciated the commendation of instructors, and I recall

very distinctly with what satisfaction he exhibited to me on one occasion a theme which had been returned to him by the beloved professor in English with the comment written in the corner, 'This leaves nothing to be desired.' I recall, also, my own conscious despair of ever seeing those words written upon any feeble effort of mine.

bater and, as may be supposed, he was a leader in the Mathetican Society and in the councils of Zeta Psi.

His tastes and habits of mind led us all to suppose that he would become a lawyer. Indeed, that profession did attract him during his college course and for several years after he graduated. But his success as a teacher and his love of



Walter Parker Beckwith, Ph. D.

But Walter Beckwith was more than a mere student of books. He was a student of men and of affairs. No one in college was more familiar with or better informed concerning the politics of the day. It was his habit to go to the reading-room in old Middle Hall every morning before breakfast to read the newspapers and magazines and he was always ready and able to discuss current events intelligently and entertainingly. He was an excellent de-

bater and, as may be supposed, he was a leader in the Mathetican Society and in the councils of Zeta Psi.

His tastes and habits of mind led us all to suppose that he would become a lawyer. Indeed, that profession did attract him during his college course and for several years after he graduated. But his success as a teacher and his love of

his work in educational fields kept him from the law. He always took a lively interest in the college publications and spent much time and thought upon them. He wrote for them, edited them and took an active and influential part in their financial management. He was not especially interested in athletics. I do not recall that he ever played a game of baseball or football, or

that he ever helped to navigate our ancient shell along the tortuous Mystic. He did not care for these sports and I think he felt that he had not the time to give to them. His whole thought and attention were given to his work and his mind was centered upon that. He maintained a high rank in all his studies, but I think he was particularly interested in English and allied subjects.

He was always conscientious in his work, and never resorted to shifty devices in daily recitations or in periodical exam-

ined Tufts College. His work upon the Board of Overseers has been intelligently and faithfully done and while he has at times criticised men and methods, his criticisms have been kindly, and he has striven earnestly to conserve what to him seemed the highest and best welfare of the institution.

WILLIAM W. MCCLENCH, '75.

Springfield Mass.

After leaving college, Mr. Beckwith accepted the principalship of the high



State Normal School, Salem, Mass.

inations. This fact was known by all his associates and was the secret, in part, at least, of his influence and power among the fellows. He enjoyed the cordial respect of the entire college and I cannot recall that I ever heard anyone speak ill of him.

During the years that have intervened between '75 and the present, my relations with him have been intimate. We have corresponded constantly, we have visited each other often and we have travelled together. During all this time his interest in the college has been keen, and he has had the satisfaction of repaying in a measure the debt of gratitude which he never hesitated to acknowledge he

owed Tufts College. His work upon the Board of Overseers has been intelligently and faithfully done and while he has at times criticised men and methods, his criticisms have been kindly, and he has striven earnestly to conserve what to him seemed the highest and best welfare of the institution.

While a resident at Adams, he was identified with the affairs of the town, having served as moderator at the annual town meetings for many years, being the choice of all parties interested. He also served as chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library for 18 years and did much

to improve it. He was affiliated with Berkshire Lodge of Free Masons, Greylock Lodge, A. O. U. W., both of Adams, and of Tufts College Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa. He was a fluent public speaker and during the past 25 years had addressed many public meetings on educational and other subjects.

Doctor Beckwith was considered by leading educators as one of the strongest and ablest men in Massachusetts and his name had been among those considered in connection with the vacant presidency of Tufts College. When Doctor Balliet retired from the office of superintendent of schools in Springfield, Mass., Doctor Beckwith was one of three men seriously considered by the committee for the succession. He, however, would not consider the candidacy.

As a teacher of teachers, he was in a congenial field and his success as a normal school principal in one of the most important normal schools of Massachusetts was of the highest order.

At the commencement exercises at Tufts College in 1883, he presented an essay on "The Prose Writings of John Milton," and had the degree of A. M. conferred upon him for post-graduate work in Latin and English literature. In 1890 he delivered an oration before the meeting of the Tufts College alumni on "The Obligations of the College and its Graduates to Education." A few years later, the college conferred upon him the degree of Ph. D. He was a frequent contributor to educational and other papers on matters pertaining to education, and was at one time assistant secretary of the American Institute of Instruction. For several years Doctor Beckwith was chairman of the Board of Overseers of Tufts College and, at the time of his death, was chairman of a committee of the overseers to name a man for the vacant presidency of the college.

He was a member of the Essex County Teachers' Association, the

Massachusetts Teachers' Association, the New England Association of School Superintendents and the Massachusetts Superintendents' Association, in all of which he had performed official duties. He was also a member of the New Hampshire Club, the Twentieth Century Club (Boston), and the Whittemore Club.

Among the more important of his published essays and addresses are the following: "The Teacher of Tomorrow;" "Abraham Lincoln;" "The Study of History;" "Drill—A Chapter of Pedagogy."

The following are among the many lectures given by Doctor Beckwith before various educational, social and religious bodies: "The Social Element in Education;" "The Spirit of the Teacher;" "Manual Training;" "How a Teacher Can Keep Himself Alive;" "Moral Elements in School Organization;" "Correlation of History and Geography;" "The Public and the Schools;" "Sources of Our Knowledge;" "The Educated Man and Christianity;" "Individuality of the Teacher;" "The Value of a Man;" "Literature for Children;" "Teaching in Sunday Schools;" "Value of Art in Education;" "The School as an Agency of Moral Training;" "Discipline in Secondary Schools;" "Literature and History in Education;" "The Growing Teacher;" "The Teacher's Work with Classes;" "The Advantages of Normal School Training;" "The Availability of Good Teachers;" "Language and Geography;" "Relation Between High and Normal Schools;" "Order and Discipline;" "How Public and Sunday Schools Can Coöperate in Training of Character;" "College Graduates in Elementary Schools;" "The Contents of Our Minds;" "The Choice of an Occupation;" "Problems in Training in the City Normal Schools;" "The Church and Educated Life."

When Doctor Beckwith was appointed principal of the Normal School at Salem, the school was in the

old building, with no opportunity for model or practice schools. The faculty then numbered 12, exclusive of the principal, with 142 students. In December of the same year, 1896, the school was transferred to the new building, where, with added facilities and increased room, Doctor Beckwith organized a model kindergarten and eight model graded schools (in 1897) so the children can be fitted for high school work.

The school has grown under his management so that now there are 10 instructors in the model school department with 300 pupils, and 14 members of the Normal School faculty, besides the principal, with 215 students. During his principalship he graduated 655 students and gave certificates to 42 students for a year's special work. Over 72 per cent. of all students who have entered the school since 1896 have graduated.

While principal of the Normal School, Doctor Beckwith gave his time and energy to the administration of the affairs of the school and the broadening of its influence. His success in raising the general standard of normal school work cannot be overestimated. Both by training and personal qualifications he was preëminently fitted for the position of a "Teacher of Teachers." His personal influence over the students was very great and they found in him both a sympathetic friend and faithful guide.

No higher tribute to the character and efficiency of his work can be offered than that paid by the many successful graduates of the school who continually turned to their *alma mater* and to Doctor Beckwith, personally, for inspiration and up-to-date information concerning improved methods and advanced ideas.

He was especially successful in keeping the interest of the alumni of the school alive and through his efforts the semi-centennial celebration of 1904 was most satisfactory and complete. He compiled a catalogue

of all persons connected with the school since its founding in 1854, a work requiring long and persistent effort.

A memorial service was held in the hall of the Normal School building in Salem, Saturday, December 9, 1905. Mr. Martin, secretary of the State Board of Education, presided and William W. McClench, Esq., of Springfield, Mass., delivered the memorial address. Choice music was rendered, with chorus singing by the students of the school.

A committee has been appointed from among the teachers of the Salem Normal School to procure contributions for the establishment of a "Beckwith Memorial Fund," "as a means of exemplifying in a permanent way the love and esteem which the teachers and former pupils of the school bear for their late principal, Dr. Walter Parker Beckwith."

The money is to be deposited in Massachusetts savings banks and the interest is to be used at the discretion of the principal of the school in rendering financial assistance to promising and needy students. Contributions will be gratefully received from anyone who wishes to honor the memory of Doctor Beckwith and can be sent to the secretary of the committee, Miss Fannie B. Deane, State Normal School, Salem, Mass.

The following "Tribute" to Doctor Beckwith is from the Normal Class of 1904:

#### A TRIBUTE.

Now as we leave these last two years  
behind  
To start upon our chosen work,  
thoughts flow  
From out our minds of thee we've  
learned to know,  
And who hast led the way where we were  
blind  
And could not go unled. In thee we find  
That mild and happy jest that comes  
unbid  
To tell the undermeaning that lies hid.  
We know the loyal soul that thou dost  
bind



So closely to thy work; we know that ring  
Of justice, worth and depth that answers  
true

In all thy friendliness. In everything  
We find in thee, there is that strength  
that makes

Us thoughtful, and in quiet moments  
breaks

Upon us with that forceful power anew.

Mr. Beckwith was married December 29, 1879, to Miss Mary L. Sayles, a successful teacher at Adams, Mass., who, with one daughter, Miss Frances S. Beckwith, a recent graduate of Vassar College, survives him.

Doctor Beckwith was a man of great vigor of mind and body and morally he was of the sternest integrity. In whatever he undertook he displayed these characteristic qualities of mind and heart, and he excited in all who came in contact with him the same sterling qualities.

In politics he was a Democrat both by inheritance and disposition, and in his early youth was such an enthusiast that, like the ancient Roman, he considered that to be a Democrat was little less than to be a king. When a boy of only fourteen or fifteen, he printed with his pen a weekly paper, Democratic and literary, whose editorials showed a wonderful grasp of the thought of the times; and when about seventeen years of age he delivered a political address before the citizens of his native town in reply to Mason W. Tappan, at that time one of the leading Republican lawyers in New Hampshire.

In later years he was more liberal in his politics and although always a Democrat, he placed loyalty to truth and integrity in right principles before party in both state and nation.

Personally, Doctor Beckwith was the type of a rugged, hearty, jovial man. He was a delightful companion, steadfast in his friendships, and so keen a judge of human nature that a few hours of acquaintance with anyone was sufficient to enable him to

analyze with great accuracy both his character and ability.

He hated hypocrisy and double dealing in any form and loved to call things by their right names. He was too honest and straightforward to become a successful diplomat and his want of tact may have lost him a friend at times, but never one worthy of the name.

His power of depicting character in a few brief sentences was something unusual and he would sum up all the good and bad traits among his friends and acquaintances in almost a single sentence and leave but little unsaid.

He dearly loved a joke, and bright, indeed, was he who could get the best of him in a duel of words. He was quick at repartée and his hearty laugh gave life and cheer to any circle of which he was a member. He was a member of the Universalist Church and for many years one of its trusted officers.

He loved books and surrounded himself by the works of the best authors. He was not a financier after the frenzied pattern of today and cared nothing for money except for what it would bring to him, and was perfectly content with his modest salary, provided it would meet his necessary expenses and purchase the beloved books he cared for.

He was physically strong and, except for the asthma which troubled him somewhat in earlier life his health had been generally good until attacked by cancer of the neck, from which he died at his home in Salem, Mass., October 13, 1905.

In his death Massachusetts loses one of her strongest men and ablest educators; the many teachers, a wise counselor and guide; his family, a devoted husband and loving father, and his many friends, one whose place can never be filled, although his example will never die.

The funeral of Doctor Beckwith was held at Salem, Sunday afternoon,

October 15, and at Adams the following day. The services Sunday were attended by many past and present members of the Normal School and were conducted by Rev. C. H. Puffer of the First Universalist Church in Salem and Rev. W. S. Woodbridge of Tufts College, a college classmate.

The body was taken to Adams on Monday, the sixteenth, where the funeral was held at 3 p. m. in the Universalist Church, the service being conducted by Rev. O. I. Darling, the pastor.

The burial was in Maple Street Cemetery. The bearers were C. F. Sayles, G. F. Sayles, Dr. H. B. Holmes, all of Adams; H. R. Beckwith, H. W. Parker of Claremont, Hiram Parker of Lempster, and William W. McClench of Springfield, Mass.

The public schools of the town were closed at noon in respect to his mem-

ory and many stores and business places during the funeral. The church was filled with sympathizing friends and the many teachers and pupils of the town where Doctor Beckwith had, for 18 years, been a recognized leader. The casket and chancel of the church were covered with beautiful flowers. Besides a widow and daughter, Doctor Beckwith leaves an aged mother and only brother, Mr. Hira R. Beckwith of Claremont.

Doctor Beckwith delivered the address at the memorial service in honor of President Capen of Tufts College, closing with these words—a tribute his many friends would render to Doctor Beckwith himself:

"So, when a good man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he left behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."

## ROXY'S GOOD ANGEL.

*By Eva J. Beede.*

"Ef you've got tew a spot where you kin leave orf, mebbey you 'd best come out an' fry the nut cakes fur me, a standin' over the hot fat fetches out my 'umor so. The stuff that root an' yarb doctor fixed up fur me 's a helpin' on me, but he sed I'd orter be dretful keerful 'bout gittin' my blood het," said Mrs. Kent, as she put her head into "the west room," where her daughter Roxana was carefully placing the braided mats on the cleanly-swept rag carpet. "That hooked-in rug 's a beauty! I'm glad you put it before the table where 't won't get trod on much," continued Mrs. Kent, as she looked admiringly at a rug, upon which blossomed a bouquet of flowers which it would have puzzled a botanist to classify. "Did David notice your new rug last Sund'y night, Roxy?"

"Yes; he sed I beat natur on posies," was the reply.

It was a balmy Saturday morning in the last of May, the scent of the lilacs and the songs of the robins floated in through the open windows, the old maples in front of the house gently waved their tender leaves over the low roof, and dandelions spangled with gold the new green grass in the dooryard.

"When I can read my tittle clear," Roxy's sweet voice sang, as she briskly swept off the door rock, on either side of which the great red peonies were in bloom; then she went in to fry the doughnuts.

"Guess I 'll bake a couple o' dried apple pies, your par loves 'em so," remarked Mrs. Kent, as she came out of the buttery with her palms covered with great rings of dough, which she

dropped into the hot, sputtering fat, and watched them as they struggled to the surface. "Soon's you get through here, Roxy," she continued, "had n't you better break off some o' the laylocks and pinies, and make a bokay to set on the mantle piece? Them pine boughs doos look nice in the fireplace. Then you might run down in the garden and see ef you can 't git a little rubub, so'st I could stew a leetle fur sass. Mis' B'ynton sez she 's dretful fond on 't, but *they* hain't got no pie plant 'cause *he* do n't like it. I should n't a arsked Mis' B'ynton over Saturd'y, when I hed so much to do, only the schulemarm goes home Frid'y nights, and I war n't under no oblergations to arsk her."

Roxana Kent was the only child of Seth and Hannah Kent. Seth was born in this little red house, and here he had always lived, on the "Neck Road," as it was called, for that part of the town stretched out into the great lake. Jonathan Kent, the father of Seth, had built the house, and as Richard, the other son, had gone to seek his fortune in the West several years ago, Seth had been the one to live at home and take care of the old folks, and at their death he had inherited the homestead.

On the adjoining farm lived Stephen Allen, who was the most forehanded of any of the farmers on the "Neck Road." His house was painted white, except the back side, which was red; he rode in a chaise, and his wife had a black silk gown hanging in her spare room clothes press, and a hair-cloth sofa in the fore room.

The Allens had only one child living, but three little white marble stones were noticeable among the blue slate ones in the burying-ground near the schoolhouse, and here slept the three little Allens who had died of the scarlet fever.

Mrs. Allen had great ambitions for her only son, David. He was sent out to the village to the tuition school, when he had "got beyend the dees-triet skule" on the Neck, but he

came home Friday nights to remain until Monday morning and always came over to spend his Sunday evenings with Roxy. They had cared for each other ever since they were children, David bringing big red apples to school for Roxy to eat at recess, and Roxy always sliding on David's sled. In the summer he took her in his boat to gather pond lilies, and in the winter they skated together; he was always "her company" at the Fourth of July picnics, and at the husking bees; he saw her home from singing school and from prayer meeting, and he nearly died of jealousy the week when her cousin Will was on from the West. It was now more than three years that David had been "paying attention" to Roxy, going "to set up with her reg'lar" every Sunday night; still there seemed to be no prospect of a wedding in the neighborhood. David was now almost twenty-three, and Roxy a few months younger. The old women said David "was dretful slow, jest like his uncle Reuben, fur he courted Maria Jane Smith goin' on ten year; then she got tired o' waitin' an' up an' merried along o' Lem Bartlett, and then Reuben he took Luke Foster's widdier."

Meanwhile Roxy was making rugs and patchwork quilts, and getting her things ready. She also braided hats, and with the money thus earned bought her clothes, besides laying away, carefully tied up in a white cotton stocking, a sum sufficient to buy her a green silk wedding gown; still the time went on, and David did n't say the word.

The "skulemarm," a pretty little blonde from the village, boarded at Caleb Boynton's, and only night before last she had been invited to eat supper at the Allens. Although she had gone home alone, before dark (Roxy knew, because her black eyes had been watching from the bedroom window), the Kents feared that Mrs. Allen was aspiring for a village girl for her son; so Mrs. Kent had invited Mrs. Boynton over for the pur-

pose of finding out what she could about the "skulemarm."

Mrs. Boynton appeared promptly at two o'clock, in a clean starched gingham, knitting work in hand; she was "footin' down a pair o' stockin's fur Calup," she remarked. Mrs. Kent, who had put on a new purple print, got out her knitting, too, some winter footin's for Seth, and the tongues and the needles flew fast. Soon Roxy came in, radiant in a pink calico and a white apron; she was knitting edging. Mrs. Boynton admired the pattern, then told her about some "harndsum" lace that the "skulemarm was a knittin' of, fur pillar cases," and went on to describe the log cabin, and Job's trouble quilts that she was "a-piecin' up," adding, "Law sakes, she's up soon 's light a-workin' on 'em!"

"What's she so driv fur? Goin' ter git merried?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Yes, 'fore a great while, I guess, but she told me in confidence, so do n't say nothin' 'bout it. I would n't hev it come from me fur the world, but she 's a keepin' skule to git money to buy her a silk gownd; she 's a goin' to hev sky blue, an' I tell her she'll look jest as purty as a pictur in it, she's so light complected. The feller she 's a goin' ter merry 's a minister, so she sez she dunno 's she'll ever git another silk gownd; she met with him over ter the 'cademy to the Bridge, where she went to skule. He hain't got quite through his skulin' yit, but they hain't a goin' ter wait. There, I promised not to tell, so do n't you breathe a word on 't to no livin' soul."

Roxy and her mother willingly pledged themselves to keep the secret, for a great burden had been lifted from their hearts. Evidently "the skulemarm was n't a settin' her cap" for David.

Mrs. Kent took out some of her warm bread and beans for supper, saving the rest for the Sunday morning breakfast.

"I declare," said Mrs. Boynton,

passing up her plate for more, "I believe them beans is the best I ever eet; I wish *he*" (meaning her husband) "had some; he told me to say to you that he was much obleeged for your invite to supper, but he was so driv with his farm work that he could n't stop to shift his close and come. I biled a big mess o' dandelion greens for dinner, so 's ter hev some left over, so I guess he 'll make out a supper, for he loves cold greens awful well."

Mrs. Kent loaded Mrs. Boynton's plate with the rhubarb sauce, remarking, "They say they hev sass dishes out ter the village. I s'pose you git all the styles from the skulemarm, do n't ye?"

"Anyhow," responded Mrs. Boynton, "I don't believe there 's anybody to the village that can hold a candle to you on nut cakes. I must get your resayte."

Very soon after supper, Seth, who was a quiet man, and had taken but little part in the conversation, picked up his milking pails and started for the cow yard, while Roxy cleared the table and washed the dishes. Then Mrs. Boynton rolled up her knitting work, remarking, "I guess I 'd better be goin' along. Calup 'll be a lookin' for me."

"I 'll go a piece with you," said Mrs. Kent, taking down her sun bonnet.

They walked together to the turn in the road, and there they parted, Mrs. Boynton assuring Mrs. Kent that "her vittles did taste so good," and Mrs. Kent in response saying, "Now dew be neighborly, and run over often, for you hain't no idee how much good your visit 's done me."

## PART II.

The lilacs had faded, and the great peonies had shed their crimson petals; the yellow dandelions had been transformed into balls of dainty lacework that had dropped apart, and in innumerable fairy shafts, had sped away

on the wings of the wind. The tender green of spring had deepened into the thick shade of summer. Haying time had come, when the tall timothy, the graceful redtop and the fragrant clover were stowed away in the great barns; the crops had ripened and been harvested all along the "Neck Road." The women folks had strung all the apples that were worth stringing, and those that were good for nothing else had been made into cider.

It was now December, the fall work was done and the "men folks" were "a choppin'" in the woods, in order that they might build up the family woodpile, or draw "a few cords out ter the village, soon 's it cum good sleddin'"; meanwhile the women were devoting all their spare time to knitting "sale foot'ns."

One mild day as the Boyntons were partaking of a good old-fashioned "bile dinner," and Caleb was just helping himself to some more of the cabbage and the turnips and the beets, remarking, "I declar, Nancy, I'll bet there hain't a woman on ter the road 't will come up to you fur bilin' garden sass." Mrs. Boynton suddenly changed the subject by asking, "Be you a goin' ter be orf down ter the wood lot all the arternoon?"

Caleb nodding assent, she continued, "'Cause of you be, I'm a goin' over ter the Kentses. I hain't ben over there 'n a dog's aidge, an' I'd ort ter go over 'n tell 'em 'bout the weddin'. Pore Roxy. I sh'd think she'd be clean discouraged. Ef David Allen's ever a goin' ter merry her, why don't he do it? I never see nobody so slow 'bout their courtin' in my born days."

As soon as she got the dishes "done up" and the stove "wiped down," Mrs. Boynton put on a green and black checked, home-made, woolen gown (she had spun and woven it herself, and had worn it for "harnsum" six years, but was taking it now for second-best), a heavy red and green changeable woolen shawl, and a big pumpkin-hood; then dropping her

knitting work into her capacious pocket, she set out for the Kents.

It was not the custom in those days for neighbors to knock at each other's doors, so Mrs. Boynton walked right into the kitchen, where sat Mrs. Kent and Roxy.

"How d' do? I'm so snow-blind, I can't hardly tell which from t' other," said she. "What be you a drivin' at now, knittin', I s'pose, same 's I be?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Kent, "me an' Roxy's stinted ourselves to git a derzern pair o' foot'ns done 'ginst father goes out ter the village agin, but we 're dretful glad you've come over to set a spell. Comfortable weather for the time o' year, hain't it?"

"Yes, but 't wuz dretful teedyus larst week; I sh'd a ben over sooner ef it hedden 't ben so cold. I wanted to tell ye 'bout my goin' out ter the village to eat Thanksgivin' dinner," said Mrs. Boynton, as they all drew up around the fireplace.

"For the land's sake, Mis' B'yn-ton, I did n't know's none o' your folks lived out ter the village, nor his n't nuther!"

"Wa'al they do n't," continued the speaker, "but me and Calup hed a invite out ter the weddin'."

"The weddin'!" exclaimed both listeners in a breath.

"Yes," explained Mrs. Boynton, "do n't you rec'lect Almiry Folsom, she that boarded 'long o' me an' kep' the skule larst summer?"

"Land, yes, father was a lettin' on, when he cum home from the store t'other night, that he heerd 't she wuz merried in the meetin'-house on Thanksgivin' Day. An' you's there an' see it all. How you talk! Dew tell us all about it!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Kent, while Roxy stopped knitting to listen.

"Wa'al, in the fust place," began Mrs. Boynton, "Almiry an' her feller they cum in kinder latish and set down nigh the door. I guess the folks hed got wind on't round what wuz goin' on, fur the meetin'-house wuz

purty well filled up, an' Elder Price he preached a powerful sermon, jest an hour an' 25 minutes long—'t wuz, for Mr. Folsom told me he took out his timepiece an' looked. Then when the Elder hed got through, stid er pronouncin' the benediction's usual, sez he: 'The congregation's requested to tarry a spell.' Then he called for Richard Taylor an' Almiry Folsom to cum forrard to the altar; so they stood up and wuz merried rite in the meet-in'-house, afore the hull on us."

"What wuz she merried in?" put in Roxy.

"Her blue silk gownd, o' course, an' a blue silk bunnit with a white feather an' white strings, an' she wore white kid gloves. Dick, as she calls him, he's considerable dark complected, but Almiry, you know, she's jest pink an' white, an' ev'rybody sed they wuz the purtiest couple that they ever set eyes on."

"Then you was ter the dinner. Who else'd they hev?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Bein's there hain't none o' his folks 'cept his Aunt Herriet, an' she's a missionary orf in Chiny, the Folsomses tho't they would n't send down below fur none o' their kin to cum up, but Almiry she'd set her heart on hevin' me an' Calup, so they jest arsked us an' the minister's folks. They brought all three of the young ones,—o' course they hed n't nobody to leave 'em with,—an' they acted like all possessed. They say she sets rite down in the mornin' a writin' poetry, an' the young ones goes a traipsin' rite over her. She writ a piece about 'The Bride,' an' gin it to Almiry to remember her by."

"Dear me suz!" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, "now dew tell us what you hed to eat."

"Why we hed chicken pie, an' biled onions, an' cranberry sass,"—

"In sass dishes?" interrupted Mrs. Kent.

"Lor, yes," was the answer, "'twuz took out in leetle glass dishes an' sot round to each plate; then there

wuz apple pie, an' punkin pie, an' plum puddin'."

"Most proberble the Folsomses is middlin' well orf," said Mrs. Kent.

"I do n't cal'late they be remarkable forehanded. He's a cooper by trade, but he's hauled up with the rumertiz every leetle while; an' sez I ter Calup, 'I hain't a goin' out there empty handed,' so we put inter the wagon one o' them great punkins o' ourn, an' a leetle crock o' my biled cider apple sass, an' a harnsum pair o' white cotton stockin's; the front side on 'em wuz all in shells, an' she wuz 'mazin' tickled with 'em. She sed she'd never wear 'em out, that she sh'd keep 'em to look on 's long's she lived."

There was a moment's lull in the conversation, then Mrs. Boynton, changing the subject, continued:

"S'pose you knowed that Elder Zebulon Whittlesey, from over t'other side o' Long Pond, wuz a comin' here ter hold pertracted meetin' did n't ye?"

"No," was the reply, "we hed n't heerd on 't. When do they begin, and where's the Elder agoin' ter put up?"

"They'll make it their headquarters over ter Joel Weekses. The Elder's fust wife wuz a cousin o' Mis' Weekses, you rec'lect. He's a goin' ter bring his fam'ly, an' I s'pose folks'll be expected ter invite 'em round ter spend the day. Joel wuz over yistidy, an' he sed the meetin's would begin next Sunday night ter airly candle light, an' he wanted us ter git the word round. Them's heerd her says Mis' Whittlesey's dretful gifted, an' makes a butyful exertashun. There, the sun's a goin' down behind Blueberry Hill. I never did see how short the days be, I must be goin' 'long. Dew cum over, now won't ye, both on ye. Pears to me you're lookin' kinder peaked hain't ye, Roxy?"

But Roxy blushingly denied the charge as she helped Mrs. Boynton on with her hood and shawl, and soon the good woman was trudging toward

home in the twilight, saying to herself that she didn't know when she'd enjoyed an artunune so much as she hed that one.

The next Sunday night was clear and frosty, the stars twinkled in the cold, blue sky, and the snow sparkled in the moonbeams. People were wending their way toward the little old meeting-house on the hilltop, stopping now and then at the sound of bells and stepping aside for the great high-backed sleighs to glide past.

David had called, as usual, for Roxy, and together they climbed the hill, but were obliged to separate on reaching the meeting-house, Roxy going in at the door on the right, as that was the women's side, and David entering at the men's door on the left. This unpretending structure was unpainted outside and inside, the benches had straight backs and hard, uncushioned seats; at the farther end of the room was the great desk, at the left of which was the amen corner, where Uncle Liphe Bennett always sat, with his chin resting on his hands, which were clasped over the top of his cane, inspiring the preacher with his frequent responses.

The house was full, even to the back seats by the two great stoves, where the small boys were accustomed to sit, and during the long sermons, never less than an hour, exercise their skill in wood-carving.

Presently Elder Zebulon Whittlesey, or Elder Zeb, as he was familiarly called, entered, hastily threw off his buffalo coat, and took his place in the desk, on either side of which sputtered a tall candle in a brass candlestick. Other candles were placed in the windows, their flickering light shining on the small seven-by-nine panes, and casting weird shadows upon the congregation. These candles were not honored with candlesticks; after they were lighted they were held with the flame downward until little pools of melted tallow had formed on the window sill, and in these the candles stood.

The minister lined the hymn, and the people sang as he read, two lines at a time:

"Now in the heat of youthful blood  
Remember your Creator, God."

The sermon was on the terrors of the approaching judgment day.

"The time draweth nigh," said the preacher. "When Gabriel sounds his trumpet, what will you do, my friends?"

As he warmed up with his subject he took off his coat, and finally his vest; he pounded the big Bible until the old desk shook, then he walked up and down the platform, wiping his face with a big silk bandanna.

Aunt Hitty Green, speaking of it afterwards, said, "He sweat like a butcher," and Timothy Skinner,—he was "deef's an arder," and always sat in the "amen corner" with his hand curved behind his left ear,—said, "Elder Zeb he jest put in the dead licks that night ef ever a man did!"

The old meeting-house rang with the voice of his warning, then it was so still that one could have heard the dropping of a pin, and the more timid ones trembled, as if expecting to hear the blast of doom rend the cold, clear sky.

The sermon was nearly two hours long, and was followed by a prayer meeting, when the invitation was given, and many crowded forward to the "mourner's bench," so it was about 10.30 o'clock when the people left the old meeting-house.

David walked along silently by Roxy's side, then, as his custom was, went in to "set a spell" and eat some apples.

David raked open the coals in the fore-room fireplace and put on some wood, while Roxy went down cellar to fill the apple dish, then they sat down by the fire and talked over the meeting. Roxy wondered if it were really true that the world was coming to an end very soon, but David was somewhat skeptical.

The Allens were not "perfessors,"

but the Kents were of the "Millerite" faith, and spoke often of the last days and the end of the world, but seemed in no haste for the coming of that event, at least not until they had seen Roxy "merried and settled down."

David had just put another stick on the andirons and sat with the tongs in his hands punching the fire, and close beside him was Roxy looking thoughtfully into the glowing coals and wondering what would become of all her beautiful quilts and rugs if the world should really come to an end, when suddenly through the midnight sounded the shrill blast of a trumpet. "That awful day has surely come," ran through Roxy's head as she put out her hands and fell almost fainting with fright into David's arms.

Again and again the trumpet sounded, waking Father and Mother Kent, and finally the whole neighborhood. At first the good people peeped timidly from their windows, then cautiously stole out of their houses to find the old world just as they had left it when they went to the land of dreams, except that there was a white-robed figure on the top of Meeting-House Hill blowing a trumpet.

Some of the braver ones ventured to approach the angel, and found that it was Aunt Ketury Follansbee. "Ketury was once the harnsumest gal in the hull neighborhood," so the older people said, "but she wuz disappointed, and had been kinder daft ever since." She had been out to the meeting, and had come home so wrought up that she had conceived the idea of impersonating the Angel Gabriel and calling her neighbors to render up their final accounts; so draping herself in a sheet and taking an old dinner horn, she had gone up to the meeting-house to call together the living and the dead.

Ketury was considered harmless, and as the Follansbees were "mid-dlin' well-to-do," she had two rooms where she kept house by herself in the old home, while her Sister Char-

ity, "who hed merried with Timothy Skinner," lived in the other part.

After the meeting was out Charity had gone over to watch with Granny Perkins, who had had a "shock of numb palsy" the day before, "an' war n't 'spected to live the night out," and Timothy, being "deef as a post," had not heard Ketury go out. When the poor dazed creature saw herself surrounded by the company that she had called together she realized that she had made a mistake, and quietly submitted to be led back home.

David and Roxy never remembered just how it was, but in that awful moment when they thought that time was no more they realized how much they were to each other, and after the terrible fright was over, and the cause was found to be, not Gabriel's trumpet, but the old Follansbee dinner horn, somehow David mustered up courage to ask Roxy to marry him.

The next day, as mother and daughter discussed the all-important topic, Mrs. Kent said emphatically:

"Now, Roxy, I sh'd advise you ter strike whilst the iron's hot. Your close is plenty good 'nuff, an' ef I wuz in your place I should n't never wait ter git that ere green silk gownd made up."

Roxy decided it was best not to wait. So on Thursday evening, just as Elder Price was buttoning up his great coat and preparing to go over to "Deek'n" Bascomb's, to lead the prayer meeting, he was startled by a loud and sudden rap on the knocker, and going to the "fore door," found there a couple wishing to be married. Mrs. Price was hastily called from the bed-room (where she was singing little Tommy to sleep), into the study, and there witnessed the ceremony that made David Allen and Roxy Kent husband and wife.

When the door had closed on the newly-married pair the Elder dropped a crisp two-dollar bill into his wife's lap, saying:

"Now, Lucindy, help me into my



surtout as quick as ever you can, for I'm dretful belated about the meeting. I come within one of missing that job, did n't I?"

"Some good angel must have helped them along," responded his wife, smoothing out the new bank note. "They'd had to gone over to the Orthodox minister's; his meeting haint so airy as ourn, and I don't believe his wife needs the money half as much as I do. Now I can have my winter bunnit trimmed over."

Some of the sisters had said to each other confidentially, "that they wuz afraid Mis' Price wuz a leetle grain too worldly for a parson's wife." And Lucinda Price, standing at the looking-glass and pulling out her bon-

net strings, often thought how becoming they were, but never knew to whom she was indebted for her bright ribbons.

Roxy, however, recognized her good angel, and firmly believed that David would never have come to the point of "speaking out" but for Aunt Keturah's help, and she was duly grateful, so the poor old soul always had in her a kind and faithful friend.

David often said that he never could see what made Roxy "set so much" by old Ketury Follansbee.

Mrs. Kent said: "I never see the beat on't; she did n't afore she wuz merried."

But Roxy kept her own counsel.

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### WHAT DO YOU HERE?

What do you here in the valley of sorrow,  
Languid and lone and with gaze toward the past?  
Up, and go onward, nor wait for tomorrow!  
Time is but short though its import be vast.

Up to the hills where the outlook is broader!  
Seek thou the heights that are nearest the sky!  
Peace and contentment return in due order.  
Keep but the soul and its impulses high.

Light on the mountain-top heralds a morrow;  
Hope pointing upward still bids you ascend;  
What do you here in the valley of sorrow?  
Heaven is before you and God is your friend.

*Mary H. Wheeler.*

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### THE WRAITH OF THE STORM.

I heard the moan of the winter wind,  
In my cabin snug and fast;  
And I feared as I saw by my lamp's weird light,  
Through the elfin dance of the snowflakes white,  
The Wraith of the Storm go past.

*A. T.*

## THE STORY OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

*By C. Jennie Swaine.*

A beautiful girl sat beside her spinning-wheel, her blue eyes full of heavenly sweetness, as they rested upon the golden clouds of the fading day. Great artists, in all ages, have tried to reproduce the pure loveliness of this girl, giving their pictures the name of "Madonna," but not one of them ever caught the faintest glimpse of their ideal, so their grandest conceptions have fallen far short of the living reality. Honored above all women, our thoughts of her are always very sweet and tender. We tell her story as of one whom Heaven itself chose to honor. This story of the first Christmas is the sweetest story ever told or read. It commences with the picture of the girl, sitting at her wheel. She is not idling, although she is not at work, for her thoughts are startled and busy.

The fields were gathering greenness from the tiny sprouts of grain and the verdure of the springing grass, for it was early spring, and the "voice of the turtle was heard in the land and the time of the singing of birds had come." Everywhere wild blossoms were opening, filling the air with fragrance from dawn to dusk. The olive trees had put out silver foliage and the almond and the peach scattered soft clouds of pink across the terraced hills. All this made the background of the picture, and the girl with her fresh young loveliness was the picture itself.

Soon, what might be a celestial visitant (for he was wholly unlike mortals), stood beside the silent wheel and its unfinished thread, as it swayed like a thread of gossamer in the light wind. Was the angel lured from the gates ajar by the sweet girl, Mary, or did the soft light of the early spring evening lure him earthward?

Ah! the angel has a message, for he

draws near and speaks to the maiden; yet, so softly, had Joseph, her lover, been ever so near he could not have heard a word; yet, each word is borne in upon her soul with a strange and startling significance. Did she fully realize the moment, and that this was the annunciation angel, which the prophets foretold should be sent to the City of Nazareth with the most marvelous and important commission ever sent out from the celestial city?

The angel disappears as suddenly as he came and the lover, Joseph, comes up to the door, where Mary lingers with such holy awe and wonder speaking from her blue eyes.

"What does it mean?" said her lover excitedly. "But now, I saw a man lingering closely at your side and then disappear among the tall olive trees on yonder hill, as if the clouds had swallowed him up. Pray, what was his mission?"

The pure and innocent heart of the maiden called up a blush to her cheek, but for the sacredness of the angel's mission and for her own maidenly modesty she might not tell her lover her secret. For a moment Joseph's brow darkened at her silence; then as Mary looked up, her blue eyes full of the import of the angel's message, as well as the tender fervency of a maiden's first love, the cruel shadows of doubt and distrust cleared away and left only the sunlight of pure, confiding love.

But the summer wore on and a shadow darker than that of the roses flitted between the hearts of the lovers. Mary went out no more in the fields to gather Syrian lilies and she no longer spun in the sunshine at her door. As often as Joseph saw her he was minded to put her away, but privately, for he still loved her. The secret and the shadow were very hard

for them both, although the disclosure would be so gloriously and divinely beautiful; but Mary's heart was full of a sweet awe, not unmixed with gratitude, and a deep abiding sense of unworthiness, so that earth, and even love, had lost much of their power over her.

But the angel of Nazareth had not forgotten. When the vintage hung ripe and purple in the autumn sun, he came to Joseph, as he came to Mary in the springtime, and the import of his message was, "Fear not." So Joseph took Mary, his espoused wife, all doubtful questionings now lost in the near fulfillment of a long-expected hope, which was to bring the lost glory back to Israel. "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."

Then Joseph arose and took his beautiful young wife and, passing over the hills of Galilee, they journeyed toward Bethlehem. The way was long and weary, as he walked beside the donkey, encouraging his wife with words of tenderness and sympathy, for she grew tired and ill.

At last they reached Bethlehem, but to find the streets crowded with visitors. Some of the more fortunate had found a place at the inn and were already preparing for rest; and others, like Joseph and Mary, were seeking a place to sleep, but in vain. It was a scene of confusion; the braying of donkeys and the barking of dogs, mingled with the babel of human voices in a most unpleasant manner. Still, the storm of the day had passed and the night, so like summer, was growing so dark that faces were hardly recognizable, had it not been for a strange new star, which for its golden brilliancy might have been a shining shard from some noonday sun. Once Mary glanced up at the stars while her husband was away in search of lodgings, and she thought they had never seemed so near; and

once she noticed how the sky was flecked with fleecy clouds, white and radiant as an angel's wings might be; but her heart was so full of the nearness of God and so deep in the reverie of what the glorious night would bring, together with her own deep sense of humility, that she had little time for other thoughts.

Joseph came back from his search to find his young wife leaning heavily upon her pillion, for she was not only worn from her journey, but she was also very ill. He lifted her tenderly from her saddle and as they walked slowly along the courtyard he told her as gently as possible that there was no room for them at the inn.

"There is," he said, "a stable, which is little more than a cave in the ground, but beyond the outer courtyard, where cattle are sheltered; there is plenty of straw, and after the pang is passed you may think your nest is as soft as that of any mother bird and oh, Mary, the glory, the glory!"

The beauty of Mary's face, so like a sweet white lily for its purity, made the great wondering eyes of the cows follow her. How restful was the soft straw to her aching limbs; how sweet was the fragrant hay of her pillow!

Hark! there is a cry as of mortal agony, followed by a note of music, the first sweet wailing note of a baby's cry. Low and soft though it was, it must have reached the stars and the angels, for they struck the glad notes of the first of the Christmas carols, "Glory to God in the highest; Peace on earth, good will to men."

The mother heard and her face flushed with ecstasy, and her lips moved in adoration and praise. Soon the shepherds of the plain came in where Mary and the young child lay, led thither by the star. The young mother received but a glance of love; on her they bestowed no worship. Unto them was a Saviour born, and they left their flocks to seek and worship him, presenting him with costly gifts.

Ah, it is sad, but it is true, the dark and scowling faces of scorn came in to mock the beautiful young mother and her divinely innocent babe, wholly unconscious of the heavenly vision, or the sweet charity which the Immanuel had come to teach. A message of mercy was his; and the rigid teachings of the Pharisees and Sadduces, as well as the old ceremonial law, must give way to the beautiful new commandment of love.

The story of the sweet mother is now lost in the more beautiful open-

ing chapter of the babe in swaddling clothes at her side. How many beautiful stories have been read and written! How many lives have lived them! How many have painted them, or set them to the music of a poet's song! As yet, no artist, writer or singer has ever done justice to the story of the child Jesus, and the first Christmas night in Bethlehem. He who walks closest to the Master comes the nearest, on this beautiful day, of catching a glimpse of the first Christmas glory in Bethlehem.

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### SUNSET IN MANCHESTER.

From the Queen City's sightly streets I view  
 At close of day the sunset's parting flame,  
 Out to the west—methinks where angels came  
 And blessed the mountains when the world was new.  
 Beyond the mills and river flowing near  
 The sunset glows with passion, deep and red,  
 Like a brave warrior who has fought and bled,  
 And dying, smiles to hear his comrades cheer.  
 I pause, for in the beauty of the sky  
 There is a charm rare as a maiden's blush;  
 A holy calm amid the city's hush,  
 Till o'er the rails a north-bound train goes by,  
 Then mingling with the sunset's fainting flush,  
 The circling smoke-wreaths curl and fade and die.

*Moses Gage Shirley.*

Goffstown, N. H.

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### THE STARS.

The stellar glory that entralls the eye,  
 The myriad distant worlds in yonder sky,  
 Are but the diamonds on the shores of blue,  
 Which God created when this earth was new!

*George Bancroft Griffith.*

## THE PRINCESS' HAND.

## THE PRINCESS' HAND.

*By Frederick Myron Colby.*

O royal hand of a princess fair,  
 How strange to see you lying there,  
 Such a brown, wrinkled, lifeless thing  
 That once was clasped by the hand of a king.  
 Ages and ages ago, I ween,  
 It may have belonged to a tropic queen;—  
 Some Cleopatra with heart of fire,  
 And this hand may have been the world's desire.

No doubt 't was fair in those olden days,  
 And poets inscribed their sweetest lays  
 To my lady's little nut-brown hand,  
 The daintiest prize in all the land,—  
 A graceful, slender, velvety thing,  
 Fit to rest in the clasp of a king;  
 And satraps thrilled with a lover's bliss  
 As she gave them her royal hand to kiss.

Ah, little brown hand, I seem to see  
 The flash of its precious jewelry,  
 When the music waned and the lamps burned low,  
 And the dancers tripped a measure slow;  
 When the paintings gleamed on the marble walls,  
 And the sphinxes led to the kingly halls,  
 Where my lady sat in the languid air,  
 And the Nile breeze rippled her dusky hair.

Thou wast not then such an uncouth thing,  
 O little brown hand with thy jeweled ring,  
 When princes and warriors watched its gleam,  
 As it tossed a lotus o'er the stream;  
 And my lady joined with laughter gay  
 The garish sports of that festal day,  
 When Thoth and Isis and Pasht, the great,  
 Together guarded the Pharoah's state.

And now once more this little hand,  
 Which beckoned to kings in a far off land;  
 That, dimpled and soft, held potent sway  
 Over royal courts in a bygone day,  
 Is a monarch's prize, and with air sedate  
 Weighs down his secrets of love and state.  
 O daughter of kings, what charm divine,  
 Did Osiris give to this hand of thine?

NOTE.—A paper weight used by King Edward VII at Sandringham Palace is the mummified hand of an Egyptian princess, loaded with rings, taken from one of the lately exhumed tombs of Boulak.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### GEORGE TEMPLETON CRAWFORD.

George Templeton Crawford, born in Alexandria, N. H., December 2, 1828, died in Boston, Mass., December 6, 1905.

The deceased was the son of Col. William and Joanna (Sleeper) Crawford. His father was an extensive trader and farmer, at what is still known as Crawford's Corner in Alexandria, a son of William Crawford, an early settler of Plymouth, while his mother was a daughter of Capt. Moses Sleeper of Bristol. He was educated in the common schools, at Hebron and Andover Academies, and at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton. He carried on his father's farm in Alexandria until 1865, and in the following year removed to Bristol, where he was engaged in the flour and grain business until 1872, when he engaged in lumbering and land surveying in the White Mountain region. In 1880 he removed to Boston, becoming the agent of the New Hampshire Land Company, in which capacity he served until 1890.

From 1890 until the formation of the International Paper Company in 1898 Mr. Crawford was agent for William A. Russell in the purchase and operation of timber lands for the supply of his paper mills at Bellows Falls, Franklin and Lawrence, and was Mr. Russell's confidential adviser in all land questions in the formation of the International Paper Co. He had a thorough knowledge of forest conditions in the mountain region, and an intimate acquaintance with land titles, having spent much time in surveying and plotting the immense timber tracts of that section. He was the first man to advise the application of practical forestry, and it was under his management that the paper companies adopted the plan of cutting no trees less than twelve inches in diameter. Since January, 1899, he had been a member of the firm of G. T. & C. L. Crawford, 53 State Street, Boston, engaged in examining and reporting upon timber lands in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Politically Mr. Crawford was an earnest Democrat, and while a resident of New Hampshire took an active interest in party affairs. He represented the town of Alexandria in the state Legislature in 1854 and 1856, being the youngest member of that body at the time. In 1868 and 1869 he was treasurer of Grafton County, and a member of the Board of County Commissioners from 1870 to 1877. He

served many years as a member of the Democratic state committee and was intimately associated with the late Hon. Harry Bingham of Littleton and Hon. Jeremiah Blodgett of Wentworth in the management of party affairs in that county.

He was affiliated with no church and was liberal and progressive in his religious views. He was a charter member of Cardigan Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Bristol and its oldest member at the time of his death. He was a member of the United States and Massachusetts Forestry Associations.

June 29, 1851, Mr. Crawford was united in marriage with Hannah S. Simonds of Alexandria, who survives him, with six children, one son having died in infancy. The surviving children are: William G., Mary Emma, Charles Louis, with whom he was associated in business, Alice Isabel and Helen G., all of Boston, and Mrs. Caroline M. Trask of Rochester, Vt.

### HON. ISAAC N. BLODGETT.

Isaac N. Blodgett, ex-chief justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, died at his home in Franklin, November 27, 1905.

Judge Blodgett was a native of the town of Canaan, a son of Caleb Blodgett, a prominent citizen of that town, born March 6, 1838. He was educated in the public schools and at Canaan Academy, read law with William P. Weeks of Canaan and Anson S. Marshall of Concord, was admitted to the bar in 1860, and commenced practice in his native town, removing thence to Franklin in 1867, when he formed a partnership with the late Hon. Austin F. Pike, which continued until 1878. In 1880 he was appointed an associate justice on the bench of the Supreme Judicial Court, and was promoted to the chief justiceship in August, 1898, holding the position until the reorganization of 1901, when he was made chief justice of the new Supreme Court, resigning the position in the fall of 1902.

In politics Judge Blodgett was a Democrat. He represented Franklin in the Legislature in 1871, 1873, 1874 and 1878, and was a member of the state Senate in 1879 and 1880. He also served in the Constitutional Conventions of 1876, 1889, and 1902. In 1876 and 1877 he was chairman of the Democratic state committee. In the fall of 1902, soon after his resigna-

tion from the bench, he was elected mayor of Franklin by a substantially unanimous vote, and was re-elected for the ensuing year. He was president of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, and of the Franklin Savings Bank at the time of his decease. Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M. in 1870.

He married Miss Sarah A. Gerould in 1861, who survives him with one daughter, Anna G.

#### HON. JOHN F. CLOUTMAN.

John F. Cloutman, born in New Durham December 27, 1831, died in Farmington December 7, 1905.

Mr. Cloutman was the son of John F. and Patience (Edgerly) Cloutman. He came of Scotch ancestry on the paternal side, and was early left upon his own resources, the battle of life developing the indomitable energy and persistency by which he was so strongly characterized. He early learned the shoe manufacturing business and commenced operations for himself in 1854, establishing a large and increasing business, so that for a long series of years and up to the time of his death he was regarded as the leading business man of Farmington.

He was a leading Democrat in Strafford County for forty years or more. He held various town offices, represented Farmington in the Legislature in 1862 and 1863, and his district in the state Senate in 1876 and 1877. He served many years as a member of the Democratic state committee and was often urged to become his party's candidate for Congress. He was one of the founders of the Farmington National and Savings Banks, and the builder and owner of the gas works. He was prominent in the Masonic and Odd Fellows organizations, and president of the Farmington Old Home Week Association.

Mr. Cloutman was twice married, first to Miss Amanda M. Davis, March 4, 1854. She died in 1868, and he subsequently married Miss Ellen E. Kimball, who died some years ago, leaving a son and a daughter, John F. Cloutman, Jr., and Nellie A., wife of W. Dean Allen, who still survive.

#### JAMES M. COOPER.

James M. Cooper, clerk of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, died in Concord December 6, aged 34 years.

Mr. Cooper was a native of Norwich, England, born September 27, 1871, receiving his education in public and private

schools. He came to New York when 17 years of age and served for a time as bookkeeper in a broker's office, and then became private secretary of Markenfield Addey, the blind editor and founder of the *White Mountain Echo* at Bethlehem. Subsequently, he was engaged for several seasons with Gen. M. C. Wentworth of Jackson at his winter hotel in Pasadena, Cal., and at Wentworth Hall, Jackson, in the summer. Having done special correspondence for several metropolitan papers, he decided to engage in journalism, and in 1897 purchased a half interest in the *White Mountain Republic-Journal* at Littleton, where he continued until 1890, when he came to Concord as clerk to the commissioner of labor. In 1901 he was chosen assistant clerk of the House of Representatives and was clerk in 1903, and again in 1905 was chosen clerk, rendering efficient service in the position. He was also a member of the state printing commission from 1901 to 1905. Shortly before his death he was selected by Congressman Currier, chairman, as clerk of the committee on patents in the National House of Representatives at Washington, and was looking forward with bright anticipation to his new field of labor, when the final summons came. He is survived by a widow and two young children.

#### FRANK DOWST.

Frank Dowst, born in Allenstown April 3, 1850, died in Manchester November 27, 1905.

Mr. Dowst was the son of Henry and Hannah (Davis) Dowst. He attended the public schools and Pembroke Academy for a short time, but at the age of 17 entered the employ of Mead, Mason & Co. of Concord, where he learned the building contractor's business, and at the age of 21 formed a partnership with Natt and W. F. Head of Hooksett, establishing a business in Manchester, where he continued, and which became the most extensive business in the line in the state, the management, under different firm names, continuing in his hands.

In politics Mr. Dowst was a Democrat, and was the candidate of his party for mayor of Manchester in 1880. In 1899 he was appointed a member of the Manchester Water Board, continuing to the time of his death. He was active in Masonic circles, belonging to lodge, chapter, council, commandery, consistory and shrine. He was also an active member of the Derryfield Club of Manchester, and prominently identified with important business interests aside from that in which he was directly engaged.

GEORGE SIMONDS.

George Simonds, born in Weare May 13, 1828, died in that town December 1, 1905.

Mr. Simonds was the youngest son of Christopher and Nancy (Locke) Simonds, and was educated in the common school, at Clinton Grove Academy and Lebanon Institute. In 1847 he entered the store of his brother, Lewis Simonds, at Oil Mill Village, as a clerk; soon becoming the proprietor, and soon after the store was burned. Later, he engaged in trade at Weare Center, where he continued for a quarter of a century, engaging, also, in lumbering and building. He also dealt extensively in fruit and developed a strong interest in fruit culture, becoming one of the most prominent and successful horticulturists in the state. He was a Democrat in politics and a Universalist in religion, and served 31 years as clerk of the Universalist Society in Weare.

September 30, 1864, Mr. Simonds married Mary C. Bagley of Nashua, who died in 1870. Ten years later he married Elsie, daughter of Moses Dearborn of Weare, who survives him, as does one son by his first wife, Frank N.

DR. JOHN J. DEARBORN.

John J. Dearborn, M. D., who died at his home in Salisbury December 6, was a native of Concord, born December 19, 1851, the eldest of two sons of John M. and Ruth (Hoit) Dearborn. He studied in the public schools and took a three years' course in pharmacy, after which he commenced the study of medicine with Doctors Gage and Conn of Concord, and attended lectures at Hanover and Burlington, receiving his diploma as M. D. at the latter institution in 1873, when he commenced practice in Hopkinton, where he remained till 1878, when he removed to Salisbury, where he continued till his death, with the exception of a short residence in Tilton, where he went in 1884, but soon returned. He established a good practice, and also took an interest in literary and historical matters. He was the author of the history of Salisbury, published in 1880.

March 21, 1881, he married Etta J. Bean of Salisbury, who died some years ago, leaving a daughter, the wife of Edward H. Buzzell of Salisbury.

THE DEATH OF THE MONARCH.

For years you stood, O Monarch, staunch and brave,  
And kept your glorious head turned toward the sky!  
You looked each person fearless in the eye  
While you to each just measure always gave!  
Your heart was ever yearning some to save,  
Who'd fallen in the troubled path nearby.  
But you at last, like them, could not but die,  
And dying, fill with love an honored grave.  
O Monarch, may your soul rest on in peace!  
May your sweet mantle fall on us you leave!  
May the great love you bore for us ne'er cease,  
For we are bowed in silence we grieve!  
O Monarch, look down on us from above  
And bless us with the mem'ry of thy love!

*Thomas Cogswell.*



## EDITOR AND MANAGER'S NOTE.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PUBLIC.

Again, and for the third time (presumably for the last) the subscriber assumes charge of the publication of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, which he established in 1877, published for two years and sold to John N. McClintock, repurchasing the same with Allan Robinson, January, 1892, and conducting the publication again till January, 1894, when it was again sold, to the Republican Press Association, and subsequently became the property of the Rumford Printing Company, under whose proprietorship the subscriber also had editorial management, but no business responsibility, for four years previous to January, 1904.

I have been led to assume the labor and responsibility incident to the resuscitation of this publication, after the lapse of a year since its appearance, because nobody else could be found to undertake it, and because I sincerely believe, as do quite a number of loyal sons of the old Granite State within her limits and beyond her borders who have received and paid for a copy of every number of every issue of the magazine that has thus far appeared, and have the same carefully bound and preserved at this time, that such a publication should be issued, and that it should receive the hearty support of every native and resident of New Hampshire, who takes any pride in her history and record, in the work and achievements of her worthy sons and daughters, or who cares to promote her material, social and educational progress.

I promise nothing except a purpose to make the magazine as interesting and valuable as possible, and to issue it regularly each month, in numbers equal in size to the present issue at least, which corresponds with those of the earlier volumes, and that at the price of one dollar per year, when paid strictly in advance. Some new features will be introduced in due season, which it is believed will enhance the interest and increase the value of the publication. Other improvements will be made when warranted by the patronage accorded.

Whatever I have promised in the past has been fulfilled. For any promises of any other publisher I am not responsible; but any subscriber for this magazine, who is credited with payment beyond the time which it has been issued, will receive it free for a corresponding time in the future, though a year's advance subscription at this time from all will be of material assistance in carrying on the work of publication, and will be duly appreciated.

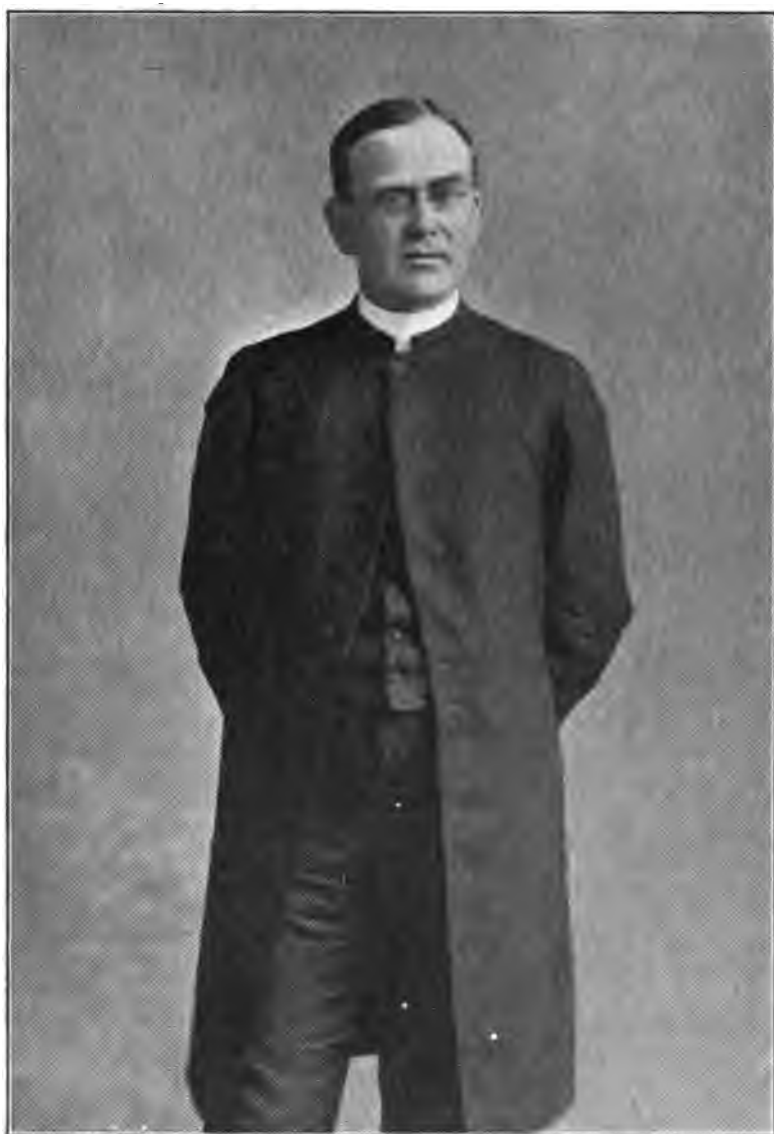
With cordial New Year greetings to all who may receive this number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, and a hope for their hearty coöperation and substantial assistance,

I am, very respectfully,  
Yours for the honor and welfare of New Hampshire,

HENRY H. METCALF.

CONCORD, N. H., January 1, 1906.





REV. EDWARD M. PARKER.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXVIII, No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1906. NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, No. 2.

REV. EDWARD MELVILLE PARKER.

*By Horace A. Brown.*

The Rev. Edward Melville Parker, who was elected bishop coadjutor of the Episcopal diocese of New Hampshire at the annual convention of the diocese held in Concord November 22, 1905, was born in Cambridge, Mass., July 11, 1855. He entered St. Paul's School, Concord, in 1868, where he completed a course of six years, June, 1874. He was graduated from Oxford, 1878, receiving the degree of M. A. in 1881. After a post-graduate year of study, he came again to St. Paul's School, Concord, in September, 1879, where he has remained, a faithful and efficient master, to the present time. He was ordained a deacon in 1879, by Bishop Niles, and a priest by the same in 1881.

Mr. Parker is of New England stock. Although his ancestors were from Massachusetts, yet his connection with New Hampshire goes farther back than his connection with St. Paul's School. His great-grandfather Parker was a Revolutionary soldier and was wounded at Bunker Hill, and his great-grandfather Ainsworth was for 75 years the pastor of the Congregational Church in Jaffrey, probably the longest pastorate ever held by any minister in this state. These families date back to 1660. Col. Francis J. Parker, an uncle, a veteran of the Civil War, has a summer home in Jaffrey. Mr. Parker's grandfather, Isaac Parker, resided in Keene, and for several years had an interest in manufactures in Peterborough and, later, was

the head of the well-known firm of Parker, Wilder & Co., in Boston. This firm, in 1846, purchased a large interest in mills, land and water-power in Claremont, which gave and is still contributing largely to the prosperity of that thriving town.

Mr. Parker's father, Henry Melville Parker, was a lawyer in Keene and a member of our state bar. As a summer residence he occupied his father's house in Jaffrey, where, as a lay reader, he used to hold church services, under the appointment of the late Bishop Carlton Chase, in 1859.

Bishop Coadjutor-elect Parker is greatly interested in Jaffrey and the surrounding country, and makes frequent visits there as opportunity comes to him. A relic, an old stone house, once the home of Squire Melville, after whom his father was named, is still an object of interest.

But while Mr. Parker has been thus actively employed, it by no means tells the whole story of his busy and helpful ministry. Soon after his ordination, he began to devote his vacation and other spare time to the outlying districts about the school. In Dunbarton, where a few years before had been built a small church, he became the priest-in-charge, where he had been a choir boy in his school days. Later, he moved the church to a more desirable locality, and built a parish house. He also built a church at East Weare and through all these years he has ministered in these

places, going out to his various duties in all sorts of weather.

Early in the last decade he became interested in other localities and rural towns of the state and was a pioneer in the house-to-house canvass which has since been carried on by him and others of the clergy of the diocese. These duties have been cheerfully taken up and have resulted in the discovery of numbers of persons of the church's communion. By these efforts interest is shown in Christians of every name and all people led to see that there was an interest in their bodies as well as in their souls. These canvasses have circulated the Bible, the Prayer-book and the Hymnal and religious reading without cost.

Mr. Parker comes to his new position well equipped for his duties, with a large acquaintance with the people of the diocese, and shares in a large degree their love and affection, and their wish for a long life of usefulness. To Bishop Niles, now in impaired health, Mr. Parker will be a great help and comfort, as he will share largely in the work and responsibility of the episcopate of the di-

ocese. Probably no one could have been chosen as his coadjutor more nearly fulfilling the bishop's needs and wishes than the choice which the convention of 1905 made, with entire unanimity, of the Rev. Edward Melville Parker as bishop coadjutor of the diocese of New Hampshire.

That there is abundant opportunity for work, for such a man as Mr. Parker, no one can doubt, and that that work will find in him a wise, diligent and faithful laborer is assured by the life he has lived among us and the work accomplished while circumscribed by the duties of a teacher.

Mr. Parker is unmarried. In 1885 he married Miss Grace, daughter of the Rev. Professor Elmendorf of Racine, Wis. Mrs. Parker died in 1888. A son, Edward Lincoln, was born January 21, 1888, who is receiving his education and fitting for college at St. Paul's School, where he has been the constant companion of his father since his mother's death.

It is understood that the new bishop will make his home in Concord.

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## THE PASSING OF THE MOTHER.

*By Eva J. Beede.*

We pitied her, alone to go away;  
 To us it seemed so far, and dark, and cold.  
 Three score and ten and five we called not old.  
 For eye scarce dimmed and ear undulled glad stay  
 Gave hope, and long the messenger's delay.  
 We brooded over things not done to hold  
 Her back from sight of opening gates of gold,  
 And in our grief forgot friends there, that day—  
 The leaves of autumn fall, but in the tree  
 The life goes on. The veil of flesh is rent,  
 Escaped are pains and feebleness of years,  
 Unfettered flits the soul, forever free,  
 And leaves sweet memories of life well spent.  
 Translation though it seemed, still selfish tears.

## THE FOUR MEETING HOUSES OF THE NORTH PARISH OF PORTSMOUTH.

*By C. A. Hazlett.*

Services in recognition of the semi-centennial of the dedication of the North (Congregational) Church at Portsmouth, N. H., were held on the first Sunday in November, 1905, and the beautiful edifice was filled with worshippers on this notable anniversary. A fact which added deep interest to the occasion was the announcement that the Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D., of East Charlemont, Mass., who preached the dedicatory sermon in 1855, and who was pastor of the church from 1855 until 1859, would be present and take part in the exercises, not as a relic of the past, but as one apparently almost void of infirmities, either physical or mental, and bearing so lightly the weight of nearly eighty-nine years that he almost seems the young man of thirty-eight years, returned in all his vigor to share with the beginning of another half century, in the new lease of life that the old North Church takes upon itself occasionally.

He read his discourse without glasses and his oratorical powers showed but little the encroachment of age. As he rose to speak he fondly took up the desk Bible, saying that it was placed there for the first time when the church was dedicated, and from it he read the text of his first sermon, Exodus 20: 24, "I will come unto thee."

The North Church and parish has worshipped in four different buildings. The first building was the log chapel on Pleasant Street, near the Universalist Church. The second was the meeting-house at the "crotch of the roads" near the south mill bridge. The third was the three-decker meeting-house on the parade, on the site of the present brick church.

Besides the four houses of worship there were several separations and divisions from the North parish. In 1706, the Greenland parishioners formed a new parish, dismission being granted on account of the long distance and the danger from Indians while traveling to and from the Portsmouth meeting-house. That the danger was a real one is still evident in the legible writing of the first minister. In his record book of membership, under date of April 26, 1696, appears the entry: "Mary Edmunds—killed by Indians."

In 1725 a meeting-house was built at the Plains and stood for 23 years, when it was blown down and the parish became united again with the North Church.

In 1757 the Independent Congregational Society was formed and worshipped in their building on the site of the present Unitarian chapel on Court Street for 65 years.

Another separation, or rather colonization, occurred from the then strong mother church in 1828, when 40 members were granted dismission and formed a new parish, worshipping in their new brick building which they erected at the corner of Pleasant and Livermore streets, until 1836, when they united again with the old church.

The most serious division was the first one in 1711, when there was a separation into two parishes, one continuing to worship in the old meeting-house at the south mill bridge until they built a new meeting-house called the "South Congregational Church," in 1731, in which they remained until 1824, on the completion of the stone Unitarian Church on State Street.

The first house of worship in Portsmouth was erected about 1638. It stood near the Universalist Church, near the site of the Langdon house now occupied by Mrs. Harris, the great-granddaughter of Rev. Samuel Langdon, the fourth pastor of this church.

At first the building was described in the grant of the glebe lands in 1640 as a "parsonage house with a chapell thereto united." Then all of it appeared to have been used for a chapel; and at length, when the meet-

represented the religious views of the leading inhabitants at that time. He officiated in August, 1638.

After Mr. Gibson left Portsmouth, the chapel seems to have been used, without any protest, in maintaining such form of worship as the majority of the inhabitants—that is, of the parish—saw fit; and that was the Congregational form.

Then came James Parker, who was of the Congregational Church and he was succeeded by James Brown in 1654. He, like Mr. Parker, was not an ordained minister. All the preachers in Portsmouth down to 1659, held service in the chapel.

Rev. Joshua Moodey came to Portsmouth in 1658, while the new meeting-house was being erected. He preached for 39 years, except while imprisoned by Governor Cranfield in New Castle, and while absent for several years in Boston. He was a graduate of Harvard, as were all the early ministers here, and was offered its presidency but declined. The fourth minister resigned to become its president and his successor became president of Yale. Mr. Moodey wrote over four thousand sermons and they were not brief ones, for two-hour discourses were not uncommon in his day.

He was at first supported by the subscription of 86 persons.

The change from Episcopacy to Puritanism in previous years was shown by the use of the name "meeting-house" instead of "chapel," while the term "warden" was retained for the officers of the parish. The title was used in 1640, when the glebe lands were granted to the church wardens. And, as in after years churches in other sects were required in the town, the North Congregational Church, the Middle Street and Christian Baptist churches, the Unitarian and Universalist churches, retain the same name for their officers and annually—even to this year of our Lord 1906—they have each and all chosen wardens; a peculiarity for



Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D.

ing-house at the south mill dam was built, in 1659, it was changed again into a dwelling-house for the pastor.

Rev. Mr. Moodey and his bride began housekeeping in the remodeled parsonage in 1660 and it was occupied after his death, in 1697, by the second minister, Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, until October, 1704, when it took fire and burned to the ground. His infant child, his mother-in-law, and a negro woman, perished in the flames.

The first minister in the chapel was Rev. Richard Gibson. He was of the Church of England and no doubt

which Portsmouth is noted, as it is for the celebration of Pope night on the fifth of November.

The new meeting-house authorized by vote of the town in 1657, is so minutely described in the Rockingham County Records at Exeter that the vanished building could be drawn and illustrated. The contract specified that the new structure should be "forty ffeete square and sixteen ffeete wall plate high, a flat ruff & substantial turrett with a gallery about it, twelve windowes, three substantially doors & a complete pulpit." It was on the front door that wolves' heads were nailed to secure the captor's bounty. As late as 1693 nine were paid for.

A committee was appointed who concluded that the "neatest and most commodious place to erect the meeting-house is the little hill adjoyninge to Goodman Websters' poynce on the crotch of the roads;" that is, at the intersection of South and Water streets. The panes of the windows were about four inches long and three wide, set in lead and strengthened by small oak bars on the inside. For 13 years the windows were unprotected by shutters. Then the town agreed, in a very liberal manner, with the versatile John Pickering, for 30 shillings, to make shutters "to draw backwards and forwards, and in case it be too little, then the said Pickering shall have something more."

A bell was placed in the tower of the meeting-house in 1664. In 1692, "it was proposed to the town whither William Wacker should pay for the bell whom he had carelessly crackt. It was voted in the negative because he was poor. It was voted that the selectmen take care to provide a bell, and as for the hanging of him as they may judge most convenient." Whether "him" refers to the bell or to the man who "crackt" it, the record does not plainly show.

A new bell was purchased by the North parish in 1720 and hung in the 1713 meeting-house on the parade.

In 1764, a century after the hanging of the first bell, the new bell was reported "crackt." It was "sent home to be run" and the vessel on which it was shipped was lost at sea off Cape Ann, on its passage to England.

The parish and subscribers bought a new one weighing 800 pounds. It was inscribed: "For the First Parish of Portsmouth in New Hampshire—Lester & Pack of London-fec't 1764."

So far, 241 years since the 1664 bell first rang out at the south end, and 185 years since the hanging of a bell on the glebe land, the curfew has, year after year, been heard in this old town by the sea, for we find frequent mention in the records, of the wardens being authorized "to allow the bell man for ringing at nine o'clock."

At first there was no regularity in building the pews in the mill dam meeting-house, as from time to time the leading parishioners were granted permission to build, at their own cost, seats for themselves in various parts of the house, of varying length and breadth, so the aisles ran among the seats and it was not until 1693 that the pews were made uniform. In April of that year, at a general town meeting, a vote was passed to regulate the seating of the people. It designated who sat with the minister in the pulpit, in the seat under the pulpit and on which separate sides of the floor and galleries the men and women should sit. The back seat was left "for young people about fourteen years of age unmarried." Where the married ones of about fourteen years of age sat, the report does not say.

That boys were troublesome in those good old days is evident from the frequent votes of twenty shillings and upwards per annum to various men "for to look after the demeanor of the boyes at meeting."

From 1750 to 1771, three different persons were appointed to be in charge of the upper gallery in the Three-Decker Meeting-house to keep



the boys and negroes in good order. At that time there were 187 negro slaves in Portsmouth. For more serious offenses on the Sabbath day there were various modes of punishment. On the twenty-fifth of September, 1662, at a general town meeting, it was "ordered that a kage be made for the unruly and those who sleep in meeting or take tobacco on the Lord's day out of the meeting in the time of public exercises." Not for nine years was the enactment put in force. Then the selectmen employed John Pickering to build a cage "twelve feet square and seven feet high;" also "a substantial payer of stocks and place the same in said kage, and build on the rough a firm pillory; all to be built and raised in some convenient space from the westward of the meeting-house."

In 1669 there was "granted to Mr. Fryer the town's right to twentie foote square of land neere the meeting-house to sett up a house and keep wood in to accommodate himself and family in winter time when he comes to meeting."

It was customary in the early days of New England for small houses, called "Sabba-day Houses" or "Noon Houses," to be built near the church, with large fireplaces where the worshippers went before, between and after services, to warm themselves or to replenish their foot-stoves with coals.

It was not till Joshua Moody had preached 12 years and gathered a congregation which could hardly find room in the meeting-house at the mill bridge, that steps were taken towards the formation of a church. The oft-quoted "Account of the Gathering & carrying on ye Church of Christ, in Portsmouth, Anno 1671" can still be read in Mr. Moody's own handwriting in the first volume of the church records, carefully preserved in the safe of the First National Bank, together with his Bible printed in 1670 and annotated by him on the wide

margins which were attached to each leaf when he bought it in 1687.

"At a generall town meeting held at Portsmouth this 24th day of September, 1711, voted that the new meeting-house be built on the corner of the minister's field and that it be the stated meeting-house of ye town. Voters for the meeting-house are sixty-five against forty-five," and the selectmen were empowered to raise money by way of a town rate for said house.

The minority deemed the parade too far north and continued to worship in the old meeting-house; while the majority retained the minister and removed the church records and the plate, which included the silver flagons presented by Thomas Wibird in 1766 and six cups dated 1705 (still in use), to the new meeting-house, calling themselves the "First, or North Parish." The main question at issue was which parish was entitled to the benefit of the glebe lands and the town taxes. Finally the General Assembly of the Province of New Hampshire adjudged the glebe lands to the North parish, but that both the North and South were town parishes and entitled to the town taxes. In 1716 it was agreed that each parish should support its own minister, and there the matter has since rested.

The corner of the minister's field just mentioned refers to the locality on which the present church stands; and this leads us to the interesting and rather unique grant of the glebe lands. On the twenty-fifth of May, 1640, only 17 years after the first settlement. Francis Williams, the first appointed governor of the colony, with 19 of the principal inhabitants of the lower part of Pascataqua, for the "advancement of the glory of God and for the support of the minister" made a grant of 50 acres of land for a glebe or parsonage.

In 1705, at a public town meeting, about ten acres situate in what is now

the business portion of the city, was "ordered to be laid out into house lots for peopling the town, and that the advantage which arises thereby be for the benefit of the ministry." It was divided into 51 lots of about fifty by eight feet each, and leases were made for 999 years at from seven to 15 shillings per year. In 1823, nearly half of the lots were still under the leases with from \$40 to \$167 due for each lot. Suit was commenced against the delinquents. This action resulted in the collection of the

pew holders were Gen. William Whipple, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Gov. John Langdon and Daniel Webster, who served as warden in 1815 and 1816. Town meetings were held in this meeting-house until 1762, when the parish voted not to permit further public use of the building. The doors were locked, but the selectmen's warning had been issued, and the citizens, considering the meeting legally warned, made forcible entrance and transacted their business.



Old North Church—1714-1837.

rents due and also in the payments for the discharge of the leases.

The first meeting-house on the parade was ready for occupancy in 1714. It was 70 feet long and three stories high, with two galleries, one above the other, and three tiers of windows, hence the popular nautical title of "Three-Decker." The pulpit occupied the middle of the western side and was surmounted by a large sounding board. A belfry was added in 1720 and in 1730 a spire was built 150 feet high. Among the prominent

For over a century there were no means of heating this meeting-house. Small, square tin stoves filled with live coals were carried. In 1762, the wardens voted that "whosoever leaves any stoves in the meeting-house shall pay a fine of twenty shillings."

Mrs. Ichabod Goodwin informed the writer a few years ago that stoves for heating the church were first put in in 1823. She remembered the year, as creosote from the new funnel that ran over her head, dripped on a white silk shawl, imported by her

father, which she wore to meeting for the first time. The year was indelibly fixed in her mind, as was the spot that ruined her shawl.

One of the most distinguished ministries this church has ever seen was that of Rev. Dr. Joseph Buckminster, who served the parish with marked ability for 33 years. When President Washington visited Portsmouth in 1789 he attended service on Sunday afternoon at this church, dressed in a black velvet suit, and heard Dr. Buckminster deliver a very excellent

adding 13 feet to the western side, which gave the steeple a place, as Uncle Tobey wrote, "like a man's nose being on one side of his face," but it was not very noticeable till the old New Hampshire state house in the center of the parade, was removed.

In 1806 the interior was furnished with a fine clock, a brass chandelier with three rows of candlesticks to compare with the old three-decker of a house; the walls and ceilings tinted with indigo blue wash; the seats painted green, and the high pulpit



Old North as Repaired—1837-1854.

and appropriate sermon. Another distinguished listener, who frequently attended this church, was John Paul Jones, while he was superintending the building of the frigate *America*, in 1779.

Many public meetings were held in this building during the exciting times of the Revolution. An important one was the Tea Party, held December sixteenth, 1773, to protest against the importation of tea and to prevent its being landed or sold in Portsmouth.

In 1761 the house was enlarged by

decorated with splendid crimson silk draperies. And when the sexton let go of the halliards and lowered the curtain from the great arched pulpit window at the west side, then it was that Uncle Tobey, to again quote him, "thought that Solomon's temple might look as well, but had no idea that it could look better."

The only regular attendant of the "three-decker" that we have been able to find is Mrs. Nathan F. Mathes, and her most distinct remembrance of its interior was the row of black faces



Old North Church, Portsmouth—1854-1906.

that appeared above the rail of the upper or negro gallery.

In 1837 the house was remodeled at an expense of \$5,800 and furnished with a single tier of windows, three on each side of the church instead of 17. A photograph of the remodeled building has recently been found by the writer, which gives an accurate view as it appeared after the alterations were made.

The writer can just recall that pleasant day in 1854 when nearly all the inhabitants of the city assembled about the parade to witness the pulling down of the steeple, under the supervision of A. K. P. Deering, the rigger, who had climbed on the lightning rod and tied a rope near the top of the spire. He was ever after the hero of the boys of that period. The posts encircling the bell were then cut nearly off and one end of the rope was run down Market Street, where many willing hands helped to pull the steeple to the ground. The vane struck in front of the Athenæum.

On the site of the old meeting-house the present brick building was erected at a cost of \$30,000, a sum exceeding, as usual, the first estimate. The cutting down of the plans, even the omission of the spire, was seriously discussed, for the parishioners were mainly of moderate means and had already contributed liberally—many a widow had given her mite. However, there was an energetic, public-spirited building committee. They loaned their good credit and assumed and secured the completion of the building as originally designed. All have passed away. Only one of the workmen on the steeple is with us, Samuel Kingsbury, who, as an apprentice, received nine shillings for 10 hours' hazardous work, while his father, as were all the first-class joiners, was paid ten and six: even the superintendent of the whole building had only 15 shillings, or \$2.50. "Ten and six," as some of the gray heads will remember, was \$1.75.

Two of the builders of this fine rosewood pulpit, Samuel P. Treadwell

and James C. Brown, still live to know that their work is as perfect as when put together a half century ago.

Only William G. Cole, now of Hampton, and Samuel Donnell, of Peabody, are living of the 71 pew-holders that signed the agreement to relinquish their pews in the old, and purchase in the new, church. That document contains the names of many former church workers whose memories are still honored.



Rev. L. H. Thayer, Present Pastor.

This condensed sketch has omitted many interesting details of the buildings, of the services of recent pastors, notably the long pastorate of Rev. Lucius H. Thayer, of numerous benevolent societies conducted by the ladies, and any reference to the 2,000 departed church members. There is sufficient unused material to fill a large pamphlet and the excellent "Historical Discourse at the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Foundation of the North Church," by Rev. George M. Adams, published in 1871, of which but few copies are preserved, should be annotated and extended to date.

## A FRAGMENT.

*By L. J. H. Frost.*

Above the dark clouds lower, while all around  
 The heavy air lies still, save that from the  
 Far-off hills booms Heaven's artillery.  
 Low at my feet the ever-restless waves  
 Moan piteously. The screaming gulls seem  
 Angry at the sea, while from the harbor bar  
 Come sullen sounds of pent up misery.  
 At this high rock's rough base, like sextons old,  
 The waves are folding their thick pall of black,  
 Dank seaweed, round the reef's cold feet.

Far out,  
 A white winged ship, hope laden, speeds upon  
 Her homeward way. The stormy petrel dips  
 His wing within the ocean's foaming spray;  
 Then soars above the straining masts, circling  
 Around, as if half-minded to alight  
 And whisper into mortal ears his ill  
 Forebodings, sending dark, shuddering fear  
 To chill warm hearts that dream of love and home.

Hark! now the mighty wind comes rushing on,  
 Lashing the ocean waves most furiously,  
 As some mad rider spurs his gallant steed  
 Until his reeking flanks are foam-flecked.  
 And now the falling rain a deluge seems,  
 Pouring its hoarded floods into the sea.  
 Darker it grows, and darker.

Suddenly,  
 A lurid flash lights up the wind-swept main:  
 And, lo! the ship, hope-freighted, wrecked upon  
 The harbor bar! Its crew, with cries of wild  
 Despair and pleading prayers upon their lips  
 Have gone below to find a grave within  
 Old ocean's hidden caves, and calmly wait  
 The resurrection morn.

## FEBRUARY.

*By Harry B. Metcalf.*

Heir of the snows, child of the wintry blast,  
 Too few have sounded thy full meed of praise;  
 In station bare and bleak thy lot is cast,  
 And aught but gentle are thy fitful ways;  
 Yet unto human hearts and hearths thou hast  
 Sent cheer unrivalled in the log fire's blaze,  
 And so to hold the faith of weaklings fast  
 Set Spring's sweet promise in thy length'ning days.

## GEN. ENOCH POOR.

AN ORATION UPON THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE OF GEN. ENOCH POOR, AT  
HACKENSACK, N. J., OCTOBER 7, 1904.

*By Hon. Henry M. Baker.*

*His Excellency, the Acting Governor  
of New Jersey, Mr. President, the  
City Government of Hackensack,  
Compatriots, Ladies and Gentle-  
men:*

By monuments and statues the living commemorate and honor the dead, illustrious for service to country and humanity. Such tributes become incentives to high endeavor and brave deeds. Poets and orators, sculptors and painters, vie with each other to express fittingly the approbation of the people, and the people applaud their best efforts and achievements. Patriotic societies promote and sustain this natural tendency to perpetuate the honor of the individual and the glory of the state, and in that they find ample justification for their existence and prosperity.

The period of the Revolution is replete with examples of the highest excellence in patriotism, personal service and moral purpose. No other era of our history presents so much of high thinking and noble action. Then wise statesmen, brave as wise, enunciated principles in government which have found hearty approval wherever men have aspired to personal liberty and self-government.

They began with the assertion that taxation without representation is tyranny, and through a series of sagacious aphorisms declaratory of the rights of mankind, passed to those sublime self-evident truths that all men are created equal and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. The idea of civil liberty grew in their minds until, before the war ended, they had established upon an endur-

ing basis the right of mankind to constitutional government, administered for the benefit of the governed. Wherever men prayed for liberty and struggled for self-control the success of the American Revolution gave sympathy and encouragement. A new epoch was begun in which manhood was the ruling factor and the rights of each were secured and maintained through the safety and honor of all.

We cannot too often remember or too greatly honor those who endured hardships and perils and freely made sacrifices that liberty might live and men be ennobled by representative government.

Today, two of the original states—New Hampshire and New Jersey—and two societies of the Sons of the American Revolution representing those states, unite in erecting a statue and monument to the memory of a brigadier-general of the Revolution who served the common cause as the representative of the one and, dying in the service, was buried in the soil of the other, with the military honors due his rank and merit.

We honor ourselves and our respective states by the respect and devotion we pay the memory of Gen. Enoch Poor, who enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Washington and the friendship of Lafayette.

Enoch Poor was born on the twenty-first of June, 1736, in that part of Andover, in the state of Massachusetts which is now incorporated as North Andover. The family was of good English stock. In the mother country it had held responsible positions in both civil and military life with a marked preference for army

service. General Poor was of the fourth generation in America. The homestead farm was on the Shaw-sheen river, near its junction with the Merrimack. Both rivers are of clear water and picturesque beauty. The country is diversified by hill and valley, river and lake. The combination is pleasing and inspiring.

Here his ancestors settled in the first half of the seventeenth century and at once began to clear and till the soil. His great-grandfather, Daniel Poor, was one of the town officers and also a member of the first military company organized in the town. His father was at the siege of Louisburg in 1745. They were all of the Puritan stock, faith and practice. Their homes were religious and their lives exemplary.

Amid such surroundings and influenced by such examples and instruction, the boyhood of Enoch Poor was passed in the usual routine of New England farm life. His education was that of the district school and the home circle. He appears to have been an industrious and thoughtful boy, with a wonderful adaptation to details. Whatever he attempted he generally accomplished through persistent effort and careful thought. In his early manhood he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker and served his time as such. Some of his handiwork remains to attest his skill and ingenuity.

When 19 years old he enlisted as a private in the French and Indian War and was assigned to the expedition under Gen. John Winslow, which subjugated the Acadians of Nova Scotia. His brother, Thomas, was a captain in the same service. A few years later he removed to Exeter, N. H., which remained his home through life. There he engaged in trade, but soon became a shipbuilder, employing many men. Before he left Andover he had fallen in love with Miss Martha Osgood, the daughter of a neighbor, Col. John Osgood. She fully reciprocated his attachment, but

her father did not give his approval. So when Enoch Poor called at the Osgood mansion for his bride he met with firm opposition. Colonel Osgood had locked his daughter in her chamber. He would not permit young Poor to see or communicate with her. Defeat for the lovers seemed imminent. Colonel Osgood's tactics appeared to be beyond the power of their resistance or immediate skill. Just then, however, Martha appeared at her open window and quickly jumped into Enoch's extended arms. Their marriage speedily followed and Colonel Osgood, in due time acknowledging his defeat, became fully reconciled to his son-in-law.

General Poor's married life was happy. Three daughters crowned the union, each of whom survived him. His widow resided in Exeter until her death in 1830.

No record has been found which determines the date when he removed to Exeter and began business there. It was probably prior to his marriage, but diligent inquiry and search have failed to discover the exact date of his marriage. It is generally admitted that he must have established himself in New Hampshire about 1760, for by 1765 he had become sufficiently prominent in the town to be one of the 30 principal citizens who united in an agreement to maintain peace and order during the excitement occasioned by the Stamp Act and the determination of the people not to conform to it. Five years later the town voted not to purchase tea until the tax upon it should be repealed and to encourage, so far as possible, the use of home products. Mr. Poor was one of a committee of six to enforce the vote. When the Continental Congress of 1774 passed the famous non-importation resolutions Exeter ratified them in town meeting and elected a committee, of which he was a member, to secure a faithful compliance with them. The following year he was elected to the Third and Fourth Pro-



vincial Congresses of the Colony. On the twenty-fourth of May, 1775, he was selected to muster into the service of New Hampshire the men at Medford, under the command of Col. John Stark. The same day the Provincial Congress, of which he was a member, authorized the enlistment of three regiments to serve for the year and elected John Stark, Enoch Poor and James Reed, colonels, to command them. Stark with about eight hundred men was already encamped before Boston. Reed's regiment was made up of two companies detailed from Stark and from enlistments made before and after his election as colonel, and soon encamped at Charlestown. Both were in the battle of Bunker Hill. Colonel Poor's regiment was to be wholly enlisted and enlistment papers were promptly issued and rapidly filled. A careful examination fails to disclose that Colonel Poor ever held a military commission before he was appointed colonel. We have already noted that he served as a private in the French and Indian War, and he must have had service in the militia of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. In his business he had had great experience in the control of men, and his appointment to muster Colonel Stark's regiment into the service indicates that he was known to have military knowledge and experience. That he was believed to be competent is proved by the fact that his selection to command the second regiment appears not to have been criticised and from the further fact that men did not hesitate to enlist under him. The wisdom of his selection is attested by his subsequent service. From May, 1775, until his untimely death, he was constantly in command of a regiment or a brigade. He was not at Bunker Hill. Prior to that battle the people of New Hampshire were apprehensive that their territory might be invaded with the purpose of capturing Portsmouth, which led the attack on Fort William and Mary, and Exeter, where the re-

bellious Provincial Congresses held their sessions. Colonel Poor's men were stationed along the coast, at Portsmouth and at Exeter. At Exeter they were building fire-rafts with which to destroy any vessels which might attempt to ascend the river. The next day after the battle the Committee of Safety of New Hampshire ordered the regiment, with the exception of one company, which was stationed at or near Portsmouth, to join the other New Hampshire troops before Boston, and they arrived there on the twenty-fifth of June and encamped at Winter Hill. From that time until the following March, when the British evacuated Boston, Colonel Poor and his men were performing the usual routine duty in an army of investment. The records show that the regiment discharged its full share of guard and fatigue duty and that the men were perfected in the manual of arms. The nine months during which the Americans besieged Boston were valuable to them for instruction and discipline. Before the evacuation of the city they had learned that a long contest was inevitable and that they must prepare for it in earnest. However much the patriots failed to profit by this experience they knew the necessity for drilled troops and for long terms of enlistment. They also learned the necessity for supplies, and that the demands of an army are multiform and incessant. The stern realities of war confronted them and no man who loved his country could neglect or disregard the duties of the hour. On the other hand, the British had been taught to respect the foe they despised at first, and to recognize that a man fighting for his home and liberty is a braver soldier than the hireling of despots.

Boston having been occupied by the patriot army, it became evident that the British intended to make New York their headquarters. Washington immediately ordered a march upon that city. Among the troops selected for that service was General

Sullivan's brigade, including Colonel Poor's regiment. The British troops evacuated Boston on the seventeenth of March, 1776, and ten days later Colonel Poor and his men marched for Long Island. Soon after their arrival there, they were ordered, with other regiments, to join the ill-fated expedition under Montgomery which had attempted the occupation of Canada. At that time there were no steamboats and no railroads. The march of an army was literally a march. All the privates and many of the officers were on foot. There were few roads and they were in poor condition. Frequently the troops followed a trail or cut a road through the forests as they advanced. The country was too sparsely settled for an army to subsist upon it and the transportation of munitions and other supplies was by horse and ox teams, or occasionally by boat. Such a march from Long Island to Canada is a hardship from which the veteran troops of today would shrink. The patriots began it without complaint, and endured reverses and disasters seldom equalled. To add to their losses and ill fortune, smallpox ravaged the American army to such an extent that in some regiments hardly a man was fit for duty. Colonel Trumbull said: "I did not look into a tent or hut in which I did not find either a dead or dying man." Everything went wrong and the army abandoned Canada and retired to Crown Point. There a council of war was held July 7, 1776, and it was decided to retire to Ticonderoga, which then became the only fortress held by the Americans on Lake Champlain.

Against the evacuation of Crown Point Colonels Stark and Poor, with others, protested in writing and it is conceded that Washington believed the surrender of Crown Point unnecessary and ill-advised.

While at Ticonderoga Colonel Poor became president of the court martial which tried Colonel Hazen, who had

been arrested upon charges presented by General Arnold. In the course of the trial the court refused to admit the testimony of Major Scott, who was one of Arnold's principal witnesses, on the ground that he was personally interested in the result. General Arnold protested in a vigorous communication, which the court held to be disrespectful and prejudicial to its authority. They refused to enter it upon their records and instructed their president to demand an apology



Gen. Enoch Poor.

from General Arnold. This Colonel Poor did in a letter which would have done credit to an experienced lawyer. General Arnold returned an intemperate reply, in which he refused to apologize and suggested his readiness to fight a duel with any member of the court. Colonel Poor then reported the whole transaction to General Gates in a courteous and dignified letter, but General Gates thought it unwise to enforce the rights of the court at that time against an officer of Arnold's standing and popularity. Hence he dissolved the court and the trial ended. Colonel Poor continued

to serve under General Arnold and did not permit this episode to influence his conduct towards him. In this he exhibited a magnanimity and love of country worthy the emulation of all soldiers.

The British commander, Sir Guy Carlton, went into winter quarters in November, and, the danger of an attack upon Ticonderoga being removed, General Gates sent a considerable part of his troops to reinforce Washington in New Jersey. Colonel Poor's regiment, and two others from New Hampshire, were included in the order, and joined Washington in December. These troops enabled him to win the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

On the seventh of January, 1777, the army under Washington arrived at Morristown, where it built log huts and went into winter quarters. The army suffered for supplies of every kind. The destitution of that winter was exceeded only by that of the next, at Valley Forge.

General Howe occupied New York as his winter headquarters. Neither army engaged in any extensive offensive operations during the winter. The Americans were active in perfecting their military organization, in recruiting and in securing supplies. The army was established upon a more permanent basis, enlistments were made for three years or during the war and the officers were commissioned accordingly.

To meet the new conditions and to provide for an increased army, Congress appointed additional generals, and on the twenty-first of February, 1777, Colonel Poor was commissioned a brigadier-general. Col. John Stark was the senior colonel from New Hampshire and had had considerable service prior to the Revolution. He was a brave officer, conspicuous at Bunker Hill, and had proved himself capable and vigilant at all times. Therefore, when Congress promoted Colonel Poor and other colonels and did not promote him, he felt the slight

bitterly, especially as he believed that his merits had once before been unrecognized. He at once resigned from the army. Colonel Poor offered to decline his promotion and ask for the appointment of Colonel Stark in his place. This Stark positively refused and congratulated Colonel Poor upon his promotion, which he said was merited. There was no enmity between them and they remained friends through life.

In the early spring General Poor was assigned to duty in the Northern Department and stationed at Ticonderoga. His brigade was composed of three regiments from New Hampshire and detachments from Connecticut and New York.

It was the purpose of the British commanders to extend their posts from Crown Point southward and from New York north until they should have a complete line of fortifications from Canada to the sea, thus segregating New England from the other colonies. To that end Burgoyne was to fight his way to Albany, where forces from General Howe ascending the Hudson, were to join him. The plan was excellent and almost successful.

General Schuyler, who was in command at Ticonderoga, had neglected to fortify or occupy Sugar Loaf Hill, which commanded the fort. The excuse was that he did not have troops sufficient to hold both places. This may have been true, but the result was unfortunate. The British occupied this hill, sometimes known as Fort Defiance, on the fifth of July, 1777. A council of war decided to evacuate the fort, which was done early in the morning of the next day. General Poor favored the evacuation. Congress was excited by the abandonment of the fort and demanded the immediate removal of General Schuyler, and that the other officers be tried by court martial. The wiser and cooler judgment of Washington prevailed. The court martial was not held and General Schuyler remained in com-

mand until superseded by General Gates on the nineteenth of August.

At that time the tide of victory had turned in favor of the patriots. The advance of the British upon Albany by the Mohawk Valley had been defeated and the glorious victory at Bennington, under Stark, who had returned to the service of his country under the authority of his state, had been achieved. The spirits of the patriots revived and confidence again ruled in camp and field.

Meanwhile Burgoyne had great difficulty in supplying his army with provisions. The devastation he had accomplished counted against him. It was almost impossible to procure sufficient supplies from Canada and there was no immediate prospect of a union with General Howe. His Indian allies were importunate in their demands and failed to obey his orders. The Americans harassed him on every side. They had abandoned Fort Edward and Fort George, but they made it difficult for Burgoyne to profit by their retreat or to follow in pursuit. Their numbers increased daily and, by the time the Americans were encamped at Stillwater, Burgoyne was compelled to provide against an attack upon his rear.

Upon the nineteenth of September, 1777, soon after noon, the British attacked the American camp. The battle, now generally known by the name of Stillwater, ensued. On the part of the Americans it was almost wholly fought by the left wing, commanded by Arnold. General Poor's brigade, then consisting of about sixteen hundred men, constituted one half of Arnold's division. The battle was not decisive, though generally favorable to the Americans, whose loss was only one half that of the British. The total American loss was 321. Of this number General Poor's brigade lost 217, or more than double that of all the other troops of the patriot army.

The battle of the seventh of October—127 years ago today—became a

necessity to the British, for inaction was assured starvation. There was no safety in camp or retreat. Victory alone could save Burgoyne and his men. Therefore the British again assumed the initiative. The attack was met by a superior force and the British soon driven from the field. Poor's brigade was in the thick of the fight, and in conjunction with Morgan's regiment, really won the battle of Saratoga, as it did that of Stillwater.

General Wilkinson says in his Memoirs: "After I had delivered the order to General Poor, directing him to the point of attack, I was commanded to bring up Ten Broeck's brigade of New York troops, 3,000 strong. I performed this service and regained the field of battle at the moment the enemy had turned their back, only fifty-two minutes after the first shot was fired. I found the courageous Colonel Cilley (of Poor's brigade) astraddle of a brass 12-pounder, and exulting in the capture."

The victory was complete, the enemy being pursued and driven from his own camp. The surrender of Burgoyne occurred ten days later.

It was well known to General Gates that about two thousand men, under command of Sir Henry Clinton, had left New York and were marching up the Hudson with the intention of joining Burgoyne at Albany. They had captured forts Clinton and Montgomery, and in consequence forts Independence and Constitution had been abandoned. Everywhere the Americans had retired before him. Hence it was a matter of supreme importance to occupy Albany before General Clinton could arrive there.

To accomplish that, General Poor's brigade marched 40 miles and forded the Mohawk below the falls in fourteen hours. Clinton having heard of the surrender of Burgoyne, returned to New York.

The campaign on the Hudson having ended gloriously, General Poor

and his brigade joined Washington near Philadelphia. The battle of Germantown had been fought, nearly won, and then lost. Washington, being urged by the Assembly of Pennsylvania and some of his officers, not to go into winter quarters but to attempt the capture of Philadelphia, required the written opinion of his officers as to the advisability of an assault upon the city. Four of them favored the attack and 10, including General Poor, advised against it. The prevailing opinion was that the army was in no fit condition to risk a general engagement, which might prove fatal to the patriot cause. The army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge on the nineteenth of December. To those who objected, Washington replied as follows: "Gentlemen, reprobate the going into winter quarters as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of sticks or stones. I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity their miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

General Poor was no growler. He did his duty fearlessly and so far as possible accommodated himself to his environment. He wrote few letters. Probably there are not a score of them relating to public affairs now in existence. Such as have been found are well expressed, direct and positive.

Just before the troops went into winter quarters he wrote to a member of his state Legislature stating their condition and needs and the duty of the state to them, in simple but burning words. An extract from that letter is as follows:

"Did you know how much your men suffered for want of shirts, breeches, blankets, stockings and shoes

your heart would ache for them. Sure I am that one-third are now suffering for want of those articles which gives the soldier great reason to complain, after the encouragement given by the state to supply those of its inhabitants who should engage in their service.

"But there is another circumstance more alarming still; that is, when you engaged your men to serve for three years or during the war, they were promised a certain sum for their services; your state at the same time fixed a reasonable price upon such articles as the country produced and, which they knew their families must be supplied with, which would but barely support them at those prices. But, after they left home, it seems by some means or other, the contract on the side of the state was broken, and those very articles, which their families must have or suffer, rose 400 or 500 per cent.; soldiers' wages remain the same. How can it be expected that men under those circumstances can quietly continue to undergo every hardship and danger which they have been, and are still, exposed to; and what is more distressing is, their daily hearing of the sufferings of their wives and children at home.

"I don't write this by way of complaint, but do wish that some mode may be hit upon that the families of those in service may be supplied, or I fear we shall have many of our best officers resign and many soldiers desert for no other reason than to put themselves in a way to support their families, or share with them in their sufferings; and should that be the case, I fear the consequences."

Later, while in camp, he wrote the Legislature of New Hampshire: "I am every day beholding their sufferings and am every morning awakened by the lamentable tale of their distresses."

General Poor's camp was on the extreme west of the encampment at Valley Forge. The best that can be said of his troops is that they suffered no more than the others. During the

winter a committee from Congress visited Valley Forge and made a careful report of their observations. In mid-winter Baron Steuben arrived at the encampment, and the troops were subjected to stern discipline and exacting drill. General Lafayette again joined the army here. Plans were discussed and formulated for the coming campaign. It was not a winter of idleness. On the seventh of May, 1778, there was great rejoicing in camp. The treaty of alliance with France was announced to the troops, while on parade at nine o'clock in the morning. The chaplains thanked God that He had given them a powerful friend. The troops sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Everywhere in camp there was thanksgiving and rejoicing, with cheers for the king of France, for Washington and liberty.

The encampment at Valley Forge was not broken up until late in June, but on the eighteenth of May Washington sent Lafayette with 2,100 chosen troops, including General Poor's brigade, to occupy Barren Hill, an eminence about half-way to Philadelphia. This was Lafayette's first independent command and it gave him an excellent opportunity to observe and prove the ability of General Poor. Subsequent events show that he was well satisfied with his ability and efficiency. General Clinton sent 5,000 troops to surprise and capture Lafayette and his men.

The surprise was nearly complete, but Lafayette with great wisdom and coolness ordered General Poor to lead the retreat, which was done so promptly and in such good order that their guns were saved and the loss in men was only nine. The British returned to Philadelphia.

At three o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth of June General Clinton began the evacuation of Philadelphia and before noon his entire army was in New Jersey, *en route* to New York. Washington had anticipated this movement and immediately

bridges were burned and roads obstructed so as to impede his progress. A series of skirmishes led to the battle of Monmouth. Clinton did not wish to fight, but desired a safe and expeditious march to New York. Washington hoped to engage him in battle and win a victory.

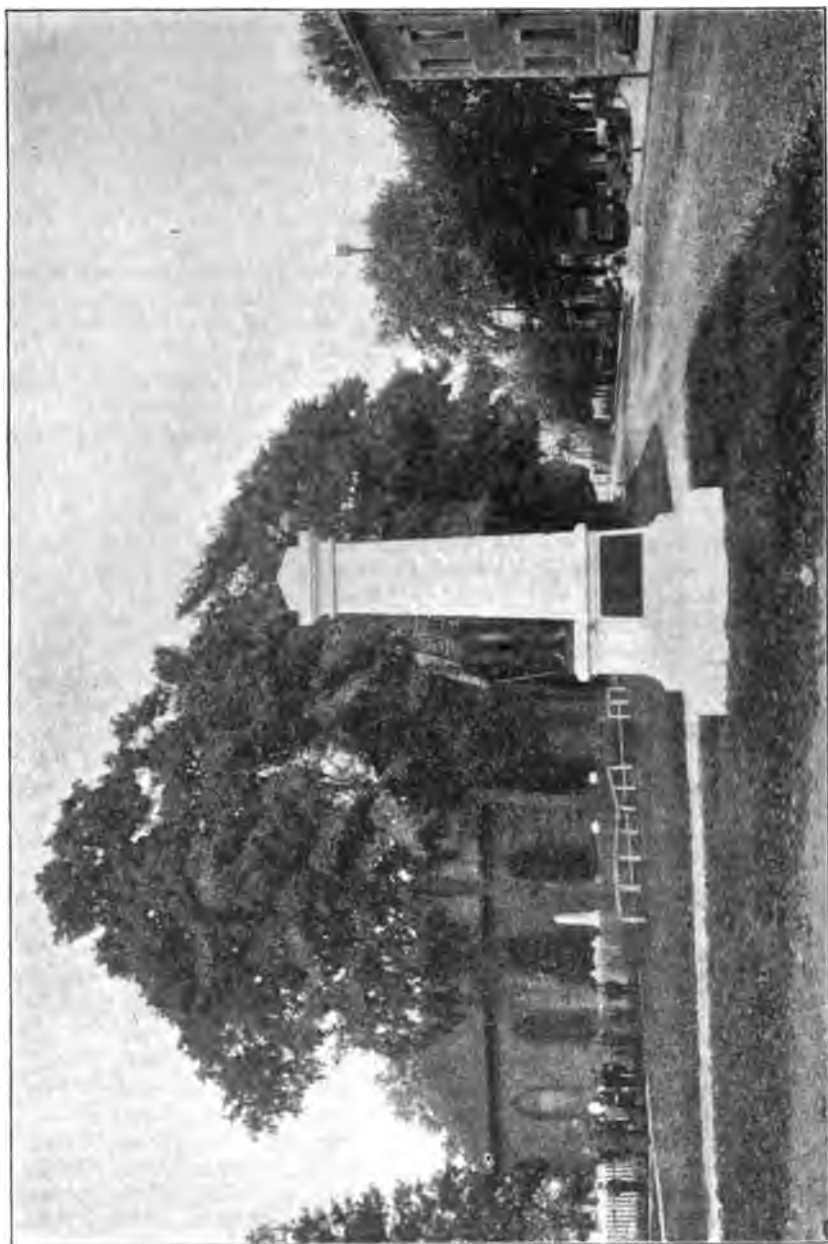
Rev. Israel Evans, a native of Pennsylvania and a graduate of Princeton, was the chaplain of General Poor's brigade. He was a staunch patriot and a firm believer in the rights of man. He was one of those outspoken, independent and arrogant men who

"Would shake hands with a king  
upon his throne  
And think it kindness to his majesty."

When the brigade was about to engage in the battle of Monmouth it paused for a moment for prayer by the chaplain, in which he is reported to have said:

"O Lord of Hosts, lead forth thy servants of the American army to battle and give them the victory; or, if this be not according to Thy sovereign will then we pray Thee stand neutral, and let flesh and blood decide the issue."

Each was partially successful. Clinton escaped and joined his troops to those in New York, but Washington compelled him to fight, and would have won a decisive victory had not jealousy and treachery prevented. The Americans remained masters of the field, but the British fled under cover of the night so quietly that even General Poor, who was near them, did not know they were escaping. The heat was intense, the suffering extreme. The thermometer registered 96 degrees and the troops contended not only with the enemy, but with an inexpressible thirst which could not be satisfied. Washington and the whole army slept upon the field of battle. General Poor was active in efforts to retrieve the fortunes of the



Statue of Gen. Enoch Poor, Hackensack, N. J

day and received the approbation of Washington.

There were in that year no extensive field operations in the Northern states after the battle of Monmouth. Washington stationed his army so that it could be easily concentrated and at the same time restrict the British in securing supplies. The Southern states were rapidly becoming the theatre of the war.

By intrigue and purchase the British frequently availed themselves of the service of the Indians. They were unable satisfactorily to control them in the camp or in battle. The hatred and independence of the Americans, thus engendered in the hearts of the Indians, broke out in frequent depredations and in the massacres of Cherry Valley and Wyoming. Washington determined to end these brutalities by such an object lesson as would prevent their repetition. The so-called "Six Nations" were selected for punishment.

A total force of about five thousand men was detailed for that service. The command was offered to General Gates but declined for the reason that, in his opinion, a younger man was preferable. General Sullivan was then given the command. His orders were to devastate their country, destroy their villages, crops and orchards and capture those of every age and sex. General Poor and his brigade constituted the right wing of Sullivan's army. Evidently, from the records of the expedition, he relied upon Poor and his men for faithful service in difficult situations. The Indians were overtaken on the twenty-ninth of August, 1779, and the battle of Newtown was fought. General Poor was ordered to gain the enemy's rear. In doing so he encountered some six hundred of the savages and a warm fight took place, in which 20 of them were killed.

The Indians fought from tree to tree until our troops had gained the summit of the hill and captured their stronghold by a bayonet charge, when

they fled in disorder. In his account of the battle General Sullivan said: "General Poor, his officers and men, deserve the highest praise for their intrepidity and soldierly conduct." The bloody work was continued until the Indians were completely subjugated.

General Sullivan made a full official report of his expedition to General Washington, in which he gave great credit to his troops for bravery and efficiency. Upon its receipt Washington wrote to Congress, congratulating it upon "the destruction of the whole of the towns and settlements of the hostile Indians, in so short a time and with so inconsiderable a loss of men," and to Lafayette, rejoicing that the Indians had been given "proofs that Great Britain cannot protect them and it is in our power to chastise them." The Indian confederation in New York was broken and their lands opened to peaceful settlement. An historian of the expedition has said: "The boldness of its conception was only equaled by the bravery and determination with which its hardships and danger were met and its objects accomplished."

It was late in the fall before the expedition rejoined the main army. Soon after the troops went into winter quarters. This winter was an exceedingly severe one, and the hardships and suffering endured by the army were scarcely less than those of Valley Forge.

Lafayette, availing himself of the winter's inaction, went home for a visit, returning the latter part of May with renewed promises from his government of substantial help. Again he offered his services to Congress, which were gladly accepted and recognized by an appointment to the command of a division to be composed of two brigades of light infantry, a troop of horse and a battery of artillery.

He selected General Poor to command one of these brigades. The whole division went into camp in



New Jersey and the work of drill and discipline began under his own direction. Largely by his generosity the soldiers were uniformed. The division was known as the best clothed, equipped and disciplined in the Continental army. It has been said that in the essentials of drill and efficiency it equalled the veteran troops of Europe. By the fortunes of war they were to see no important service during the year.

While in camp, on the eighth of September, 1780, Gen. Enoch Poor died. Universal sorrow pervaded the army. He was popular with officers and men. Two days after, he was buried with full military honors. The officers of his brigade followed immediately after the coffin. Then came General Washington and General Lafayette and other general officers of the army. The escort consisted of three regiments of light infantry and a troop of cavalry. At the grave the chaplain of the brigade delivered a eulogy, in which he said:

"Oh, sacred liberty! with thee this day we condole the loss of one of thy worthy sons! early he saw thy danger, and early in this contest espoused thy cause. Happily he united the love and defense of thy glorious person with the practice of sublime virtue. That glory, which results from the generous protection of the privileges of our country, and that righteousness which exalteth a nation, he laudably pursued. . . .

"The state of New Hampshire in tears will lament the loss of a brave defender of her rights. To him she may not fear to decree the title, too rarely found, of a patriot. . . . No charms were powerful enough to allure him from the unutterable hardships of the American war and the dangers of the field of battle. . . .

"He was an unchangeable friend of the moral and social virtues, and taught the excellence of them more by his amiable example than by a pompous parade of words without actions. He was an invariable advo-

cate for public and divine worship. His virtues laid the solid foundation for all his other excellencies to build upon and stand immovable amidst all the seeming casualties of time. Intemperance and profaneness and every vice were strangers to him. . . .

"From the time when he, with his country, first armed in opposition to the cruelty and domination of Britain, and precious American blood was first shed in defense of our rights, near Boston, . . . he was entitled to a large share of those laurels which crowned the American arms."

One of his staff officers, Maj. Jeremiah Fogg, in the intensity of his love and grief, wrote: "My general is gone. A cruel, stubborn, billious fever has deprived us of the second man in the world."

In a communication to Congress, announcing his death, General Washington said: "He was an officer of distinguished merit, one who as a citizen and a soldier had every claim to the esteem and regard of his country." As a further mark of respect and esteem the Congress ordered Washington's letter to be printed as the nation's tribute to his memory.

Governor Plummer of New Hampshire said of him (quoting almost literally from the eulogy of Chaplain Evans): "As an officer he was prudent in council and sound in judgment, firm and steady in his resolutions, cautious of unnecessary danger, but calm and undaunted in battle, vigorous and unwearied in executing military enterprises, patient and persevering under hardships and difficulties, of which he had many to endure, and punctual and exact in performing all the duties assigned and devolving upon him. His mind was devoted to the improvement of the army. He possessed great self-command. . . .

He promptly obeyed his superior officers, respected his equal and subordinate officers, and thought no man who was faithful and brave unworthy of his notice. The soldiers when distressed had free access to

him and he was a father to them."

Of very few of the men famous in civil or military life during the Revolution are there authentic and accurate portraits. The friends and relatives of General Poor are to be congratulated that his features have been preserved to posterity by a talented artist, known to us more by his generous patriotism than by his artistic talent and accomplishments.

Among the friendships General Poor formed in the army was that of the distinguished Polish engineer and general, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, who was an artist of considerable merit. General Kosciuszko had several times requested him to sit for his portrait, but he had not done so. One day Kosciuszko handed it to him. General Poor was greatly surprised and asked, "How is this, general, I have never sat for my picture?" Kosciuszko replied, "I drew it in church in the fly-leaf of a hymn book and have since painted it for you." General Poor presented it to his wife when on his last visit home. It represents the general in Continental uniform and is now in good preservation. From it the oil painting which adorns the hall of the New Hampshire House of Representatives and all other pictures of General Poor have been copied. The graceful statue, unveiled today, reproduces the features preserved to us by Kosciuszko.

The War of the Revolution is crowded with events of pathetic and dramatic interest. Possibly no life, not even that of Washington, presents more incidents in the same number of years, to attract the attention and secure the sympathy of the ob-

servant student than that of General Poor. His rank was less and his field of service more limited than that of many others, and hence he does not fill the space in history to which they are entitled, but there was no officer in the Revolution more conscientious or more faithful, who gave more attention to details and performed, within his sphere of action, his whole duty more wisely and discreetly than he whom we now commemorate. He was equally beloved by his superior officers and the soldiers of his command. His courtesy was constant and uninfluenced by rank or position. He was courageous in mind, as well as in body, and stood firmly upon the right as he saw it. He withheld his approval from no one whose conduct was meritorious, or whose intentions were kindly and honorable.

In the highest sense of the words he was a soldier, a patriot and a man. Had his life been spared fresh laurels would have crowned his work, and his chosen state would have entrusted to his keeping her dearest rights and conferred upon him her highest honors.

In behalf of the people of New Hampshire I thank you, gentlemen of New Jersey, that you have guarded and honored his memory and his grave and that today you have distinguished yourself and them by this further testimonial of your respect, esteem and love for one of the purest and bravest men of the most renowned era in our history.

"Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might  
Great God, our King."

## SOME PECULIAR LOCAL CHARACTERS.

By C. C. Lord.

When the Civil War of 1861 was in its early throes, Josiah Jackson was a Democrat of the staunchest type, though he had a daughter married to a Republican who read the *New York Tribune*, and had an only son of military age. This daughter, concerned for her son, sought the counsel of the venerable father, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Father, do you think there will be a war?"

"War? There's war now. Men are arming everywhere."

"Do you think there will be a draft?"

"Draft? Of course, unless men volunteer enough."

"Do you think my boy will have to go to war?"

"How d'ye 'spose I know? If government wants men and he don't volunteer, his name will be put in the wheel and he'll have to take his chance with the rest."

At this the anxious mother sighed and said: "Oh, what shall I do if my poor boy is drafted?"

"Do?" replied the old gentleman. "Stick a *New York Tribune* into his trousers and send him to the front and tell him to fight like ——!"

The anxious daughter and mother had a chance to reflect that there is a difference between patriotism and party politics.

Zeb Walker was a man of diminutive stature, thin in flesh and given to the indulgence of ardent spirits. Though not formidable in physical proportions, his tongue was generally equal to the occasion if properly encouraged by stimulation. Zeb was one of a race of peasantry almost always represented in a rural town

and naturally resented any uncomplimentary allusion to his clan. One day, at town meeting, when under his often peculiar influence, he overheard a tall, broad-shouldered farmer saying something derogatory of his social class. This farmer, too, stood upon a section of floor elevated above that on which Zeb stood. Filled with befuddled indignation, Zeb looked up and said:

"Jimmy, Jimmy, if you'll let me step up where you are and you step down where I am and turn round, I'll kick you!"

We cannot report the result of this proposition, but the candid and logical mind that likes to see "an even thing" in matters of emulation and contest can hardly find fault with it.

Hezekiah Longwood was an early tramp, who mainly strolled from town to town, picking up a precarious living, though he had a humble apology for a home of his own. Hezekiah's mind was unbalanced, though it bore some traces of an aptness of repartee. Hezekiah was once taken ill and, during a sickness of some length, the venerable town-minister called upon him and extended such spiritual comfort as seemed practical. Hezekiah, in turn, recovered and, wishing to repay the minister, went from house to house at length, begging a handful of beans at each place, till he had accumulated perhaps a peck, which he took in a closed bag to the minister, who, after much urging, consented to accept the thankful offering. Opening the bag, the minister turned out the contents, representing as it were every kind of bean grown in town for at least a generation. "Why, Mr. Longwood," he said, "you have a variety of beans

here—a great variety.” Hezekiah replied in a humble tone, “Your talk was a variety.”

proceeded and Caleb resumed the cultivation of his hopeful intellect at the public temple of learning.

Jerry Flagg was a veteran soldier with the stump of one arm to witness his exposure to danger in the service of his country. Jerry had a faithful and practical wife and a son, Caleb, who was testing his educational capacity at the common school. One day Jerry died, or at least appeared to demise. Yet there was witnessed a nervous twitch of a muscle of the afore-mentioned stump. It was a phenomenon that suggested caution. Jerry was kept above ground till the fourth day after his apparent death. The fourth day was set for the obsequies. Kind friends came to the funeral and observing the continued occasional muscular twitching, remarked upon the advisable delay of the interment. Just then the practical, though bereaved, widow proved equal to the occasion. “He ’s goin’ to be buried today, dead or alive,” she said, “for Caleb aint goin’ to be kept out of school any longer.” The obsequies

Peter Wiseman was an old-time teacher of rural schools. He acquired a peculiar precision in calculation and was fond of anticipating the weather of winter. When the first snow fell, he noted the ages of the week, of the month and of the moon, added them together and thus foretold the number for the whole season. His computation was, as he claimed, always verified. One late spring, when repeated falls of snow occurred, a neighbor asked Peter how many more snows there were to be. Peter answered, like a cautious philosopher, “We have had enough now,” he said, “to make up the number I had calculated on, but if we have any more, I have a few squalls I shan’t reckon.” Thus the late season rolled on, the wisdom of an infallible prognostication unmarred by any of the incidents of air and sky.

HOPKINTON, N. H.

## TO THE SPIRIT OF THOREAU.

*By Charles Henry Chesley.*

Until I walked with you, Great Master Mind,  
 I had not seen the beauty of the flower,  
 I did not know the wisdom of the wind,  
 Nor dared to dream how great is Nature’s dower;—  
 You taught me mysteries of field and glen,  
 Revealed the music of the hyla’s note,  
 I learned from you how dull the songs of men  
 Beside the chords that swell the veerie’s throat.

Great Heart, that journey to Wachusett’s hill  
 I oft have made and you were ever by;  
 I camp beside your Walden, deep and still;  
 I love your phantom bat, your dragon-fly;  
 The birds that were your friends are mine today;—  
 You show me things that beggar Athens’ art,  
 And, though I weep above your common clay,  
 Your spirit is my teacher, Noble Heart.

## THE PARCELING OF AFRICA.

*By Fred Myron Colby.*

Africa may be said to absorb the interest of the colonizing nations, as well as the efforts of the most enterprising explorers. Within the last few years there has been a rush among the nations of Europe to grab up slices of this great continent and secure the trade of its swarming inhabitants, as well as territory for possible flourishing colonies.

The changes in the map of Africa during the last 15 years have been really surprising, and at present the Dark Continent is pretty well parceled among the European nations. Very surely and not so very slowly has this been going on, and it is remarkable to notice the changes for the last quarter of a century.

Africa, the second continent in size, has an area of 11,900,000 square miles. Two thirds of this, or fully 8,000,000 square miles, have already been divided among European powers, and they are incessantly at work.

The nations most interested in this partition and colonization are seven, namely: England, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain and Belgium. A glance at the map will show the relative position and strength of each one.

England stands at the head of all the powers in the extent and value of its African dominions. In 1876 they comprised Cape Colony and its dependencies; Natal, the west coast colonies and Mauritius—an area of 280,000 square miles. Since that date Great Britain has extended her west coast colonies, has made great additions to the dependencies of Cape Colony, has created the Royal Niger Company and the South African Company and has acquired the Orange Free State, the South African Republic, Zanzabar, Socotra, the Somali coast region and British East Af-

rica, so called. The aggregate area of the British possessions in Africa today is considerably over two million square miles and this is independent of Egypt, over which country she exercises a virtual protection.

The whole territory claimed by the khedive, including the former Egyptian Soudan, is estimated to cover 1,400,000 square miles. If this be added to England's African dominions they will represent considerably more than a third of the whole continent, a territory approximating the total area of the United States, with a total population of nearly sixty millions of souls.

The French possessions in Africa are of the next largest extent and importance. They include Algeria, Tunis, Senegambia, Gaboon, Sahara and a large part of western Soudan, with a strip of the gold coast and the great island of Madagascar. The French boundaries in northwestern Africa are not definitely marked and are subject to change, but the claims of France in Africa cover some over two million of square miles and a jurisdiction over thirty millions of people.

Germany is the third European power as regards the extent of its African dependencies, which have all been gained during the last 30 years. The German possessions are in southwest Africa, in east Africa, in the Camerons and in Tongoland, an area altogether of a million of square miles, containing a population of eight or ten millions.

Belgium exercises a protectorate over the Congo Free State, in the heart of Africa, which occupies the region formerly known as Etheopia. It is a vast region, including nearly the entire geographical basin of the Congo River and embracing nearly a million of square miles.

Italy is another of the European powers whose claims to a share of African territory are of very recent date. In 1864 she had a station at Asab, on the Red Sea, although she did not take official possession of it until 1880. Today she asserts sovereignty over more than half a million square miles, of which 315,000 square miles are comprehended in Abyssinia, Shoa and Kaffa.

The future extension of Italy's territory in Africa lies in another direction, however. There seems to be a tacit understanding between France, Germany and England that Italy shall ultimately acquire Tripoli and its dependencies, of which Turkey is now the nominal suzerain. This territory is computed to contain 350,000 square miles.

Portugal formerly possessed the largest amount of territory in Africa and she was the earliest to establish colonies in the Dark Continent. Besides Madeira, the Cape Verde Islands and the islands of St. Thomi and Principii, the Portuguese dominions embrace 450,000 square miles in Angola and 300,000 square miles in Mozambique. The Lisbon government also has settlements in Guiana and the Bissagoo Islands.

Spain claims the whole northwest-

ern coast from Cape Bozador to Cape Blanco, besides an enlargement of the Muni district and her government has made treaties with the chiefs of Adear and neighboring regions, so that if her pretensions are admitted she owns over two hundred thousand square miles of the Dark Continent. Her possessions also include the Canaries, Fernando Po and Anabon, Corsico and Eloby Islands and patches of territory on the coast of Morocco.

It is possible that in the near future Spain will endeavor to annex Morocco itself, as Madrid contends that it has a prior right should the Mohammedan power ever succumb to European influences. France, however, will dispute this claim; at least, so far as regards the eastern portion of Morocco.

Of course, it must be remembered that the boundaries of these African possessions of the several powers are scarcely anywhere clearly marked and defined, and future negotiations will have to settle the boundaries of these "spheres of influence." But as it looks at present it seems improbable that half a century hence a single independent native state will exist in Africa.

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### "BEAVER BROOK FALLS."

*By Homer Darling Trask.*

'Tis a scene serene and grand,  
 And seems to hold command  
 Of deep legends never spoken,  
 And the silence is not broken,  
 Only by sublimest song,  
 Voicing through the misty vale  
 Over ledges hewn by Time;  
 And the cadence of its rhyme  
 Wraps the dreamer into thought,  
 O'er the sights God's love hath wrought.  
 Mighty trees that grow along,  
     Bend to worship at its shrine.  
 All of nature in the dale  
     Is perfection and divine.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### HON. CHARLES W. TALPEY.

Hon. Charles W. Talpey of Farmington, who divided with Hon. John F. Cloutman, who preceded him in his departure but a few days, the honor of leadership in public and business affairs in that enterprising town, departed this life December 25, 1905.

Mr. Talpey was the son of Jonathan and Elizabeth (Carlisle) Talpey; born in York, Me., November 19, 1835. His father was a sea captain in service of the government in the War of 1812; was taken prisoner by the British and confined in the famous Dartmoor prison for three years, settling at Cape Neddick, in York, after his release. Charles W. secured a good academic education; but had settled in no business upon the outbreak of the Rebellion, when he entered the transport service of the government, being engaged for four years. In 1867 he engaged in business in Farmington, where he ever after resided, for the last 20 years devoting himself largely to the interests of the Farmington Savings Bank, of which he was treasurer.

He was active in politics, and an ardent Republican, serving the town as treasurer, selectman and representative in the Legislature, and was also a member of the state Senate in 1883, at the close of the term taking the position of councillor, to which he was chosen for two years, serving during the administration of Gov. Moody Currier. He was also a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1888. He was a Free Baptist in his religious affiliation, a Mason, Odd Fellow, Knight of Honor, member of the Grange, and first vice-president of the Farmington Old Home Week Association. He leaves a wife, formerly Miss Mary A. Berry of New Durham, with whom he was united in 1863, but no children.

### HON. EDWARD J. TENNEY.

Edward J. Tenney, judge of probate for the County of Sullivan, died at his home in Claremont, January 15, 1906.

Judge Tenney was a son of Amos and Persis S. (Pomeroy) Tenney; born in Greenwich, Mass., December 11, 1836. The family removed to Claremont the following spring and his home had ever been in that town, in whose schools he was educated, with the exception of a few years between 1860 and 1870, when he lived in Concord, as resident manager of a cigar manufacturing firm in which he was associated, and in which line of busi-

ness he continued until about twenty-five years ago. He served as a member of the state Legislature from Claremont in 1871 and 1872; was railroad commissioner, first by election and afterwards by appointment, serving six years in all, and was deputy collector of internal revenue from 1887 to 1899. He was appointed judge of probate in 1891, serving until the time of his decease.

Judge Tenney was a Republican in politics and an attendant upon the services of the Episcopal Church. He was prominent in banking affairs, having served as director of the Claremont National Bank, and, later, of the People's National Bank. He was also managing director and treasurer of the Claremont Building Association, which erected the Hotel Claremont, and treasurer of the Sullivan Park Association.

In July, 1859, he married Frances M. Hall, daughter of Stephen and Charlotte (Green) Hall of Claremont. They had two sons: Edward Hall Tenney, who died in 1888, aged 28 years, and George Amos, the present cashier of the People's National Bank.

### GEN. WILLIAM P. BUCKLEY.

William Parkinson Buckley, born in Littleton, February 2, 1865, died at Lancaster, January 10, 1906.

General Buckley was a graduate of the Littleton High School and of Dartmouth College, class of 1887. He studied law with Bingham, Mitchell & Batchelor and was admitted to the bar in 1890, and in November of that year entered the law firm of Drew & Jordan at Lancaster, with which he was identified until death, Mr. Merrill Shurtleff later becoming also a member. He attained prominence in the practice of his profession and high standing as a citizen. He served as judge advocate-general on the staff of Governor Jordan, and was a representative from Lancaster in the Legislature of 1903-'04. He was elected moderator of the town in 1894 and held the office until his decease. In the Legislature he introduced the measure, which became a law, leaving to the jury the determination of the penalty in cases of murder, as regards the infliction of capital punishment. In politics he was originally a Democrat, but acted with the Republican party for a few years preceding his death.

July 25, 1891, he was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Drew of Dover, who survives him, with two children: Clyde, born June 1, 1892, and Alice, August 16, 1894.

HON. CHARLES HOLMAN.

Hon. Charles Holman, long known as one of the most prominent citizens of Nashua, died at his home in that city, January 14.

He was a native of the town of Sterling, Mass., a son of Porter and Persis (Reed) Holman; born December 7, 1833. His early advantages were limited and he had his own way to make in life, following different occupations until he located in Nashua in 1857, engaging first in the employ of J. C. Kempton, but establishing himself in business as a confectioner in 1861, which business he continued with much success for many years.

Mr. Holman took a strong interest in public affairs and in political life as a Republican. He served two years in the Nashua Board of Aldermen, represented his ward in the Legislature in 1869 and 1870, was a member of the state Senate in 1875 and 1876, and mayor of Nashua in 1878 and 1879. He was also a delegate to the Republican National Convention which nominated James A. Garfield for president in 1880. He was prominent in banking and railroad affairs; president of the Pilgrim (Congregational) Church Society and of the Masonic Building Association, being a thirty-second degree Mason as well as prominent in Odd Fellowship.

November 1, 1863, he married Mary S. Osgood of Amesbury, Mass., who, with one son, Charles Francis Holman, survives him.

HON. FRANK K. HOBBS.

Frank K. Hobbs, born in Tamworth, November 4, 1842, died in Ossipee, January 4, 1906.

Mr. Hobbs, who had been a resident of Ossipee for the greater part of his life, was for many years station agent at Ossipee Valley and had been postmaster there for more than twenty years. He was active in politics, as a Democrat, and served his town several terms as selectman; also as representative in the Legislature and was a member of the state Senate in 1893-'94. He served in the Union army in the War of the Rebellion and was a member of Thomas L. Ambrose Post, G. A. R. He was also a member of the Masonic order. He leaves a widow, son and daughter.

JAMES MADISON BROCK.

James Madison Brock, who was born in Strafford, then a part of Barrington, March 20, 1815, died at his home in Brighton, Mass., December 20, 1905. He was a son of Ralph and Dorothy (Young) Brock. His ancestors were among the

earliest settlers in Barrington, a hardy, sturdy, industrious and God-fearing people. He was educated in the schools of that town and at Strafford Academy. His father trained him to be a good farmer, but in butchering time every fall he showed himself an expert in the business. In early manhood he came to Dover and engaged in the butchering business, residing there for several years. He removed to Brighton about fifty years ago and engaged in the same business there for many years. At that time Brighton was the great cattle market of New England; all of the farmers and stock-raisers got their prices from Brighton. In those days Strafford men used to collect and drive great herds of cattle and sheep to that market, where they were sold and slaughtered. Mr. Brock was one of the boss butchers, and his judgment of the value of livestock was almost unerring. He followed this business till the infirmities of age compelled him to retire.

Mr. Brock was an honest, industrious and good citizen. He became a voter when Gen. Andrew Jackson was in the zenith of his power as a party leader; he admired his dashing leadership and became a Jacksonian Democrat and remained one Democrat all of his life. He never sought office and none was ever thrust upon him. He had one brother, Ralph; one sister, Sabrina, who married a Lane; another, Nancy, who married a Brock, and a third, Lydia, who married Albert A. Fairbanks and resided in Dover. Mr. Fairbanks was an expert engineer and a machinist of high ability. Their only son is Dr. Charles A. Fairbanks of Dover, of which city he has been mayor three years. Mr. Brock is survived by several children, sons and daughters. J. S.

DR. JOHN H. SANBORN.

John H. Sanborn, M. D., born in Meredith, September 23, 1830; died in Franklin, December 19, 1905.

Dr. Sanborn was the son of Dr. John and Susan (Hubbard) Sanborn and was educated in the common schools, at Gilmanston Academy and at the Berkshire Medical Institute, graduating from the latter in 1852. He practiced for a time in Alstead, and later in Meredith; was assistant surgeon in the Twelfth New Hampshire Regiment during the War of the Rebellion and had since been in successful practice in Franklin, where he established a high reputation in his profession, and as a man and citizen. He was a Royal Arch Mason and a Knight of Honor.



## EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The many expressions of satisfaction at the resumption of the publication of the **GRANITE MONTHLY**, under the management of the founder and first publisher, which have already been received from former patrons, including quite a number of the most prominent citizens of the state, whose names have been on the subscription list from the start, are a source of peculiar gratification, and are the more fully appreciated from being generally accompanied by that tangible evidence of genuine sincerity which constitutes practical support in carrying on an enterprise which involves the monthly expenditure of a considerable amount of money. Our thanks are returned to all who have thus given encouragement, and at the same time we venture to ask all others whose names are on the subscription list, and who have not yet remitted the amount of a year's advance subscription, to do so without delay. Especially would we call the attention of those who are in arrears for some time to the fact set forth on the first inside cover page of this issue, that they may settle their entire indebtedness at the advance rate of one dollar per year, if payment be made before the first of March. We trust it may not be too much to ask, further, that all patrons of the **GRANITE MONTHLY** who sincerely desire the maintenance in New Hampshire of a publication devoted to the special lines which this magazine has pursued since its establishment in 1877, will actively manifest their feeling in this direction by interesting others within the sphere of their influence in the same cause, to the end that further practical support may be secured.

That was a rare event in New Hampshire family and social life which occurred at Wilton on Friday, January 19, it being the formal celebration of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Gen. and Mrs. Charles H. Burns of that town. "Golden weddings" are not uncommon in these days, it is true; but it is not often that they are celebrated by people of such prominence in the public life of the state as General and Mrs. Burns whose wide acquaintance and general popularity were demonstrated by the large attendance on this occasion, embracing not only members of the immediate family, near relatives, friends and neighbors, but also distinguished citizens from different sections of the state, including Governor McLane and wife, prominent political and professional associates of General Burns, and others.

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It is seldom that the governor and council have at their disposal two vacant probate judgeships at the same time. This happened to be the case, however, on the occasion of their meeting on Wednesday, January 24. The death of Hon. Edward J. Tenney of Claremont had left vacant that office for Sullivan County, and the recent resignation of Judge Allen of Keene had made a similar vacancy in Cheshire. The people of the two counties are to be congratulated upon the character of the appointments made to fill these vacancies. In Jesse M. Barton of Newport and Robert A. Ray of Keene, named for the positions in question, they have assurance of wise and faithful discharge of the important duties involved.





"THE GREAT STONE FACE."

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, No. 3.

## A LEADING MAN IN A LEADING STATE INTEREST.

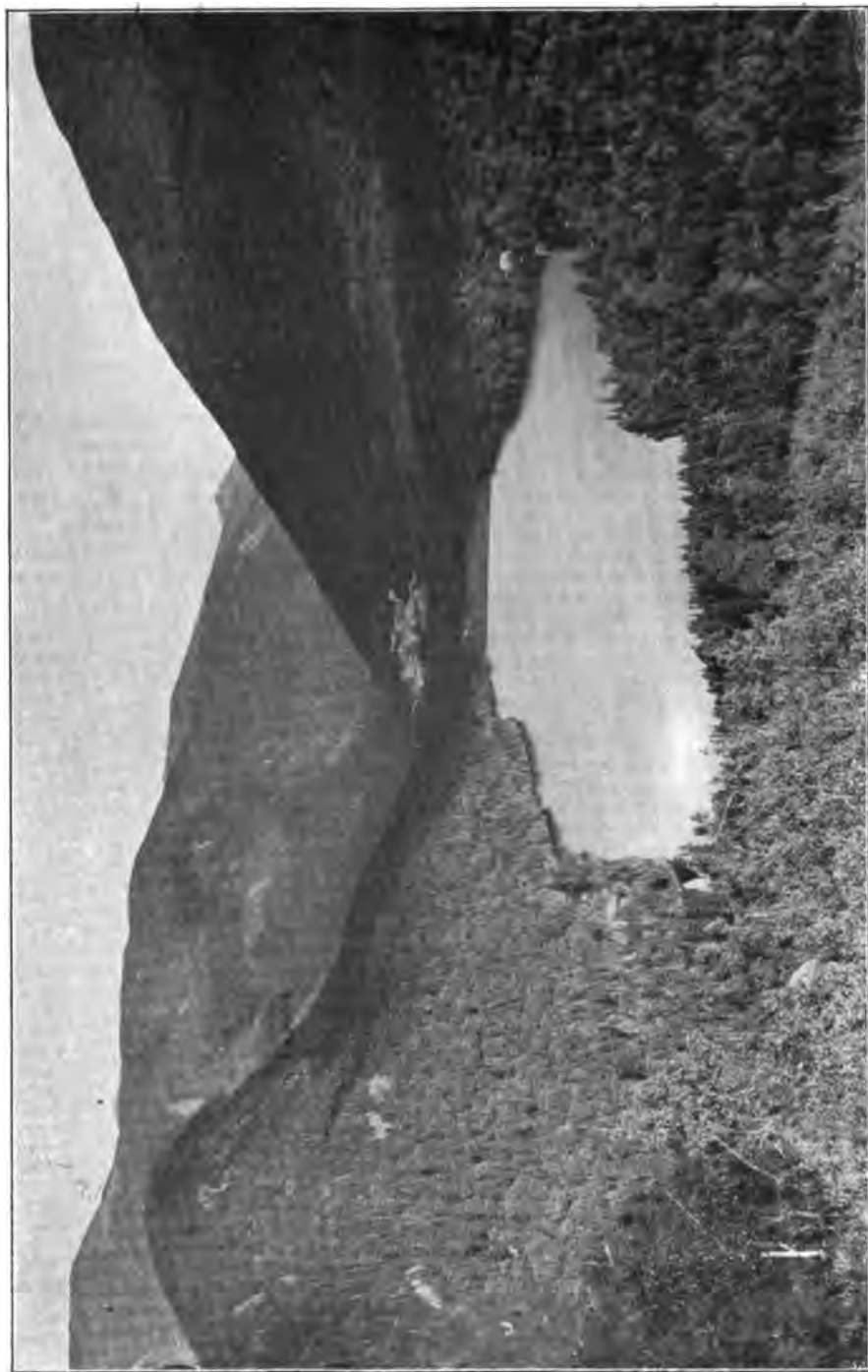
*By H. H. Metcalf.*

Whether or not the importance of the summer business, so called, in the state of New Hampshire, is sometimes exaggerated by the more zealous advocates of its support and development, there can be no question that this interest is one of the most important to which the attention of our people has been turned, and that its hearty encouragement is essential to the highest measure of our material prosperity. Whether it be five or ten millions of dollars, or some intermediate figure, according to the various estimates put forth, that represents the average annual amount left in the state by summer travelers and sojourners, from abroad, the amount is, at all events, a vast one, and will be measurably increased from year to year, if the policy which now obtains is continued, and the influence of the state government, so far as it may legitimately be exerted, is given earnestly and unremittingly to that end.

Conceding, as we must, the substantial benefit that has come to the state already through the development of this great interest, and the still greater benefit which it must insure in the future, the men who have been actively engaged in building up and developing it, from the small beginnings of half a century ago to the vast proportions of the present day, whether inspired simply by a love for the business itself, and the

many interesting features and phases peculiar thereto, or by hope of the substantial reward which may follow judicious management in this, as in other lines of business, may and should be regarded as substantial benefactors of the state, as truly and fully as those who have promoted her agriculture, established her manufactures, or developed her railroad system; and especially so, indeed, since her agriculture and her railroads, alike, must depend more and more in the future for their own prosperity, upon the growth and development of this particular interest of which we are now speaking.

While there is no considerable section of the state which does not present attractions for the summer visitor, whether transient or for the season, in its pure air and water and its grand and beautiful scenery, it must, of course, be universally conceded that the section generally known as the White Mountain region, embracing the Franconia and Presidential ranges and their forest clad foot-hills, wherein the depredations of the lumbermen have come to be so generally deplored in recent years, and for the arrest of which the measure establishing a White Mountain forest reserve is being so earnestly supported in Congress today, surpasses all others in this respect. Hither the attention of the tourist and the summer sojourner was first directed, and the



Echo Lake and Franconia Notch.

popularity which this region ultimately attained, as a summer resort, finally extended to other parts of the state, so that today, on our beautiful hill-slopes, under the shadow of our grand old mountains, and along the shores of our charming lakes, in nearly every part of the state, are the summer abiding places of men and women of note, culture, wealth and influence, who find here the health, inspiration and invigoration essential to the successful development and prosecution of their work in life along the various lines of activity in which they are engaged, or the comfort and satisfaction which should attend the well-earned leisure which follows on success.

To the men, then, who have been most actively and prominently identified with the growth and development of our White Mountain business, is due more fully than to any others, the thanks of all that great body of our people who recognize in this great and growing summer rest and recreation interest one of the leading factors in our future progress and prosperity. Prominent among, and, it may justly be said, most conspicuous of these now living because of his longer connection with the interest, is Col. Charles H. Greenleaf, president of the Profile and Flume Hotels Company of Franconia, long known to the public as a proprietor, and the active manager of the Profile House, in Franconia Notch, who completes, with the present year, a half century of active connection with the hotel business in the White Mountains.

Colonel Greenleaf comes of the best New England stock, and, through both parents has vital connection with the interests and the people of northern New Hampshire. His father was Seth Greenleaf, than whom, for more than forty years, no man came into closer relations with northern New Hampshire, or was more intimately acquainted with the people living in and traveling through that section of the state between

Concord and the White Mountains on the one hand, and along the valley of the Connecticut from Lebanon to the north on the other, while his mother was Lydia Hall Burnham of Rumney.

SETH GREENLEAF was a native of Lancaster, N. H., born June, 28, 1812, a son of David Greenleaf, born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1753, who was a minute-man in the patriot forces at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, was present at Burgoyne's surrender and served gallantly throughout the war for independence. When a mere boy, but fourteen years of age, impelled by an adventurous and independent spirit, he commenced driving stage and shortly became one of the best known and most popular drivers on the line between Littleton and Concord. For more than twenty years he followed this business continually, manifesting a spirit of enterprise and activity which put him in the front rank in this most interesting and important class or guild of men, now practically extinct, which in those days formed the connecting link, or rather afforded the means of communication, between the country people of the north, and the outside world or the lower towns and cities. These old "knights of the whip," as they were known, were men of courage and endurance, of skill and judgment, of discretion and honor. They were charged with trying responsibilities, little and great; life and property were constantly entrusted to their care. They endured hardship with a smile; faced danger without fear, and never flinched in the face of duty, in sunshine or in storm. A commanding figure in their midst was Seth Greenleaf. Bluff, hearty and outspoken in manner, yet tender-hearted, kindly and courteous as a woman when occasion required; generous to a fault; a friend to the needy and deserving; a hater of all iniquity and a supporter of every good cause, he commanded the respect of the people in the communities in which he lived, and through which lay his



The Flume, Looking Down.



Profile Lake and Eagle Cliff.

lines of travel, and the affectionate regard of the hundreds with whom he came in more intimate contact in the pursuit of his chosen business.

Upon the advent of the railroad Mr. Greenleaf "accepted the situation" in a double sense. Realizing that the days of the stage coach would soon be numbered, yet thoroughly devoted to the excitement and responsibility of the transportation business, to which the best energies of his life had been given, he entered the employ of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad at the very opening, himself and Jacob Libbey being the first conductors employed on the line; and in this service he continued, to the fullest satisfaction of the corporation and the traveling public until failing strength commanded a cessation of such arduous labor. He died at the Pemigewasset House, at Plymouth, September 3, 1880, after a severe illness following a protracted period of failing health, the funeral at the M. E. church in that

village being largely attended by all classes of people, among whom his mourning friends were numbered. He had married Lydia Hall Burnham of Rumney, November 13, 1836. Their children were Harriet Newell, born in Haverhill, September 3, 1837, who died February 23, 1840; William Harvey, born in Haverhill, July 24, 1839, now and for many years a prominent and respected citizen and business man of Nashua, and Charles Henry, born in Danville, Vt., July 23, 1841.

Residing at different points, as the demands of the life in which Mr. Greenleaf was engaged rendered it necessary, wherever the family home was established, there the real affections of his heart centered. For wife and children his life and service were given; their comfort and welfare were his highest object, and for the future success and prosperity of his sons his solicitude was deep and strong. Mrs. Greenleaf, who came of a prominent family, was endowed



with rare intelligence, had a most kindly spirit and winning personality, and her tender love, and warm-hearted devotion, combined with the father's unyielding integrity and firm insistence upon prompt attention to every demand of duty, gave their sons those qualities of mind and heart and strength of purpose, which have insured substantial success. Mrs. Greenleaf, familiarly known among her wide circle of friends as "Aunt Lydia," lived to a "great old age," surviving her husband by nearly twenty-three years, and departing



Seth Greenleaf.

this life August 15, 1903, at the home of her son, Harvey, in Nashua, at the age of 93 years and three months, having retained her mental and physical powers in a remarkable degree, up to the year of her decease. She was a favorite and honored member of the society of "Daughters of New Hampshire," and was known as the oldest daughter for many years previous to her departure.

CHARLES HENRY GREENLEAF, was born at Danville, Vt., during a brief temporary residence of the fam-

ily in the town, occasioned by business demands in connection with a stage line which his father had established through that section; but ten weeks from the time of his birth saw the household reestablished in the town of Haverhill, where their residence had previously been, and which remained their home, until removal to Concord in 1848, when Charles H. was seven years of age. Here he spent the remaining years of childhood and early youth, receiving his education in the public and private schools of the capital which was given its charter and emerged from the condition of a township into the dignity and importance of a city during the period of his residence here.

In the summer of 1857, impelled by a strong love for the mountains and an inclination toward hotel life, which his father's occupation and associations, had doubtless largely inspired, young Greenleaf, in company with a boyhood friend—William D. Davis—who, also, by the way has since spent a portion of his time every year at the mountains, went to the Profile House, and was employed through the season at that already-noted hostelry at the gate of the famous Franconia Notch, with the management of which his later life has been so actively associated. He was there again the following summer; but in 1859 went to the Crawford House, and for the next few seasons alternated between the two.

He soon came to realize that there was not enough "in it" for him, so to speak, in a summer season at the mountains, and in 1863 he went to Boston and engaged as a clerk in the American House, always a favorite resort of New Hampshire people, in which connection he continued until the spring of 1865, when he was offered by the late Richard Taft an interest in the Profile House, which he promptly assumed, and from that time to the present day has been actively identified with the proprietorship and management of this most noted mountain resort, devoting

thereto his best energies, and finding in the expansion of its business, and the constant improvement of its equipment and service, ample field for the most ambitious effort.

The first hotel in the "Notch," the old "Lafayette House," was opened in 1836, its site being on the opposite side of the highway from the Profile House, which latter was built by Richard Taft, George T. Brown and Ira Coffin, and opened in 1852, with a capacity of 110 rooms, and remained unchanged until 1866, when Messrs. Taft, Tyler & Greenleaf, which was the style of the firm established when Colonel Greenleaf assumed his interest, made a large addition to the house, nearly doubling its capacity. Again, in 1872, Mr. Tyler having previously retired from the firm, extensive additions and improvements were made, and in the same year the present Flume House was erected, the two properties having always been owned in common. In 1881 Mr. Taft died, but the firm name of Taft & Greenleaf remained unchanged, and the sincere respect which Colonel Greenleaf holds for the memory of his senior associate, friend and benefactor, who was one of the kindest and most honorable as well as most enterprising of men, grows stronger with the passing years. In 1898 the formation of a stock company was deemed advisable, and the Profile & Flume Hotels Company was organized, with Colonel Greenleaf as president and Charles F. Eastman of Littleton, who had married a daughter of Mr. Taft, as treasurer, by which company the business is now conducted, Colonel Greenleaf remaining the active manager.

A peculiar and interesting feature of the Profile House management, originated by Colonel Greenleaf, and contributing materially to the success of the business, has been the erection of attractive cottages on the adjacent grounds. The first of these was built in 1868. In the course of the next 15 years five more were erected, and in the last 10 years the

number has been increased to 20. These cottages have been sold to, and are occupied through the summer by, prominent families of Boston, New York and other cities, who constitute a permanent clientele for the hotel, unexcelled in value and influence.

The hotel proprietors and cottage people, deeming advisable the erection of an entire new hotel, equal in every respect to the best modern establishments, it was determined last year to proceed with such an enterprise. Simultaneously with the



Richard Taft.

closing of the regular hotel season, the work of demolition was commenced. The old hotel buildings have been entirely removed, and on the same site has been erected a magnificent modern structure, now in process of completion, which will be opened to the public June 25, exceeding in capacity the former establishment, and provided with every known comfort and convenience. To the oversight and expedition of this great work, which he may justly regard as one of the triumphs of his life, Colonel Greenleaf has given and is giving his close personal attention. It



Col. Charles H. Greenleaf.

is proper to add that its completion may well be considered a matter of state pride and interest, as well as one of personal or business success.

Colonel Greenleaf has declined urgent invitations to interest himself in various city hotel and winter resort enterprises; but, a few years since, with a view to an eligible winter home, to active and congenial employment during the otherwise dull portion of the year, and with especial reference to the opportunity which such connection would afford for promoting and extending his summer business, which purpose has been fully met, he acquired an interest in the well-known Hotel Vendome, in the Back Bay region of Boston, with whose management he has since been prominently identified.

Upon acquiring an interest in the Profile House, 41 years ago, Colonel Greenleaf naturally established his home and legal residence in the town of Franconia, in whose limits the property is located, and has there maintained the same to the present time, coming into close and friendly relations with the people and taking a strong interest in everything pertaining to the material welfare and prosperity of the town. Devoted intensely to business, he has given comparatively little attention to politics, though an ardent Republican, as was his father before him. He was, however, a member of the New Hampshire delegation to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, which nominated Benjamin Harrison for the presidency in 1888. In 1894, although the town has always been naturally strongly Democratic, the people of Franconia elected him as their representative in the Legislature, believing that the interests of their section of the state would be best furthered through his influence, and he served in the session of the following year. Two years later he was the Republican nominee for state senator in the Grafton District, and was elected over Albert H. Leighton, the Democratic

candidate, by a vote of 2,366 to 1,688. Again in the Legislature of 1901, he was also a member of the House. At the last election he was his party's candidate for councilor in the Fifth District, the former Democratic stronghold of the state, and was elected over Lyman C. Payne of Lisbon, Democrat, by a vote of 9,990 to 6,801.

His military title comes from service on the staff of Gov. Benjamin F. Prescott, upon which he was appointed as an aide in 1877.

Colonel Greenleaf was for several years a director in the Littleton National Bank. He is a member of the Wonolancet Club of Concord, of the Derryfield and Calumet Clubs of Manchester, of the New Hampshire Club, the Art Club and the Oakley Golf Club of Boston. He is also a member of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, by virtue of the heroic service of his grandfather, David Greenleaf, and cherishes among his choicest possessions the old musket carried by the latter at Concord and Lexington.

More than forty years ago, Colonel Greenleaf united with the First Baptist Church of Concord, and this relation has continued to the present day. His life, moreover, has been ordered in practical conformity with genuine Christian principle, as embodied in the Golden Rule. Through industry, sobriety, courtesy and tact he has prospered in his chosen life work; and in accordance with the measure of that prosperity, and in conformity with the fixed resolution of his life, formed in youth, has aided the needy and deserving in the world about him; and more than a dozen worthy young men and women in his employ have been educated in normal schools and colleges through his assistance; while many an important public enterprise has been furthered by his efforts.

On May 2, 1867, Colonel Greenleaf was united in marriage with Miss Abbie F. Burnham of Plymouth, a

daughter of the late Hon. Dennison R. Burnham of that town, prominent in public affairs and a member of the executive council during the administration of Gov. Nathaniel S. Berry. She is a lady of culture and refinement, and a loyal daughter of the

old Granite State, being a member of the New Hampshire Daughters' organization, and of Matthew Thornton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Nashua. She is also a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Plymouth.

## A RETROSPECT.

*By Lydia Frances Camp.*

From the dim and distant past,  
Through the mist that time has cast,  
Visions oft before me rise—  
Scenes which met my youthful eyes.  
Now the old home-place I see,  
Peopled as it used to be;  
Parents, children, each and all,  
Gathered by some mystic call.

Wintry winds sway branches bare;  
Feath'ry flakes flit through the air;  
Yet heed they not the storm outside,  
Clustered round the hearthstone wide.  
Brightly burns the fire tonight;  
Tallow candles add their light;  
While mingling shadows rise and fall  
Upon the fire-illumined wall.

Father, in a genial mood,  
Seeks for all the greatest good;  
Youngster climbs upon his knees,  
"Tell a story, Papa, please!"  
Others nearer draw their chairs,  
As he tells them how the bears  
Would their grandpa's crops destroy  
When he was a little boy.

Mother, with unflagging zeal,  
Labors for her loved ones' weal;  
Out and in the needles flit,  
As her busy fingers knit  
Stockings from the bright-hued yarn  
That very soon her hands must darn.  
This, the picture memory grants,  
Through a retrospective glance.

ETNA, N. H.



Sarah M. Bailey.

## SARAH M. BAILEY.

*By C. C. Lord.*

On the 22d of August, 1904, in a pleasant rural home, in a charming agricultural district, in the town of Hopkinton, died Sarah M. Bailey. This lady was not intellectually a stranger to the readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. Her contributions to this New Hampshire magazine have made her name familiar to those who peruse its pages. It is therefore proper as a tribute of grateful memory to present a few facts in illustration of her personal history.

Sarah M. Bailey was a native of Hopkinton. She was born on the 29th of January, 1849. Her father was Francis P. Knowlton, and her mother was Mary D. Hartwell. In her parental antecedents, the subject of this sketch had an incentive to enterprise. Francis P. Knowlton was a genius. Of mechanical tastes and pursuits, he was an inventor. At the

time of Sarah's birth he was a repairer of watches and jewelry. He was also a citizen of public adaptation and activities, and was often the recipient of civil office. Mary D. Hartwell was a lady of commercial adaptation and occupation. For years she supplied the ladies of Hopkinton with their millinery. By the natural tendencies of heredity it was reasonable to assume that a child of such parentage would be likely to possess intellectual ability and enterprising energy. In the instance under consideration the assumption was justified.

When Sarah was six years old the Knowlton family moved from Hopkinton to Littleton, Mass., the maiden residence of Mrs. Knowlton, and where Sarah resided till 1885, when she was married to Frederick H. Bailey, a native of Hopkinton, but then resident of Chicago, Ill., since

1854. At the time of her marriage, the young bride had attained to such a degree of intellectual cultivation as the common school and the academy generally afforded. After her marriage she lived in Chicago till 1887, when with her husband she returned to Hopkinton to reside in the Jewett Road district, upon the Bailey family homestead, which was later improved, modernized, adorned, and eventually entitled "Red Gate Farm," where Mrs. Bailey died on the date mentioned. It was here that Mrs. Bailey did much of her literary work.

At Red Gate Farm Mrs. Bailey performed the duties of a faithful and diligent housewife. Yet she found time to think and to write. The substratum of individual character determines the nature of one's literary productions. Mrs. Bailey was not only mentally capable and active, but her work expressed a peculiar sympathy with, and kindness to, those in need of pleasant and profitable information. She was specially fond of children and loved to write for their particular benefit. For this reason many of her literary productions were instructive as well as entertaining to the young. Her taste for historical themes also made many of her sketches reminiscent. In all things that she wrote there was an undercurrent of moral sentiment that illustrated the puritanic origin and integrity of her personal temperament.

As might naturally be inferred, Mrs. Bailey's first literary efforts were kindly stories written for the little ones. She had such a fondness for the children that, with all her other interests, she never forgot to write frequently for her tiny friends. Her contributions were found in the *New England Homestead*, the *Unity* of Chicago, the *Patriot* of Concord, Green's *Fruit Grower* of Rochester, N. Y., and other periodicals. She was a constant writer for *Every Other Sunday* of Boston, Mass. She was also an occasional contributor to the GRANITE MONTHLY, her historically in-

structive articles being sometimes illustrated. Observe the article on "Cornelius Coolidge" (September, 1894); on the New Hampshire "Antiquarian Rooms" (March, 1902); and on "Glimpses of Y<sup>e</sup> Olden Times" (May, 1902).

A correct estimation of Mrs. Bailey as a personal character were incomplete without a recognition of her social qualities. Though inclined to literary pursuits, she was in no sense a recluse. The sick and the sad found in her an ever ready aid and sympathy. At the same time she was prompt in the service of any cause that promoted healthful and profitable recreation. She upheld enterprises that advanced the intellectual and moral interests of society. Her social activities extended beyond the confines of her immediate neighborhood. She was for years the president and prominent promoter of a local organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was enthusiastic in her support of the measures and purposes of the Hopkinton Old Home Week Association. At the time of her death, only four days before the latest observance of Old Home Day in Hopkinton, she was the head of the committee on entertainment for the occasion.

For some time previously to her decease, Mrs. Bailey had been suffering from infirm health. Shortly before her death, new and portentous signs of illness made their appearance. At last and suddenly, another aspect of illness terminated the life that was so devoted and so useful. The sudden and unapprehended termination of such a life both shocked and grieved the hearts of her many surprised friends, abounding as they were in their appreciation of her personal worth and eminent service to the community. By common consent it was confessed that her loss was of difficult substitution. In the aggregate of personal conceptions of her, there was a sentiment that found expression in a metrical tribute to her

memory that was read at the local  
Old Home observance that so soon  
followed her death and which affirmed  
Her's was effusion rich, outpoured

E'er on the head of Him she knew  
As her heart's Lord and thus adored,  
The most in deeds, kind, sweet and  
true.

In her religious life, Mrs. Bailey  
was more practical than doctrinal.  
Like the music of her voice in the  
church choir, a sweet sentiment of  
devotion exhaled from her loyal and  
loving spirit. As a singer the mel-  
ody of her tones was readily evi-  
dent.



Red Gate Farm.

## BEYOND.

*By Laura Garland Carr.*

Beyond the clouds, beyond the stars,  
Beyond the ken of mortal sight,  
Beyond material bonds and bars  
The thought of man takes daring flight,  
And unrestrained, unhampered, there  
Builds itself castles in the air.

The very best that thought can hold  
Into those castle walls are wrought,—  
Ethereal gems, ethereal gold,  
Ethereal tints from cloud mists caught;  
But man's own limitations cramp—  
They all must bear the earthy stamp.

I'm glad our heavenly mansions grand—  
The Christian's hope, the Christian's trust—  
Are builded by no mortal hand,  
Are tarnished by no earthly dust;  
That they are planned, fashioned and decked  
By no earth-tutored architect.





## A CONCORD INDUSTRY—THE PAGE BELTING COMPANY.

*By Charles N. Hall.*

Some time ago in an Eastern city, a large business enterprise began its corporeal existence with the erection of a "gold-plated office" building which was an ideal. But the construction went no farther—the acres of factory buildings, the hundreds of tons of machinery, and the miles of shafting and belts never went beyond the brain of the architect, the promoter or the engineer. It was building the bridge of a warship, with its search-lights, charts and steering gear before ever the keel was laid—from the top downward—as it were. This is one of the inventions of modern business.

The old-fashioned way was to grow from a small beginning, from a seed-like plant, from the ground up, as in the vegetable world. The Page Belting Company began in Manchester in 1868, in a room equal to the basement and parlor floors of a New York brownstone house. The manufacturing, auditing, sales, and purchasing departments consisted of a man and two boys. The raw material, the market, and the men, were all close together. New England's manufac-

turing preëminence had not been threatened then.) The South had not even dreamed of entering the field and the West was a great "silence," interrupted occasionally by the quarreling of the pioneers and the original landlords. It is rather a familiar story of New England manufacturing to relate, how the geographical center of the market of the Page belting makers has moved further and further westward till it is at present a thousand miles away; its salesmen are working in Texas and Oregon; the leather is tanned on the southern spurs of the Appalachian range; and the hides come from Texas and Nebraska—where the noise of frontier argument has ceased. There is every indication that the raw material will have to be sought still further some day—perhaps from the Pampas of lower South America.

In four years the Manchester concern moved to Franklin and trebled in size; then to Concord and doubled. Subsequent history has been the uneventful course of a gradual and steady growth.

The original building was an old

sawmill, subsequently adapted to a tannery. There is a legend that on hot summer days when the wind was southeast, a drive by the factory was full of incident, and the East Concord road became quite a speed-way. There was a gradual accumulation of buildings, till, in 1903, brick currying and belt shops put the company in the forefront for ample and modern accommodations. With the close of the present year, the total floor area of all the buildings will probably be nearly four acres.

The history of a business like this so far, at least, as it is of interest to the workers inside, is largely a history of advance in three directions—improvement in the product, extension of the market, and increased economy.

To consider the first of these—leather belting is not readily susceptible to improvement; the natural strength of fibre of the hide is a limit. But improved processes of tanning and currying, of stretching, cutting and fastening the leather, have been a constant study. For many years a glue was sought which would not dissolve from moisture. The Page Belting Company was among the first to discover a method of waterproofing leather so that when moderately moistened it would not absorb water and stretch. This, however, was a different thing from rendering the glue waterproof. It was only a couple of years ago that the Page Belting Company secured something which would absolutely resist moisture in all degrees, and to a mechanic it seems as odd to see a leather belt running in water without coming apart as to see a piece of dry wood thrust into a fire without burning. It must be understood that a long belt is composed of four-foot strips with beveled ends and fastened together with cement, and while this cement has at Concord been so perfected that a belt will generally break anywhere before it will part at the lap, still the cement is susceptible to heat, moisture and acids. There have been great ad-

vances in the cutting of leather and a knowledge of working conditions and the Page Belting Company has tried to keep in line. Various machines have been designed for uniformly stretching the leather, and reinforcing the cement with other fastenings, for testing and making a smooth and perfect running belt.

As to the second point—the marketing of the goods—although it is well known that increased volume of business tends to reduce the proportionate cost, the company has not assumed the policy of “enlargement at any cost.” Expansion must take place in a natural way or it may seriously impair instead of increase the profits of the business. The recent life insurance disclosures in New York have shown the danger of making an idol of mere “bigness.” So, although the business has spread and increased, it has not gone ahead recklessly. The attitude toward present-day competition has been conservative. An effort has been made to employ all modern methods which give promise of results. Part was taken quite extensively in the Chicago Exposition; branch houses as strategic centers have been placed in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Portland (Oregon). Salesmen are used extensively for introducing the product, and dealers are secured where possible in all manufacturing cities of importance.

The third point—economy of operation—has considerable interest, and is something which has received no little attention in these days. The Page Belting Company has introduced the “Suggestion” system to encourage the employes to lend their ideas. Not long ago a hint dropped by accident by an outsider led to a change which not only improved the whole product, but decreased the cost a good many thousand dollars.

In another department, the study of a man working at a certain bench evolved a machine which has cut down by at least a third the cost of

manufacture in that line. One operation has been changed twice in 10 years,—each change being a great improvement over former methods. One of the points watched most closely is waste. It is intended that every particle shall be utilized, down to the dust from the shaving machines, which goes to the boiler as fuel at \$2 a ton. When it is realized that much of the same material is worth in the belt from 80 cents to \$1.20 a pound, the extent of the depreciation is seen. A piece of leather at 45 cents a pound enters the factory. Part of this comes out worth a dollar, and part has depreciated to one tenth of a cent a pound. How to reduce this fall in value is the question. The price of the raw material shifts like a sandbar, and makes it necessary to watch costs continually and closely. On one floor a 40-ton belt press capable of taking a belt 102 inches wide and applying a pressure of 1,300,000 pounds is making a 72-inch 3-ply belt to transmit 1,500 horse power to run the street car line of a city; on the floor below, a boy is cutting out nailheads, weighing a thousandth part of a pound each, and an effort is made to keep equally close watch to see that both are made on a safe basis of cost. In one case, a drip from a heating coil was found to be turning hot water out of doors. It had escaped notice for years. Plans were immediately made to return the water to the boiler where it belonged. Nevertheless, some losses seem to defy all effort. One machine virtually annihilates one per cent. of all the leather that goes through it—a loss of \$1,000 on every \$100,000 worth of leather. No remedy has been found, although no little study has been given. Some day some

bright mind will see a solution, and the leak will stop. In three other places, at least, machines have even yet failed to supplant hand labor, where it might have been expected that the old method would have given way long ago.

In the office, the vertical system of filing is used, and the card system of records, as far as possible. Machines are used for duplicating letters, for billing, for copying for record, for addressing and sealing envelopes, for adding figures, and another for multiplying and taking discounts, and every effort is made to reduce clerical expenses.

The Concord factory fully realizes that modern business is constantly bringing up interesting problems, and that success depends on the way one meets them. It believes, however, that there is peculiar need for push and enterprise to the last degree, with the one saving grace that advance must be along rational lines. Too many seem to think that the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule and common squareness are out of place in business now. Unreasonable competition and unscrupulous ways have thrived some in belt making, due to the peculiar conditions of the business, but they seem to be getting their deserts. The cotton industries of the state may be threatened by Southern competition, but, with the high specific cost of leather,—especially as compared with transportation charges,—there seems no reason why, with careful management and enterprise in the sales and production departments, concerns like the Page Belting Company may not continue to do business in the state for an indefinite period in the future.

## ANNIVERSARY POEM,

READ IN CAPITAL GRANGE, CONCORD, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1906.

*By H. H. Metcalf.*

A score of years have passed,  
And on Time's fadeless scroll their record left,  
Since first our Patron band, in number small,  
But strong in faith and hope, with purpose high  
And true, and courage unsurpassed, began  
Its special work in life's great field. And yet  
But yesterday it seems, as we look back  
To that first meeting night when we set out  
Upon the rugged way, marked as our path,  
And summon Memory from her mystic hall!  
A score of years! And in that time what work  
Have we accomplished 'mid the sons of men?  
What weeds of error plucked and cast aside?  
What seeds of truth sown in the fallow ground,  
To grow full strong, and bud and bloom and bear  
Rich fruit of Progress in the coming years?

May we not feel assured  
That, through some action here concerted well  
For human good, some contribution, rich  
And telling, has been given, oft, to aid  
Mankind's advance to higher planes of life,  
And realms of thought, to nobler purpose and  
Achievements grand? May we not feel and know  
That through the lessons we have learned and taught,  
Of faith and hope, fidelity and love,  
Some poor, despairing brother, tempted sore,  
Some weak and burdened sister, struggling on  
The weary way of life, may have been helped  
And strengthened, given hope and courage new  
For further effort in the field of toil,  
Where mortals win or lose the prize—success?  
Do we not know that into many homes,  
Where pain and sorrow found prolonged abode,  
The soothing influence of fraternal love,  
Sent hence, within those darkened walls, has made  
All bright and radiant where before was gloom?  
Through impulse strong and purpose high, inspired  
Within our hall, have we not often seen  
Some nobler work achieved than could have been  
But for the inspiration here received?  
And have we not, assuredly, each and all  
In heart and mind responded to the call  
Our noble order makes for manhood, strong,  
And womanhood more true; for purer lives  
And warmer hearts, for more of kindness toward  
Our fellow men, and more, yea more by far,  
Of patriotic service to the State?

Some good work done is counted to our score,  
 And though we oft, to do our very best  
 Have failed in individual part, or by  
 United act, we surely may believe  
 The world at large is better for our work.  
 Yet let us not one moment rest content  
 With our achievement here! O, let us know  
 And feel that greater work than has been done  
 Before by all the sons of men, arrayed  
 In every form and under every name,  
 Remains to be accomplished on the earth.  
 For us it is to raise the standard high  
 Of character and life; to teach the young  
 The lesson, true, of earnest purpose and  
 Of noble deed; to rouse in every heart,  
 Within the circle of our influence here  
 An aspiration strong for purer life,  
 For higher thought, for greater, grander work,  
 In every field of human effort 'long  
 The well-appointed way wherein the hand  
 Divine hath cast our lot. So may we work  
 That we may further manhood's best estate;  
 Make woman's life the purest fount of joy;  
 Make home, indeed, a paradise below;  
 Make our fair city fairer still, the choice  
 Abode of public honor, civic pride;  
 Contribute our full share to make our State—  
 This rugged granite land wherein strong men  
 And women, true, wrought well in olden days—  
 A land wherein their children love to dwell;  
 And, through our life in home and town and state,  
 Make our great nation more sublimely great.

### LOVE LED ME TO THE RIVER.

*By Charles Henry Chesley.*

Love led me to the river,  
 I heard the breakers moan,  
 The current—dark and stormy—  
 I dared not cross alone.

Beyond the fields lay smiling,  
 Bathed in the springtime sun,  
 While I, I looked with longing  
 And wished the fording won.

Love led me to the river,  
 I could not cross alone,  
 But hand in hand we ventured  
 And came into our own.

## WHAT OUR GRANDPARENTS READ—SKETCH OF THE WINDHAM SOCIAL LIBRARY.

*By William S. Harris.*

A great quickening in matters material, intellectual, and spiritual followed the establishment of American Independence. With peace and a stable government secured, the nation began to show the vigor of its new life in many ways. Not the least important of these movements in our own state was the founding, in many of the towns, of libraries which corresponded as nearly to the free town library of later years as anything known at the time anywhere in the world. They were called Social Libraries, and were owned, supported, and managed by associations composed of such persons as were interested in books and reading in the respective towns.

To quote from an article by Library Commissioner James F. Brennan in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for May, 1900:

"The precursors of the public library were the semi-public social libraries, which were owned by associations, their use being frequently restricted to membership, or a small charge being made for the use of books, while in others the free use of the books to the inhabitants of the school-district or town was given. The first of this class chartered by the state was the Dover Social Library, incorporated in 1792. Then came the Tamworth Social Library, incorporated in 1796; and in 1797 twenty libraries of this character were incorporated; nearly as many more were incorporated by the next legislature," and others in the years following. Many of these libraries, however, had been running several years before they were incorporated. Thus the Dover Library was in existence in 1776, and one at Portsmouth was started in 1750.

Windham fell into line in 1806. That it did not move in this direction earlier was doubtless due to the peculiar circumstances that obtained in the town at this period. Their venerable pastor, Rev. Simon Williams, a learned man and a famous educator in his prime, died in 1793, after some years of broken health, and for 12 years following his death, or until 1805, the town had no settled minister. During this period a controversy was waged over the location of a new meeting-house, which was raised in 1798 and whose erection was a serious tax upon the resources of the shepherdless and scattered flock.

The minister of a New England town 100 years ago was, to a degree which it is difficult for us now to realize, not only the "priest" of the people in things spiritual, but their natural leader in matters of education, morals, and civic progress. In October, 1805, the Rev. Samuel Harris was ordained pastor in Windham, and it speaks well for him as leader and for the people as followers, that in less than six months from his settlement we find pastor and people setting about the establishment of a library which should give their community as good educational facilities as other similar towns possessed.

Indeed, something in the nature of a town library had been started earlier, in the year 1800, and the little that is known concerning it reflects great honor upon the town as a whole, for in its municipal capacity it took action resulting apparently in the establishment of a free town library in Windham, although doubtless of very limited scope. In the warrant for a town meeting, October 27, 1800, there is the following article:

"Art. 6. As there is some books in the hands of Samuel Armor and John Dinsmoor, Esqs., that they made offer to let the town have,—to see if the town will propose a method to distribute said books through the town, or do with them as they may think best."

Upon this article it was "Voted to choose a Librarian to take care of s<sup>d</sup> books. Also voted Mr. Alexander Park be said Librarian. Also voted, that each individual of the town have a right to the perusal of said Books, two weeks; if kept longer, to pay three shillings per week till returned. Also voted that the Librarian take a receipt to the amount of the value of the Book that any one takes out, agreeable to the foregoing votes."

Unfortunately, this brief record is all that is known of this early collection of books, but it is believed that they came from the dispersal of a library which had been owned on shares in the adjoining town of Salem, some of the shareholders of which were residents of the eastern part of Windham. It is thought probable that these books formed the nucleus of the library of 1806, with whose history we now proceed.

The Windham Social Library was not one of the earliest of similar institutions in New Hampshire; neither did it grow to a size sufficient to entitle it to special notice. But it fulfilled well its mission, and may be taken as typical of its class, and fortunately many points in its early history are preserved to us in full.

In the substantial stone building given to the town of Windham by the late George W. Armstrong of Boston for a home for its present public library (the Nesmith Library), of more than 3,500 well-selected volumes, there are preserved a number of relics illustrating the past history of the town and its families. Among these priceless souvenirs of earlier times is a rare little pamphlet printed in Haverhill, Mass., by William Brown Allen, in June, 1811, and bearing this title: "Windham Library; Subscrib-

ers' Names; Act of Incorporation; By-Laws and Catalogue of Books."

This pamphlet preserves to us the steps taken by our grandfathers and great-grandfathers nearly one hundred years ago to provide facilities for reading for themselves and their children; and the list of the books composing this library in 1811 is of great interest and value, showing as it does the kind of reading which they thought best worthy of their time and attention.

The opening page of this pamphlet gives us the following information:

*March—In the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Six.*

A subscription paper was drawn and circulated to see how many signers could be obtained to establish a Social Library in Windham.—A list of the subscribers' names here follows:

Samuel Harris	Jeremiah Hills
John Campbell, jun.	Samuel Gregg
Philip Haseltine	Amos Merrill
David Armstrong	William Gregg
William Mc'Kay	Joseph Clyde
[McCoy]	Alexander Mc'Kay
Samuel Morison	[McCoy]
Jesse Anderson	John Clyde
John Morison	James Cochran
James Clark	John Davidson
Robert Dinsmoor	James Dukey
	[Dickey]
Alexander Park	Caleb Burbank
Agnes Hemphill	William Davidson, 2d
Henry Campbell, jun.	William Simpson
John Nesmith	Robert Armstrong
William Dinsmoor	Gawin Mc'Adams
William Davidson	David Campbell
John Anderson	Woodbridge Cottle
John Dinsmoor	William Smith
Robert Clark	Henry Campbell
James Davidson	Samuel Wilson
Samuel Senter	Samuel Campbell
David Gregg, 2d	

All honor to these forty-two men and one woman (a widow with the largest family ever reared in Windham), and others like them in other towns, who in this manner planted the seed a century ago from which grew that splendid institution, the free public library, which is now a reality in almost every town in the state, and exerting a beneficent educational influence which ranks next to that of the church and the school.

Following the list of subscribers comes this record :

Windham, May 29, 1806.

The subscribers for a Social Library met according to a previous notification, and

1st. Chose Samuel Harris, Moderator.

2d. Chose Robert Dinsmoor, Clerk.

3d. Voted that the Moderator and Clerk be a committee to draft a petition to send to the General Court praying that said society may be incorporated.

4th. Chose Mr. Alexander Park, Treasurer.

5th. Voted that the money subscribed shall be paid into the Treasury by the first Tuesday of July next.

6th. Voted that Rev. Samuel Harris, Dea. Samuel Morison, and Mr. James Davidson be a committee to make out a list of books to be laid before the proprietors at their next meeting.

7th. Voted that Mr. Samuel Harris, Deacon Samuel Morison, Mr. James Davidson, James Cochran, Esq., and Deacon Robert Dinsmoor be a committee to draught By-Laws.

The act of incorporation was duly obtained from the Legislature, approved June 7, 1806, by John Langdon, governor. This is given in full in the pamphlet. The first meeting of the proprietors after incorporation was held agreeably to previous notification in the meeting house on the afternoon of August 28. The Rev. Samuel Harris was chosen moderator, Dea. Robert Dinsmoor, clerk, *pro tem.*, and Mr. Alexander Park, librarian, clerk and treasurer.

It was "Voted to choose three Trustees; and accordingly chose the Rev. Samuel Harris, Dea. Robert Dinsmoor, and Capt. John Campbell," and they were constituted a committee to "lay out the money that is raised, in such books as they may think best for the use of the Library, taking for a guide the catalogue of books presented to this society." A somewhat elaborate set of thirteen by-laws was adopted at this meeting,

of which the following are the most important :

At the annual meeting (which was to be held on the first Tuesday in November), "a Librarian who shall be Clerk and Treasurer shall be chosen by written ballot," also Trustees, not exceeding five; and "a particular account of the affairs of the society shall be laid before the proprietors by the Trustees of the preceding year."

New members might be admitted by vote of the proprietors or trustees, upon the payment of the sum of \$1.50. Each proprietor had the right to take from the library one book at a time and to keep the same three months; for longer retention a fine of one cent per day was imposed.

"The Librarian shall attend to deliver out books on the first Mondays of every month from ten to five o'clock, and at other times when convenient, and desired by a member;" he was to keep a record of books delivered and returned, and note their condition. Books lost or abused should be replaced or paid for, and all books were to be returned to the library on or before the day of the annual meeting.

The full and explicit by-laws show that these proprietors felt that they were establishing an institution and transacting business of importance to the welfare of the community.

On turning the page and coming upon the list of books which composed the collection in June, 1811, more than four years after the starting of the library, we of the present day, to whom books of all kinds are accessible in such abundance, can hardly repress a smile, not more at the quaint subjects than at the meagerness of the collection; for the whole number of volumes is barely sixty, under less than fifty titles. Here is the list in full :



*A Catalogue of Books in Windham Library.*

	vols.	dols.	cts.	m.
Russel's Modern Europe.	5	13	00	0
McKenzie's Voyage.	1	1	75	0
Life of Pearce.	1		75	0
Gibb's Contemplation.	1	1	00	0
Newton on Prophecies.	2	2	25	0
Pelew Islands.	1	1	75	0
Life of Mahomet.	1		62	5
Gospel its own Witness.	1	1	00	0
Boston's fourfold State.	1	1	00	0
Willison's directory.	1		75	0
Foresters.	1	1	00	0
Franklin's Life.	1		37	5
Bonaparte's Life.	1	1	00	0
Coquet.	1	1	00	0
Gospel Sonnets.	1	1	00	0
Cowper's Poems.	2	2	25	0
Husbandry Spiritualized.	1		87	5
Snowden's America.	1	1	75	0
Mason's Self Knowledge.	1		75	0
Village Sermons.	2	2	00	0
Christian Hero.	1		37	5
Minute Philosopher.	1	2	00	0
Sacred Biography.		5	50	0
Pilgrim's Progress.	1		87	5
Bridon's Tour.	1	1	00	0
Cook's Voyage.	1	1	50	0
Doddridge's Rise and Progress.	1	1	00	0
——— Sermons.	1		30	0
Mc'Ewen on the Types.	1		75	0
Adams' view of Religions.	1	1	80	0
Davies' Sermons.	1	2	25	0
Smolley's Sermons.	1	1	80	0
Hawr's Church History.	1		92	0
Hervey's works.	6			
Washington's Letters.	2			
Young's Night Thoughts.	1			
Morse's Geography.		5	83	0
Williams' History of Vermont.		1	80	0
Morse & Parish's History of N. England.		1	12	0
McFarland's view of Herisies.			90	0
Ramsey's Hist. of Amer. Revolution.	}			
Faber on Prophecies.				
Edward on the Affections.				
Ashe's Travels.		10	75	0
Arts and Sciences,				
Beauties of Watts.				

This collection of books, however, fulfilled one of the conditions of a good library by growing in number by the addition of new books from time to time. By 1825 the number is known to have been at least in the neighborhood of two hundred; and when the entire collection, having become antiquated and fallen into disuse, was sold at auction on May 4, 1860, the number is thought to have been four or five hundred.

In the meanwhile, small but useful school libraries had been presented in 1839 by the Hon. John Nesmith of Lowell, Mass., to each of the six school districts of the town; and a second social library had been established in 1852, which after a brief existence was destroyed by fire. The Sunday school also had a creditable library, started as early as 1832.

These various efforts served to prepare the way for the present free pub-

lic library, which was given to the town in 1871 by the will of Col. Thomas Nesmith of Lowell, Mass., a native of Windham. With more than 3,500 well-selected volumes at the present time, with wise provision for its continual growth, and housed in the durable and convenient Armstrong Memorial Building, the Nesmith Library bids fair to continue a blessing to generation after generation of dwellers on the rugged hills and in the fair valleys of old Windham. And upon the shelves of this library a post of honor is assigned to the fifteen or sixteen carefully treasured volumes of the old Windham Library of 1806, which serve to illustrate the difficulties and meagre advantages of our ancestors, who, with such energy, devotion and forethought, labored that we of later times might enjoy broader facilities than they had possessed.

## TO NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(CONTEMPLATIVE OF HER COAT-OF-ARMS.)

*By Nestor Wilbur Davis.*

When I view the fair glory of that rising sun,  
Whose scintillating rays glint o'er the sea  
To greet the stately craft, but just begun,  
That rests expectant on the wave to be,  
My thoughts turn homeward, to that happy land  
Where beauteous hills in matchless radiance glow;  
I see her countless lakes on every hand,  
And feel once more the thrills of long ago.  
The clouds gleam white in azure blue above;  
I smell the hemlock with a sense innate;  
Tears rise unbidden, and with tender love  
My heart breaks forth to thee, O Granite State.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

## THE HOMESTEADS OF NEW ENGLAND.

*By Fred Myron Colby.*

The homesteads of New England,  
How peaceful do they stand  
On hillside and in valley,  
O'er all our smiling land !  
Within each one is plenty,  
And comfort and good cheer ;  
And freedom's God is worshiped  
By those who have no fear.

The homes of old New England,  
Oh, grand among the trees  
Rise up their stately gables  
To meet the sun and breeze.  
They gaze through blooming orchards  
O'er fair and wide demesnes,  
The sunshine warmly smiling  
Upon each lovely scene.

New England's pleasant homesteads,  
What pilgrim shrines they are,  
Along her purling rivers,  
Ensconced on hillsides fair !  
They sheltered *men* and *women*,  
The hands that built a State ;  
From out their cheery doorways  
Have stepped the good and great.

The homesteads of New England,  
Long may their hearthstones blaze,  
And long their hallowed memory  
Shine down the coming days.  
The best of all New England  
Sprang from these homes of toil,  
The glory of their labors  
Made grand her sacred soil.

The homes of old New England,  
God bless them one and all ;  
The farmhouse on the hillside,  
The rich man's stately hall ;  
The cabin in the forest,  
The villa by the sea ;  
Each homestead's precious title  
Is held in loving fee.

## THE WARFARE AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS.

*By Dr. F. L. Hills,*

*Secretary and Treasurer of New Hampshire Society for Prevention of Consumption.*

An increasing interest in the problem of the prevention of tuberculosis has been evident of late years in all civilized countries, showing itself in the formation of associations for the purpose of disseminating knowledge as to the nature of tuberculosis, and instituting measures for its prevention. The reasons for these special efforts against the spread of tuberculosis are found in the increasing recognition during recent years of (a) the enormous death rate from this disease; (b) the great expense and loss to the community for which it is responsible; (c) the fact that it is infectious and, therefore, preventable, and (d) that it is, in the early stages, at least, a curable disease.

The enormous death rate from tuberculosis is not generally known, and, as a result, the disease is feared less than are the other infectious diseases, which, occurring as they are apt to in epidemics, impress the ordinary observer disproportionately.

The average mortality from consumption in New Hampshire during the last 21 years was 695. The total number of deaths from consumption during this period was 14,596. These figures do not include other forms of tuberculosis, which were responsible for something like 1,200 to 1,500 deaths during this period. These figures simply refer to tuberculosis of the lungs or consumption. Nor do we include in this number all of the deaths from consumption, for very many persons having consumption die of other diseases to which death is ascribed in the certificate, and which thus do not appear in the statistics. Tuberculosis weakens the resistive powers of the individual, so that he more readily falls before the attack of some other infectious dis-

ease, such as pneumonia, influenza, bronchitis, typhoid fever, etc.

Of those dying from consumption in New Hampshire between 1884 and 1904, inclusive, 11,092, or 78 9-10 per cent., were between the ages of 10 and 60 years. Contrast these figures with those for pneumonia, the next most fatal disease. Of those dying from pneumonia during this period 4,045, or 30 3-10 per cent., were between the ages of 10 and 60 years. Again, we find tuberculosis, a preventable and often curable disease, taking its victims during the most useful and productive periods of life.

Not only is tuberculosis thus enormously more widespread than the other infectious diseases, but, by attacking, as it does, persons at the wage-earning time of life, it becomes, from an economic point of view, the disease most of all to be dreaded. It has been conservatively estimated that each person dying from tuberculosis has been incapacitated for about 300 days previous to his death, and has been dependent during this time upon the care of others. The loss of his services during this period may be placed at \$1 per day, and the cost of his maintenance, nursing, medicine, etc., at \$1.50 per day additional. If, then, we calculate the cost to the state of New Hampshire caused by the death in one year of 560 tuberculous persons, we find it amounts to the large sum of \$420,000. This is for one year only. The expenditure of a small part of this sum annually would result in a very great decrease in the prevalence of tubercular diseases in this state.

Since the discovery of the bacillus tuberculosis by Koch in 1882, the infectious and communicable nature

of this disease has been established. This does not mean that tuberculosis is a dangerous contagious disease in the sense in which smallpox is contagious, or even diphtheria or scarlet fever. A tuberculous patient who observes all the laws of cleanliness strictly, and who is careful about the proper disposal of his sputum, is not a source of danger to those around him. The air from the lungs of such a patient does not contain the bacilli, nor does the healthy, unsoiled surface of the body, and, therefore, there is no need for his relatives or attendants to fear contact with him, provided certain rules are faithfully observed. The great danger lies in the indiscriminate deposit of expectorated matter, containing tubercle bacilli. It has been estimated that in some cases of pulmonary tuberculosis two or three thousand million tubercle bacilli are discharged in the expectoration from a single individual in the course of 24 hours. This sputum, when deposited on the floor or on the street, dries, mingles with the dust, and rises into the air whenever this dust is distributed by currents of wind, by women's skirts, or by the broom and duster. This impalpable dust, containing tubercle bacilli which have not been killed by the drying, is breathed in, and the bacilli, having gained lodgment in the lungs, may multiply and set up the same disease in their new victim, who, in his turn, casts off infected material, and continues the spread of the disease. Under ordinary conditions the tubercle bacillus does not multiply outside of the animal body, and, therefore, each new case means infection by bacilli which have been thrown off by some previous case, or possibly by one of the lower animals. It is estimated that each case of tuberculosis infects at least one other person.

In this way the air of living rooms, of public buildings and railway stations, of public means of transportation, of hotels, and of unclean, dusty streets, becomes more or less largely contaminated with tubercle bacilli,

for, as has already been pointed out, the majority of tuberculous patients are not incapacitated at once, but continue for several months to go about their usual avocations. Special emphasis must be laid upon the conveyance of tuberculous contagion through the sputum, because, although it is true that almost any part of the body may become infected with tuberculosis, and living bacilli may be found in discharges from other parts than the lungs, from the intestinal tract, for instance, still tuberculosis of the lungs is not only the commonest form of the disease, but it is, also, by reason of the prevalent carelessness as to the disposal of sputum, the form most dangerous to the community. Yet the spreading of the disease is controllable and preventable, and the weapons needed are the simple ones, cleanliness and fresh air.

There is a firmly-rooted conviction in the minds of many people that this is an hereditary disease, and, therefore, cannot be escaped by those unfortunate enough to come of tuberculous families. The truth is, however, that the disease itself is almost never directly inherited, and that, although there is in certain families an increased susceptibility to tuberculosis, yet no individual, however susceptible, can contract the disease except through transmission from some affected person or animal. Naturally, a member of a tuberculous family is more exposed to this infection than a member of a non-tuberculous family, and it is upon this element, the danger of infection, that greater stress should be laid than upon the inherited susceptibility. Especially in the case of consumptive parents, the danger to the children from the close and intimate contact is very great. It must be remembered that the house inhabited by a family with one or more tuberculous members is apt to be infected.

When human beings live in close proximity, in houses badly ventilated, with insufficient sunlight, where the

air is more or less filled with dust, and is liable to be breathed over and over again, we have the conditions most favorable for the development of tuberculosis.

That tuberculosis is a preventable disease is shown by the success which has already crowned the efforts put forth in various communities to limit its spread. It has been demonstrated that in the villages of Goerbersdorf and Falkenstein, where five of the most important German sanatoria are situated, the mortality from tuberculosis among the villagers has actually been decreased by one third from what it was before the establishment of these institutions, through the voluntary adoption on the part of the villagers of the hygienic regulations which are in force in the sanatoria. In the United States, tuberculosis, although still the first disease in the mortality statistics, is not on the increase; on the contrary, there has been a decided decrease in the past thirty years.

A decrease in the death rate of tuberculosis in any community means not only that measures directed against the spread of the disease have been successful, but also that a certain proportion of those suffering from tuberculosis have been cured. It cannot be too often emphasized that consumption is, in many instances, a curable disease, and, furthermore, that in order to be cured is not always necessary for the patient to travel long distances in search of a proper climate, but that he can be treated in nearly all climates where the extremes of temperature are not too great, and where the air is fairly pure.

The increasing belief that the spread of tuberculosis can be stayed and its ravages minimized has in-

spired a world-wide campaign against this disease.

There are now over forty societies in the United States alone organized to carry on the work. There is urgent need of an active educational campaign to increase the understanding of these things in New Hampshire. It is the hope of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Consumption to enlist the support of the philanthropic citizens of the state in this matter, and to organize a work which will be taken up in every community, and will result in a widespread knowledge of the disease, its prevention and its cure. It is urged that every reader of this article who has not already done so will at once join the society, of which anyone may become a member upon the payment of one dollar. Funds are required for the publication and distribution of instructive literature, and to provide for the holding of public meetings, and in other ways to promote the popular knowledge of the whole subject.

The medical profession of the state is doing a great deal of missionary work in this field. The local boards of health throughout the state have been active in the cause, and the state board of health has carried on a large amount of educational work during the last 20 years; but this is a work which the medical profession cannot do alone, and which the health boards cannot do alone, but which requires the united endeavor of the people of the state, its charitable organizations, and its philanthropic citizens. It is the object of this society to unite all these agencies in an organized campaign against those conditions which foster tuberculosis, and to promote every measure for the prevention and cure of the disease.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### CAPT. HENRY B. ATHERTON.

Capt. Henry Bridge Atherton, who died at his home on Fairmount Heights in Nashua, February 6, 1906, was one of the brilliant galaxy of lawyers contributed to New Hampshire by the Green Mountain State, embracing such names as Burke, the Bingham, the Hibbards, Foster, Wait, Benton, Ray and Stone. He was born in Cavendish, Vt., September 21, 1835, the son of Jonathan and Roxana Ives Atherton, and the sixth in line from James Atherton, who came to this country from Lancashire, England, in 1635.

He was educated in the public schools, at Black River Academy, Ludlow, Leland Academy, Townsend, and at Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1859. He read law with Joseph Sawyer at Alton, Ill., and with John F. Deane, whose partner he was for a time; also graduating from the Albany Law School in 1860. Returning to Vermont after the outbreak of the Civil War, he was made captain of Company C, Fourth Vermont Volunteers, in September, 1861, and immediately left for the front. He participated in the Peninsular Campaign, and in April, 1862, was severely wounded at Lee's Mills, in the right groin and head, and subsequently resigned for disability. Late in that year he went to Nashua where he took editorial charge of the *Telegraph*, continuing till the spring of 1864, when he opened law practice in that city, continuing successfully to the time of his death, during six years—from 1866 to 1872—having been a partner with William Barrett.

He was treasurer for Hillsborough County for two years; postmaster of Nashua from 1872 to 1876, and representative in the Legislature in 1867-'68 and 1885-'86, serving on the Judiciary Committee and as chairman of the Committee on National Affairs. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1884. President Harrison appointed him land commissioner for Samoa under the treaty of Berlin; he was also offered the governorship of Alaska, both of which he declined.

From 1890 until 1894 he was a member of the Nashua Board of Education, and in 1898-'94 president of that body. He was a member of Rising Sun Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and also a Scottish Rite Mason of the 33d and last degree. He was a member of John G. Foster Post, G. A. R., and one of its past commanders. He was an attendant at the services at the Pilgrim Church.

Captain Atherton was a man of strong individuality, great intellectual power,

wide information, and marked force in expression both as a speaker and writer. He was united in marriage at Ludlow, Vt., in 1861, with Abbie Louise Armington, who died in Nashua, after a long and painful illness, December 8, 1896. The children of their marriage, all of whom were born in Nashua, are: Maud, wife of Almon W. Griswold of New York; Grace, wife of William F. Hazelton, M. D., of Springfield, Vt.; Robert, who died in infancy; Anna H., wife of Charles Snow; and Henry Francis, at present a student in Harvard University. September 8, 1898, he was married to Ella Blaylock, M. D., by whom he leaves two children, Blaylock and Ives.

### GEN. JOHN EATON.

Gen. John Eaton, one of New Hampshire's most distinguished sons, soldier and educator, died in Washington, D. C., February 9, 1906.

He was a native of the town of Sutton, born December 5, 1829, and was educated at Thetford (Vt.) Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1854. He was a teacher in Cleveland, O., in 1854-'55, and superintendent of schools in Toledo from 1856 to 1859. He subsequently studied theology at Andover, Mass., was ordained to the ministry, and went to the front as chaplain of the Twenty-First Ohio Volunteers in 1862. Soon after he was named by Secretary Stanton as supervisor of the military posts from Cairo to Natchez, and was commended for his efficient service by President Lincoln in 1863. In October, 1863, he was appointed colonel of the Sixty-Third United States Colored Infantry, and was given the brevet rank of brigadier-general in March, 1865.

He had served as councillor of the American Public Health Association, vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, president of the American Social Science Association, president of the National Congress of Education and president of the American Society of Religious Education. He was for two years after the war state superintendent of schools in Tennessee, and United States Commissioner of Education from 1871 to 1886, in which position he did his greatest work. Subsequently he was for some time president of Marietta College in Ohio, and later of Sheldon Jackson College at Salt Lake. When the United States took charge of the government of Porto Rico, General Eaton was sent out as superintendent of instruction, and organized the educational system of the island.

He leaves a widow and three children.

HON. JOSIAH G. BELLOWES.

Josiah G. Bellows, born in Walpole, July 24, 1841, died in that town, February 17, 1906.

He was a son of Josiah Bellows, 3d, and a great-grandson of Col. Benjamin Bellows, one of the pioneers of Walpole, and famous in Indian warfare. He fitted for college at the Walpole High School and at Newton, Mass., and entered Harvard in 1859, but soon went to Williams. He was compelled to leave before completing the course on account of ill health. Subsequently he studied law with Frederick Vose of Walpole, and graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1865, being admitted to the New Hampshire Bar the same year. He practiced for a time in Walpole, but soon removed to Boston, where he remained several years in practice, serving also for a time as chief clerk in the United States Pension Office. On the death of Judge Vose he returned to Walpole and took up practice in the old office of the latter, where he had first studied his profession, and where he continued thereafter.

He was judge of probate for the County of Cheshire from July 25, 1876, till January 1, 1894, when he accepted an appointment as railroad commissioner, which office he held until April, 1901, when he resigned on account of ill health. He was chairman of the commission appointed in 1894 to establish the boundary between New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He was for several years clerk and treasurer of the Walpole Savings Bank. He was also a director of the Keene National Bank, and, for many years, was a trustee of the Cheshire Provident Institution of Keene. He was judge-advocate-general on the staff of Governor Sawyer and was president of the Republican State Convention in 1890.

Mr. Bellows was twice married. June 26, 1866, he married Annie E. Morrill of Concord, who died in April following. He was married again, November 21, 1877, to Catherine Hurd Walley Howland of Walpole, who survives him. He left one daughter, Mary Howland Bellows, who was born in Walpole, September 18, 1878.

JOHN Z. BARTLETT.

John Z. Bartlett, born in Sunapee, May 26, 1830, died at the residence of his son, in Lafayette, Ind., January 28, 1906.

Mr. Bartlett was the son of John Bartlett, one of the early settlers of Sunapee, then Wendell, and a member of that large branch of the family tracing descent from the same stock as Gov. Josiah Bartlett, one of the New Hampshire signers of the Decla-

ration of Independence. He was educated in the public schools of Sunapee and Newport, and by private study and extensive reading continued through life.

He was a farmer by occupation all his life, except during a short connection with the hame manufacturing business at Sunapee Harbor. Politically he was an earnest Republican, exceedingly well informed on all political subjects, and for many years the leading worker for his party in the town, which he ably represented in the Legislature of 1899, besides filling most of the town offices at different times. He was a member of the Masonic order, and a prominent and active member of Lake Grange, P. of H., of Sunapee.

His wife was Sophronia A. Sargent of Sunapee. He left one daughter, Mrs. Charles B. Aiken of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and four sons,—Fred L. Bartlett of George's Mills; Col. John H. Bartlett, postmaster of Portsmouth; J. Delmar Bartlett of Lafayette, Ind., and Mott L. Bartlett of Concord. His brothers were the late Hon. Charles H. Bartlett of Manchester, Hon. George H. Bartlett of Sunapee, the late Joseph Bartlett of Claremont and the late Solomon Bartlett of Sunapee. He left a twin sister, Mrs. John Felch of Sunapee, and another sister, Mrs. Thomas P. Smith of Newport.

CHARLES NELSON KENT.

Charles Nelson Kent, youngest son of the late Richard P. Kent, and brother of Col. Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, born in that town May 14, 1843, died at his home in Merrick, L. I., February 14, 1906.

He was educated at the Lancaster and St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academies and Norwich (Vt.) Military University, graduating from the latter in 1864, though he had meanwhile enlisted in the Seventeenth New Hampshire Regiment, serving as first lieutenant of Company C till the disorganization of the regiment. He commanded the Cadet Company when ordered to the frontier to assist in repelling an expected invasion. He subsequently studied law and was admitted to the Suffolk County (Mass.) bar, but went to New York City in 1868, where he was associated with George P. Rowell in his extensive advertising business for some twenty-five years.

He was active and eminent in Masonry, being a thirty-second degree member, and long recorder of Constantine Commandery at Harlem, N. Y. He was also a devoted church worker in his denomination, the Episcopalian.

In June, 1868, he married Julia A. Draper of Lancaster, who survives him, with four children.



## EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

While there are several measures of local interest in New Hampshire, now pending in Congress, like that providing for a federal building at Dover, one for an equestrian statue of General Stark to ornament the proposed Stark Park in Manchester, and that for a statue of Gen. James Miller at Peterborough, the one commanding the general interest of the people of New Hampshire, and of New England for that matter, and which ought to meet with approbation throughout the nation, is the bill providing for the establishment of a national forest reserve in the White Mountain region, the same being combined with a provision for a similar reserve in the southern Appalachian region, which is likely to insure the support of southern senators and members, and renders the prospect of ultimate success all the more promising. There is, indeed, considerable ground for hope of the passage of this measure, before the close of this Congress, if not during the present session; but at the same time it is important that every legitimate means be adopted to strengthen public sentiment in its support, and to make such sentiment felt by Congress, or the members of the two branches thereof, and New Hampshire people, especially, should be alive to the demands of the situation. Next to the improvement of our schools and our highways the preservation of our forests is essential to the future prosperity of the state.

On Tuesday, the 13th instant, occurs the annual "town meeting" throughout the state. While partisan contention has not yet been entirely eliminated from these local elections, it has disappeared, in a large measure, in most towns, and the promotion of the public interest has come to be the primary consideration. The subjects of greatest importance to be dealt with are the schools and highways, and though the elections bear-

ing upon the former, in cases of special districts, come separately, all occur during the present month. The matter of particular interest in connection with each of these subjects is that which involves the co-operation of the state with the towns in the promotion of special lines of progress. In the educational line there is the state's offer, of legislative enactment, to meet one half the expense of maintaining district supervision, when towns combine for the purpose—a most important means of improvement—and, in connection with the highways, there is the state appropriation for permanent improvement when towns, by formal action, determine to comply with the established conditions. These two matters should receive the especial attention of the people throughout the state.

The question which has agitated the public mind in the state to some extent for some months past (though not as deeply or extensively as might be supposed from newspaper reports), as to what are the chances, or probabilities, of extensive operations in pool selling or race gambling in connection with the new Rockingham Park, of the New England Breeders' Club, at Salem, is now "up to" the supreme court, the governor and council, at a session on February 22, having submitted to that tribunal certain questions involving this issue, or the law bearing thereon. What the court will do in the premises doubtless depends somewhat upon the views of its members as to the "exigency" of the situation.

Specimen copies of the GRANITE MONTHLY of this issue are mailed to quite a number of New Hampshire men not now subscribers, with the hope that they may promptly become such. Their attention is called to the recommendation addressed to the people of New Hampshire, on the first inside cover page.





**HON. SYLVESTER DANA**  
**At 80 Years**

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XXXVIII, No. 4

APRIL, 1906

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, No. 4

## New Hampshire's Oldest Lawyer

*By H. H. Metcalf*

Among other distinctions enjoyed by the Capital City of New Hampshire, at the present time, is that of including in her citizenship the oldest living member of the New Hampshire bar, in the person of Hon. Sylvester Dana, for many years judge of the Concord municipal court, and who, although compelled to retire from such position nearly a score of years ago, on account of constitutional limitation as to age, still moves in and out among the people, carrying the burden of his years with easy grace and commanding in ever increasing measure the love, esteem and respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

Like a great majority of the men who have come to the front, in business, professional or public life in Concord, as in other cities, Judge Dana was country-born, having his birthplace in the town of Orford, where he first saw the light of day, October 19, 1816, being a son of Rev. Sylvester and Hannah (Kimball) Dana. He comes of the same line as the distinguished Massachusetts family of the same name, as did the late Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun*, whose father, Anderson Dana of Hinsdale, was a first cousin of Judge Dana, all tracing descent from Richard Dana, who settled in Cambridge about 1640 and became an extensive landed proprietor. This Richard Dana had four sons—Benjamin, Joseph, Daniel and Jacob. The latter,

born in 1664, also had a son, Jacob, born in 1699, who was the father of Anderson, the father in turn of the Rev. Sylvester Dana, who became the settled pastor of the Congregational Church in Orford, May 20, 1801, and preached in that town, under different relations, for 30 years, subsequently preaching for several years in Thornton, but removing to Concord in 1837, where he resided until his death in 1849, this being the native place of his wife, whose father, Dea. John Kimball, was a leading citizen and prominent in the life of the old North, or First, Congregational Church, his home being on the site of the present residence of Dr. George M. Kimball.

Judge Dana received his college preparatory instruction at Haverhill Academy, under the preceptorship of Ephraim Kingsbury, and at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., going to the latter institution because of the fact that his elder brother, Charles B., who subsequently became a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was at that time a student in the theological seminary in the same town. He entered Dartmouth in 1835, graduating in 1839, among his classmates being the late Rev. O. B. Cheney, D. D., president of Bates College, Hon. George G. Fogg, long editor of the *Independent Democrat* of Concord, and subsequently United States minister to Switzerland, William Pickering Hill, also a



Concord journalist, and the Rev. Charles Peabody, a well-known teacher in the Capital City for some years after graduation, and subsequently agent of the American Tract Society, who was a brother of Helen Peabody, first president of Western College for Women at Oxford, O.

Not only have all his classmates of whom there were 60, passed away, with the exception of Rev. Ephraim Adams, a Congregational clergyman, now of Waterloo, Ia., who was born in New Ipswich, February 5, 1818, and is therefore a year and a half younger than Judge Dana, but all but four of the fifty-three members of the succeeding class, that of 1840, are also deceased, as are all of the 41 members of the class of 1838, next preceeding his. There is, however, a single survivor of the class of 1837, in the person of Rev. James M. Rockwood, a retired Baptist clergyman of Bellingham, Mass.; but this gentleman, although graduating two years in advance of Judge Dana, is really nearly two years younger than he, having been born July 1, 1818. As showing the material difference in the ages at which young men in those days more generally than now, entered and graduated from college, the case of two eminent New Hampshire lawyers of this last named class of 1837 may be cited. These were Gen. Gilman Marston (a native of the same town as Judge Dana, by the way), and Hon. Josiah Minot, the former having graduated at 26 and the latter at 18, being one of the youngest men, if not the very youngest, ever graduated from the institution.

As was largely the custom with Dartmouth students in those days, many of whom earned a portion, at least, of the money required to meet their college expenses, Judge Dana taught school during three winters of his course, spending one winter only at the college, nor is it to be doubted that the experience of these three winters spent in teaching proved even

more valuable in his subsequent professional career than any additional information or mental drill which he might have secured by pursuit of his studies at the college during the weeks over which his vacation, like that of other students similarly engaged, was extended under the rules then in vogue.

Having decided to enter the legal profession, he came to Concord in September following his graduation, 1839, and commenced his study in the office of Pierce and Fowler—Gen. Franklin Pierce, subsequently president of the United States, one of the most brilliant advocates ever heard at the New Hampshire bar, and Asa Fowler, later eminent as a counsellor and as a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court. The office of the firm, at the time, was located in the old Merrimack County Savings Bank building, now occupied by the New Hampshire Historical Society. Other students of the firm, during a portion of the time at least, while young Dana was reading law there, were the late Nathaniel B. Baker, subsequently governor of the state, and Samuel H. Ayer, later a distinguished attorney of Hillsborough and Manchester.

Here, and at the Dane Law School in Cambridge, he passed the customary three years of professional study, and was admitted to the bar in October, 1842. He immediately opened an office and commenced practice in what was then known as Stickney's Block, and in the precise location now occupied by the office of Dr. Granville P. Conn. It may be remarked as a matter of interest in this connection that, according to the recollection of Judge Dana, there is not a building now standing that was then in existence, on the east side of Main Street, from the point where his office was located until the old brick mansion on South State, erected by Ex-Gov. Isaac Hill is reached, except some portions of what was then known as Low's Block and later as Woodward



Block; while on the west side of the street, from the present American House, then a store, to St. Mary's School, then a residence, there is now no structure which was then standing except that which was for a long time the Adams Ale house, and which, like the others named, has been greatly changed in appearance.

At the time when Judge Dana commenced his professional career the lawyers in active practice in Concord, aside from Pierce and Fowler, already mentioned, were Ira Perley, afterwards chief justice of the Supreme Court, Hamilton Hutchins, Ephraim Eaton, John Whipple, who became judge of the municipal court in 1855, Arthur Fletcher and Calvin Ainsworth, all of whom have been dead for nearly a quarter of a century. Applying himself industriously to his profession, he continued in the office where he first located until he was burned out in the great fire of August, 1851, after which he established himself for a time in the old bank building at the North End, in the office where he formerly studied, but removed a few months later to Low's new block, subsequently known as Rumford Block, where he ever after continued. It may be noted here that Judge Dana has been several times a sufferer from fire. Previous to his being burned out of his law office, he had, while residing with his parents at the North End, had his home destroyed by fire, in September, 1844, and again, in June, 1873, his residence on Pearl Street was burned.

As a lawyer Judge Dana followed the approved professional standards, resorting to no shifty expedients either to attract clients or to promote their interests. He was faithful to all interests committed to his charge; a safe counsellor and a careful and conscientious practitioner; and if he failed to achieve the wealth or the fame that have been gained by some, he gained and held the confidence of his clients, the respect of the court

and the universal good will and esteem of his professional brethren.

He was appointed judge of the Concord municipal court by Governor Berry, June 3, 1862, and continued in office until October 19, 1886, when he reached the age of 70 years and was retired by constitutional limitation, though as capable as ever of performing the duties of the position. In his judicial capacity he was absolutely just, yet eminently fair, and though both parties sought his removal through legislative address, the Democrats, in 1874, when they had control of the Legislature, and the Republicans, in 1876, both failed in the effort. The latter attempt was made at the instigation of men who claimed that he favored the Democrats too much in the matter of naturalization, in which the municipal court had jurisdiction under the law at that time; the truth being, undoubtedly, that he persisted in proceeding with strict regard to the law, and would no more "stretch a point" in favor of his own party than of the opposition. The Legislature voted the address, but the governor (Cheney), upon advice of the council, which stood divided by a vote of three to two, Moulton H. Marston of Sandwich, the Democratic member, giving the casting vote against removal, refused to comply, so that he continued in office, as before stated, until retired by age limit, making a term of more than twenty-four years—which is longer than any other judge in the state has served under one commission, so far as known.

Judge Dana continued in practice after his retirement from the police court bench, retaining his office on Main Street, until within a few years past, and even now does not consider himself actually retired, frequently attending to matters of professional business, while his familiar figure is seldom absent during the various court sessions holden in the Capital City. He is not only the oldest

living New Hampshire lawyer, but has holden a commission as justice of the peace, continuously, longer than any other man living in the state today, receiving his first commission January 9, 1843, and holding one constantly since that time—a period of more than sixty-three years.

During all the years of his residence in Concord Judge Dana has been a thoroughly loyal and public-spirited citizen, seeking and holding no official position aside from that already referred to, but neglecting no opportunity to cast the weight of his personal influence in favor of all measures and movements for the promotion of the material, intellectual and moral welfare of the community, and no man in the city has gained and held the esteem of all the people in higher measure. He was for more than fifty years a trustee of the New Hampshire Savings Bank (in which institution he is, also, today the oldest living depositor), and was for some time a member of the investment committee. He also served for 43 years as secretary of the old Concord Gas Light Company.

Although not a member of the church organization, Judge Dana's religious affiliation has naturally been Congregationalist, and he has been a constant attendant upon the services of the First Congregational, or old North, Church, in whose communion his mother was reared, and has taken

due interest in all the parish work, even filling an important part at the recent celebration of its one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary, as recounted in the January number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. In politics he was an original "Free Soiler," but has been a Republican since that party came into existence.

Judge Dana married, November 8, 1860, Mary Jane, daughter of Nathaniel and Mary Ann (Hinds) Seavey of Chichester. They have had eight children, of whom four died in infancy and only two are now living. Charles S., the eldest, born August 30, 1861, graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1883 and engaged in journalistic work. He is now connected with an extensive New York advertising firm, and is at present in Europe in its interest. He is married, but has no children. Florence, born April 21, 1873, died October 16, 1889. Isabel, born April 7, 1874, died April 25, 1897. Alice Louise, born December 30, 1879, resides with her parents, and is employed as a clerk at the city hall. The family home, for the last 32 years, has been on Montgomery Street, it being the residence formerly occupied by the late Hon. John M. Concord is ever pleased to greet his Hill. Here this "grand old man" of cord is ever pleased to greet his friends, and his genial smile and hearty hand clasp are, indeed, "a benediction and a joy."

## Contentment

*By George Warren Parker*

Not in the forum, street or mart,  
Nor yet in palace grand,  
Is found the pearl of greatest price,  
Much sought in every land;  
But in the rustic's hut uncouth,  
By elm and purling stream,  
Is found contentment—perfect rest—  
The envied monarch's dream.

NOV 11

# The Laconia Woman's Club

*By Mary D. Quimby*

One pleasant afternoon in September, 1900, a little company gathered at the home of Mrs. Annie L. Jewett to consider the advisability of forming a woman's club. It was just a little band of women who believed that the daily round, the common task, does *not* furnish all we ought to ask; that an outside interest would be pleasant and profitable; that there would be found in this city women who would be glad to work along educational lines, believing that honest club work helps to round out a cultured womanhood.

That day the Laconia Woman's Club came to stay and the following charter members began their work: Mrs. Clara L. Blaisdell, Mrs. Annie L. Jewett, Mrs. Sara K. Kendall, Mrs. Minnie A. Owen, Mrs. Martha A. Prescott, Mrs. Ida M. G. Prescott, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Putnam, Mrs. Ellen F. Plummer, Mrs. Mary D. Quimby, Mrs. Florence N. Rowe, Mrs. Idella J. Story, Mrs. Anna S. Swain, Mrs. Mima A. Saltmarsh, Mrs. Ella J. Shannon, Mrs. C. Belle Thompson, Mrs. Nellie G. Young, Mrs. Edith M. Crabtree, Mrs. Cora F. Hayward.

The first president, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Putnam, deserves a tribute, being the only member who has attended every meeting of the club since its organization. In October we joined the State Federation, knowing that in union there is strength. It is better to have a small part in a great work than to live for one's self alone.

Our meetings have been held from three to five o'clock on the second and fourth Saturdays each month, from October to April, inclusive. The annual meeting is the last one in April.

Believing that knowledge of our own country should come first, the club decided to study New England

from the early Norsemen to the present time. It proved a profitable and pleasant year's work. Each member was expected to take any part assigned her, and to the credit of the club let it be said that rarely has one failed to do her share. All have responded cheerfully, like well-trained children.



*Mrs. Annie L. Jewett  
Founder of the Club*

The first guest night stands out in bold relief. The banquet hall, our gentlemen friends, the brilliant toast-mistress, the newness of it all, have not been forgotten, but cause that evening to stand as an important milestone in the social life of our club.

The second year Mrs. Miranda S. Getchell became president. The executive board met early and often, struggling with a program that should prove satisfactory. The question of a club flower arose. By this time



we had begun to realize that a successful club means hard work, and so the red clover, signifying "industry," was chosen, as being especially appropriate.

Woman's work in the world was the most important subject considered. We learned much about what she has accomplished in literature, on the lec-



Mrs. Elizabeth L. Putnam  
*First President.*

ture platform, in the drama, in the studio and in medicine; and, what is more practical for most of us, what she may do in the home.

We also took imaginary journeys to England and Scotland, studying the history of both countries and at the close of an afternoon would feel the delight without the fatigue of the tourist.

One of our most delightful afternoons was filled with the "Music of the Bible," whose grand harmonies were portrayed by Mrs. W. B. Rotch of Milford. Assisted by the best musical artists in the city her lecture was such a success as not only to give exquisite enjoyment at the time, but has lingered in memory ever since.

Again we greeted our friends in a social way, making our guest night an annual event. At the close of the year our club was honored by its president being made an officer of the State Federation. Then she graciously stepped aside, and Mrs. Ellen F. Plummer became our third president.

While the new year-book was being prepared, a request for a club ode brought forth one whose sentiment and rhythm left nothing to be desired. It was gladly accepted and has been freely used.

#### CLUB ODE.

*Words by Cora F. Hayward.*

*Music by Jennie H. Lougee.*

All hail to the hills of New Hampshire,  
To the sun-lighted valleys between,  
To the lake as it dances and quivers,  
To the islands like emeralds green!  
May our club ever draw inspiration  
From their beauty and grandeur of  
view,  
May the work of the years now before us  
Always stand for the good and the true.

#### REFRAIN.

Oh! the Woman's Club of Laconia  
Has a place and a work here to do.

Let us have only high aspirations,  
As we look at our mountains so grand,  
Midst the sweetness and calm of our  
valleys,

Long may harmony reign in our band.  
Like the "Smile of the Great Spirit" near  
us,

May our motives forever be pure,  
And as firm for the right stand we ever  
As our islands, so steadfast and sure.

#### REFRAIN.

Oh! the Woman's Club of Laconia  
Has a hope that its work may endure.

The double quartet was organized, which with some change in personnel has delighted us through the years.

The country most talked about at that time was Russia, so it seemed quite desirable that we take up the subject. It was most fascinating and interesting and held our attention for the season. A year's study of the



**Mrs. Mary D. Quimby**  
*President*

history of Russia and present conditions as they exist, prepared the members to judge more intelligently in the recent unpleasantness between that country and Japan.

As a slight relief from a continuous subject we listened to a professor of design and learned how to decorate our homes. Some of our

members displayed dramatic talent in the presentation of "Cranford." The social side, from the first progressive lunch to the last Russian tea, was wholly enjoyable. The retiring president had proved equal to every emergency and left an enviable record for general efficiency.

According to our custom, a new



**Mrs. Nellie M. Cox**  
*Vice-President*

year ushered in a new presiding officer, Mrs. Annie L. Jewett, who should be held in grateful remembrance as founder of the club. Before the year's work began she invited us to her summer home at Glendale, where she dispensed gracious hospitality.

Folklore as a subject promised great possibilities and so we ventured upon the tempting ground. Much patient research was necessary and those who prepared papers were indefatigable in their efforts to fill the requirements.

As a pleasing variation we listened to a lecture on the "A B C of Music," many wishing that it might have been continued through the alphabet.

"Our Nearest Educational Problem" was another most excellent lecture.

One Saturday, children's day was observed and children, our own or borrowed, were entertained by Miss Mabel C. Bragg of Lowell.

The social needs of the club were not forgotten and one night, at least,

during the year our friends are not allowed to forget us.

At the annual meeting the newly elected president, Miss Blanche N. Abbott was presented to the club. Until that time we had met at the homes of our members, but the growth of the club required more room and the use of a hall became necessary. A demand for more lectures was made, so our dues were raised to meet the extra expense. Out of the 14 meetings of the year 10 were addressed by outside speakers. A variety of topics was presented, including Club Work, Art, Nature and Philanthropy. Under the head of



**Mrs. Minnie E. Thompson**  
*Treasurer*

Domestic Science Miss Fannie Merritt Farmer initiated us into the mysteries of cookery, and we received many practical helps.

One of our most enjoyable meetings was a musicale, when we greeted our friends from Tilton and Northfield. A stereopticon lecture on "New Hampshire Out of Doors," was given in the interests of forestry by

Mr. George H. Moses. Another by Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, the naturalist, on "Wild Animals I Have Known," was very popular.

Socially, this season surpassed in brilliancy any of the preceding.

"Again the silent wheels of time  
Their annual round have driven,"  
and a most worthy officer makes way for her successor.

The present executive board consists of:—

President, Mrs. Mary D. Quimby.

Vice-presidents, Mrs. Minnie A. Owen, Mrs. Nellie M. Cox.

Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Putnam.

Corresponding secretary, Mrs. Florence E. Vaughan.

Treasurer, Mrs. Minnie E. Thompson.

Auditor, Mrs. Abbie H. Merchand.

Directors, Mrs. Idella D. Lamprey, Miss Mary Alice Vaughan, Mrs. Alice S. Harriman.

Music committee, Mrs. Menta B. Sanborn, Miss Laura B. Hibbard, Mrs. Josephine Page Wiley.

Social committee, Mrs. Julia R. Moore, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Quinby, Mrs. Harriet B. Cram, Mrs. Clara E. Hodgdon, Miss Claribel Brooks, Mrs. Gustavia B. Wilkinson, Miss Ethelyn M. Sanders.

Folklore committee, Miss Sarah E. Sturtevant, Mrs. Louise P. Knight.

From 18 charter members to the 100 names enrolled in this year's calendar is not a phenomenal growth, but the gain has been steady and interest has not abated.

The first public duty of our new board was to prepare a float for the grand parade of Old Home Week, to help our city celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. This float represented Literature, Music and Art. It was drawn by four horses led by cavaliers.

Continuing the idea of a miscellaneous program, we have considered club and settlement work and sociological problems. We have been interested in the training of feeble-minded children and so anxious to learn the duties of citizenship that we sent to Dartmouth College for Doctor Horne to come and enlighten us.

The special feature has been a lecture course that has proved very satisfactory. We have been instructed, entertained and amused. Most of the lectures have been open to the public, charging a small admission. The largest attended and most popular one was given by Dr. Charles A. Eastman, on "The Real Indian." The fact of having a real Indian for speaker as well as subject, was quite alluring and taxed the capacity of the Opera House. And the large audience was not disappointed. The "simple life" was so interestingly portrayed that it seemed ideal and we were almost sorry not to be able to claim kinship with the speaker.

Mr. Edward H. Frye, in his inimitable presentation of "Rip Van Winkle," gave us an evening of keen enjoyment.



Mrs. Florence E. Vaughan  
Corresponding Secretary

Very recently we have taken a trip to Italy, reveled in its treasures of art, and learned of the history of Rome. Through the aid of the stereopticon and the charming lecture of Miss Virginia E. Spencer of our State Normal School, we have become familiar with Venice, "the gem of the Adriatic." Then we returned home to admire New Hampshire scenery.

Each year we have given some time to current events, thus keeping in touch with the great questions of the day. Occasionally an afternoon with some poet has made a delightful change. Local speakers from all the professions have earned our gratitude by their kindness in giving us lectures. For faithfulness at their posts the successive presidents have made a good record. With one exception, when illness prevented, each one has presided over every meeting during her term of office.

Our special objects of interest have been the Cottage Hospital and Home for Feeble-Minded Children.

Red letter days have been many. Several field days have been enjoyed through the courtesy of some of our members. "Reciprocity Day" with our neighbors has frequently been observed and in all cases has been helpful and inspiring. An efficient and willing social committee, each year,

has made possible delightful club teas and receptions. From the first year's banquet to the last guest night of recent date, each one has vied with the preceding in making this annual affair most enjoyable to all.

The club has been most fortunate in numbering among its members some of the best musicians in the city and through their efforts we have realized that

"Music is God's best gift to man,  
The only art of Heaven given to earth,  
The only art of earth we take to Heaven."

The benefits of club work to the busy home-maker can hardly be estimated. It is worth something to forget for a time the petty cares of daily life and gain a broader outlook. Undreamed of literary ability in our members has been discovered and no longer can they hide their light under a bushel.

According to our constitution "the object of this club shall be to broaden and strengthen the moral, social and intellectual life of its members, and through them to make itself a power for good in the community." If that object has been attained the Laconia Woman's Club has earned the right to a continued existence.

## April

*By Harry B. Metcalf*

Comes April with a violet  
A-nodding on her breast;  
Ah, could I pen a triolet  
To April and her violet  
With rarest beauty blest!  
Smiles gleam thro' tears at her behest.  
Comes April with a violet  
A-nodding on her breast.

# Dr. Ezra Green

By Elizabeth Emerson Dorr

The ancestry of Dr. Ezra Green, who figured (not inconspicuously) in the War of the Revolution, is easily traced. As early as 1647, James Green, who emigrated from England to this country some years before, purchased lands and settled at "Mystic Fields," since called Malden, and was admitted freeman of the colony. According to ancient records, "these lands and housing thereon" were handed down by will from father to son, the Green family thus retaining them in undisturbed possession; and it was, therefore, in Malden, Mass., June 14, 1746, that Ezra Green, a lineal descendant in the fifth generation of the early settler, was born. Having been given by his father (also Ezra Green) the best educational advantages of the period in which he lived, he was graduated from Harvard College in 1765 and soon after commenced the study of medicine and surgery with Doctor Sprague of Malden, completing the course with Doctor Fisher of Newburyport.

Thus equipped for his chosen profession, he commenced its practice in 1767 in Dover, N. H., where he continued it with marked success until he received his appointment as surgeon in the Continental Army. In June, 1775, the Sunday following the Battle of Bunker Hill, he joined the American Army, then under command of Gen. Artemas Ward and stationed at Winter Hill in Charlestown.

After the evacuation of Boston by the British in March, 1776, he left Charlestown with the army for New York, whence, after a stay of a few weeks, they proceeded up the Hudson to Albany, thence to Saratoga and Lake George, and by way of Lake Champlain to Montreal, where they joined Arnold, and where the army

suffered greatly from sickness. Doctor Green remained with the troops until December of the same year, when, on the advance of the British, under Sir Guy Carleton, the American forces retreated to Ticonderoga.

Leaving the army at Albany, Doctor Green returned to Dover, where, through the following summer, he was afflicted with fever and ague; but in October, 1777, he accepted an appointment as surgeon in the Continental ship of war *Ranger*, then fitting out at Portsmouth, N. H., under the command of Capt. John Paul Jones. According to Doctor Green's diary, they sailed on the first of November for France.

We are told by historians that on the same day that Jones was assigned the command, Congress adopted the flag of the stars and stripes, and that when, for the first time, the *Ranger* sailed out of Portsmouth harbor, our national flag floated upon the breeze.

On the return of the *Ranger* to Portsmouth, October, 1778, Doctor Green left the ship and proceeded to Dover, where, in the following December, he was married to Susannah Hayes (daughter of Reuben Hayes), a lovely and intelligent girl of nineteen. When, in 1767, Doctor Green came to reside in Dover, Susannah was but eight years of age and being a bright, winsome child with a fondness for books, she soon gained the affection and secured the assistance of the young doctor and his friend, the Rev. Jeremy Belknap (at a later date pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston, and historian of New Hampshire), and to these two friends she was largely indebted for her excellent education. In a letter written by Doctor Green during his first voyage to a personal friend, he sends his

best "regards to Susy," which goes to show that even amid the exciting scenes of war he was not unmindful of the attractive young girl, in whose development (both physical and mental) he had taken such unusual interest.

In the spring following his marriage he left his young wife and re-



Dr. Ezra Green at 101 Years

sumed his position on board the *Ranger*, which had been refitted and, under command of Captain Simpson, was about to sail in company with the *Warren* and the *Queen of France* (a French ship that had been purchased at Nantes for the American government). While on this cruise several vessels laden with stores for the British Army were captured and brought into Portsmouth, only three weeks from the time the squadron had left that port.

Among the prisoners was a Colonel Campbell and 23 officers of lesser rank, who were on their way to join their regiments at the South. In a letter received by his wife during this absence, Doctor Green writes: "I pray that we may not be long separated; but as Providence seems to have pointed out this to me as a duty, I desire to pursue it cheerfully and with good courage, and I know you would not wish me to turn or look back."

On still another cruise, the *Ranger*, in company with the *Providence* and *Queen of France*, while on the banks of Newfoundland, fell in with the Jamaica fleet, homeward bound, consisting of 150 sail. Of this fleet our little Continental squadron captured 11 large ships (three of which were retaken), but seven of the number were brought safely into Boston. All Boston was alarmed at the sight of 10 ships standing into the harbor, believing them to be a British fleet, and the buildings were covered with anxious spectators. The cargoes, consisting of rum, sugar, logwood, pimento, etc., were delivered—one half to the government and the other half to the captors.

In that chapter of "The Tory Lover," devoted almost exclusively to the subject of this sketch, Sarah Orne Jewett pays to his memory the following graceful tribute: "There was one man, at least, on board the *Ranger*, who was a lover of peace; this was the ship's surgeon, Dr. Ezra Green." And again, "He seemed to be surgeon and purser and chaplain all in one, and to be fit, as one of his calling should be, to minister to both souls and bodies."

On his return from the successful cruise above mentioned, Doctor Green resigned his position as surgeon of the *Ranger*, but in 1780 and 1781 he went on two more cruises in the *Alexander*, the last one from Virginia to France with a load of tobacco. His return in the same vessel in the

autumn of 1781 to the United States concluded his Revolutionary services.

On his retirement from public life Doctor Green relinquished his medical practice and devoted his time to mercantile pursuits and to the improvement and interests of the community in which he lived. The house in which he dwelt at that time, and in or near which he conducted his business, is still standing, and, though said to be nearly two hundred years old, is yet a comfortable home for the families who occupy it. The more

In 1790 Doctor Green was appointed the first postmaster of Dover, and at that time the delivery of its mails extended to the White Mountains.

Always foremost in every good work, it was under his supervision that the first schoolhouse was built; and although a man of the most temperate habits, his name appeared first on the list of "total abstinents" at the time when temperance societies first came into existence.

Doctor Green was an ardent patriot



Residence of Dr. Ezra Green, 1800

pretentious mansion, which he built on the same street about the year 1800, and where he passed the remainder of his long and useful life, is in a remarkable state of preservation.

Although Doctor Green had no desire for notoriety, he was honored by the various governors of his state, as well as by his townspeople, with many positions of trust. He was made chairman of the state convention for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States and his vote gave a majority in its favor—an event of profound importance to New Hampshire, to which the other assenting states were looking anxiously for this hoped for result.

and Federalist, a brave and conscientious champion of that independence he had helped to win, and a zealous advocate of the Constitution he had aided in establishing. From early life until its close he was an opponent of the institution of slavery and always predicted that, sooner or later, the free and slave states would be involved in a bitter controversy on its account. That he was spared the realization of his fears was a mercy to his tender heart.

In 1811 Doctor Green retired from active mercantile life to the seclusion of his home and the society of his family, where he largely indulged his taste for reading (often aloud). Of



this habit, to which he clung almost to the end of his life, his son writes: "He was no hum-drum reader, but his clear voice and superior elocutionary powers made his various readings a source a pleasure and profit to his ever-attentive listeners, as well as a delight to himself."



Unitarian Church, Dover

Interested as he was in horticulture, he took great pleasure in devoting a few hours each day to the healthful exercise required in the care of his fine, large garden. On the outskirts of the town his wife owned a farm of 150 acres, over which he had, also, a general oversight. This farm was left her by her father, with the provision that in the event of her death, leaving no children, the property should revert to his estate, to be divided among his brothers.

Of this provision, her son Walter writes: "Happily, she and her husband were placed in no such unpleasant dilemma, for in the brief time of 19 years 13 children were born to them." From this farm many of the

staple necessities of life were produced, as well as fruits and vegetables from the garden, so that at their table, while there was no useless waste, there was a sufficiency and variety to satisfy the keenest appetite or most dainty palate.

A woman now living (daughter of the man who once took charge of the farm), remembers an occasion on which Doctor Green showed her (then a little girl) a \$100 bill that he had received by mail, which, for safety in transmission, had been cut in halves and sent in two different letters. On receipt of the two pieces they were pasted together and the bill was again ready for use.

Mr. Walter Green writes: "My father's religious education gave to his early and middle life a degree of asceticism that controlled his thoughts and conduct; but in his later years, with a wider range of religious and theological education, and with greater experience and reflection, he accepted broader views of the truths of Christianity that gave him fresh vitality and an added gentleness and sweetness to his character." In 1827 Doctor Green, with many others of similar advanced ideas, withdrew from the First Congregational Church, where, since 1790, he had been one of its deacons and chief supporters, and formed the First Unitarian, or Second Congregational Society of Dover. Though more than 80 years of age, he took active part in the affairs of the new society, especially in erecting during the year 1828 a large and commodious church, to which the Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop was called to preach—a position held by him until, in 1834, he accepted the pastorate of the Brattle Square Church in Boston. On the first page of the church records, yellow and defaced with the wear and tear of nearly eighty years, the signature of Ezra Green (as might be expected) stands boldly out at the head of a long list of the founders and promot-

ers of a new and more liberal religion.

In personal appearance and contour of face, Doctor Green was not unlike General Washington, for whom he was often taken while in the army.

In stature, he was six feet, three inches, with a frame proportionately large and, whether walking or sitting, always maintained a very erect position. He had a sound, vigorous constitution, preserved and strengthened by temperate habits, daily exercise and early hours, both for rising and retiring.

At the age of 82 years he fell and broke his thigh bone where it entered the socket, and it was not expected that, at his advanced age, he would ever walk again; such remarkable vitality was his, however, that, in the course of time he was able, with the aid of a crutch or cane, to hobble about his garden and occasionally to attend church. Nearly ten years later a more serious accident befell him, depriving him of all power of locomotion and rendering him, for the remainder of his life a not unwilling prisoner in his own home. There, in his cozy easy chair, his books and papers all about him and, happily free from pain, he whiled the hours away, enlivened by frequent visits from his friends, from children who brought him flowers and from strangers who came to look upon his venerable face and to listen to his glowing accounts of past experiences.

So the days and years flew apace, until on June 28, 1846, he had rounded out a full century of useful life. On this occasion his old friend and pastor, Doctor Lothrop, preached in Dover a sermon commemorative of the event. This sermon was published in Boston, under the title, "The Consolations of Old Age," and in an appendix thereto Doctor Lothrop gives a most interesting account of a personal interview with the venerable centenarian on his one hundredth birthday.

And still, for another year and more, the old man lingered, waiting to be released from a life that was daily growing more burdensome, and fearing lest his physical powers should outlast his mental faculties; until on July 25, 1847, at the extreme age of 101 years, he passed away, retaining until his last hour "a clear, unclouded intellect and in the full faith and confiding hope of entering a future world of progressive improvement and happiness."

The grave of Ezra Green in Pine Hill Cemetery is marked by a large marble slab—so large that one may read thereon, besides the date of his wife's death and that of his own, a record of the main events of his public career, as well as other inscriptions relative to his life and character. On the back of the same slab may be seen the names and dates of death of 11 of his 13 children.

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In connection with the foregoing article, it may not be out of place to make more than casual mention of the church with which, during the last 20 years of his life, Doctor Green was identified. Of all the vicissitudes through which this old historic church has passed, not the least important and probably the most disastrous was the division among its members, caused by the issuance, in 1868, by the Supreme Court of New Hampshire of an injunction whereby Francis Ellingwood Abbot, and with him the radical majority of the society, were virtually driven from the field, leaving the conservative minority of a once prosperous and liberal society, now in a depleted and enfeebled condition, in sole possession of the church property.

From the fact that Doctor Green, very late in life, had his portrait painted with a volume of Theodore Parker's sermons in his hand—a source of annoyance and regret to his orthodox daughter, Sally, to the end

of her days—it is safe to suppose that had he been living at the time of this crisis in the history of the church, he would have taken his stand squarely on the side of the liberals; also that his Unitarian daughter, Deborah, would have stoutly maintained the same position, when it is remembered that it was her wont during her declining years to declare that it was worth while being sick for the sake of having visits from two such friends as Edwin M. Wheelock (her beloved pastor), and Carl H. Horsch (her attending physician), both radicals of the most pronounced type, as well as scholarly and kindly gentlemen.

And here, "lest we forget," and in justice to all concerned, it may be said that this unusual procedure on the part of the New Hampshire court, although the direct result of local dissatisfaction was distinctly traceable to the action of the National Conference of Unitarians, in 1865, in adopting and fastening upon an hitherto creedless denomination a confession of faith that was to all intents and purposes a creed.

This action, so entirely at variance with the fundamental principles of Unitarianism, was, to one of Mr. Abbot's fine sense, of justice and "the eternal fitness of things," simply intolerable. Therefore, after a vain attempt the following year to reverse the decision, he (with others holding similar views and in whose characters moral courage as well as fidelity to principle had reached the highest stage of development), withdrew from the conference and publicly renounced the name that, by birthright, education and constant association, had been his through life and to which he was strongly attached. Had his conscience been of that elastic variety that allowed so many of his contemporaries to accept established forms of faith with mental reservations, the brilliant career on which he was just entering might have continued unchecked and the solitary path that led him apart from his fel-

lows might have been avoided. His was a conscience, however, more of the nature of cast iron, in that it would sooner break than bend. Francis Ellingwood Abbot was of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and he would have walked as calmly and unflinchingly to his death as in defining his position before an interested audience, he proudly lifted his noble head, his face filled with the profoundest reverence and transfigured with the light of renunciation and gave solemn utterance to the memorable words of Martin Luther: "Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me! Amen."

For many years the conditions remained unchanged in the Dover church, the injunction being so rigid in its phraseology that the most ultra-conservative Unitarian could hardly occupy the pulpit without becoming at the same time a law breaker; but in 1896, through the successful efforts of Duren J. H. Ward (one of the most vigorous and progressive preachers the society has ever known), the objectionable decree was rescinded, whereby, in Doctor Ward's own words, "the church was set free from bondage to one of the most unjust judgments in the annals of church history and the religious freedom guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and of the State of New Hampshire was again enjoyed."

Since that eventful day, when the church emerged from the shadow of intolerance that for nearly thirty years had retarded its growth and impaired its usefulness, it has taken a new lease of life. With "Freedom, Truth, Character," inscribed on its banner, and a noticeable spirit of friendliness and unanimity pervading its ranks, this small but united army of faithful and efficient workers is moving steadily onward, gaining renewed courage with each fresh victory over wrong and an added strength and increased influence with every forward movement.

E. E. D.

# On Jordan's Banks

*By C. A. Stone*

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."  
She wandered by the river side,  
A child, and playful, bathed her hand  
In the cool ripples of its tide.  
No cloud of grief had crossed her way,  
To dim the skies so bright and bland,  
As thoughtlessly she sang, that day,  
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

Time fled, and in his arrowy flight,  
Beheld a maiden grown more fair,  
The sunbeams tipped the waves with light  
And scattered jewels in her hair.  
In gleeful song, her sweet voice rang  
Melodious o'er the glinting sand,  
And then in chastened tone she sang,  
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

Life's passing day wore swiftly on,  
Long shadows fell on wood and wave,  
A woman knelt beside the stone  
That marked a little new-made grave.  
The sweetest grace that faith could bring,  
She clasped and held at her command,  
And sang, as only mothers sing,  
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

Alone, an aged pilgrim waits,  
Her time is past, her toil is o'er,  
She, dreaming, sees the pearly gates  
Swung wide upon the other shore.  
With faltering step, once lithe and strong,  
With failing voice and heart and hand,  
She sings her last and dying song,  
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

The wild waves dashed along the beach  
With swirling dance and seething foam,  
But far beyond the billow's reach,  
The sorrowing soul was safe at home.  
Now, while the golden arches ring  
With glad notes of the fadeless land,  
She nevermore will sadly sing  
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

# A Camping Experience

*By a Lover of Mountains*

By a prearranged plan, "Eight Jolly Campers," two men and six women, met one day on a train bound for Monadnock Mountain. None of them had any special knowledge of the region except what had been obtained from maps; hence, much of the pleasure and excitement which otherwise would not have been experienced.

After leaving the train, an old Concord coach was engaged to convey the party to the mountain. The trunks, suit-cases, tents, blankets, tin-pails, hammocks, etc., reposed gracefully on the top, while various boxes and bundles, interspersed with passengers, were stowed away inside.

The way led through a beautifully-wooded road, and when, finally, the limit of an old cross-road was reached, all the passengers and baggage were deposited in a farm yard, much to the surprise and amusement of the farmer's household. The farmer's faithful Dobbin was pressed into service to haul the baggage about half a mile further into the wilderness. Here the trunk was left under a tree, each one shouldered as much as possible, and a march up the mountain began. The summit of a ridge, 1,900 feet above sea level, was reached, and all were delighted with the site, the view, and the close proximity of the mountain.

Two tents were erected, hammocks strung up, and preparations made for passing the night in the hammocks, when, lo! "The August cloud suddenly melts into streams of rain." A raindrop descended, and then another, which dampened somewhat the enthusiasm about sleeping out of doors and caused a hasty retreat to the tents. Refreshing slumber did not come on the instant; on the contrary, most of the night was spent in

hilarious efforts to find a soft rock, to hold the tent against the wind, and to locate noses outside the range of food, kerosene, and new oil-cloth. Stillness reigned in spasms; between times stories were told and uncomplimentary remarks about the mattresses indulged in.

The shower soon passed, and sunrise brought a beautifully clear sky and a clean, invigorating atmosphere. All were ready and willing to commence a new day when "rosy morning glimmered o'er the dale." The grand old mountain on one side, the sun on the other, the clear, blue sky overhead, a beautiful valley, on whose bosom gracefully reposed Thorndike Pond, the long range of Pack Monadnock beyond, and here and there, close at hand, spruce trees of almost perfect symmetry, scenting the air with a most delightful fragrance, combined to form a picture which would satisfy the most artistic fancy.

The day was spent in exploring the mountain, preparing beds and pillows of spruce boughs, getting the six hammocks into good positions and going to the spring for water, and a thorough washing of face and hands, as the morning bath had been taken in dewy moss.

Out West, when the temperature falls, the cowboys add shirt after shirt to their attire, so they speak of it as two-shirt weather, three-shirt weather, etc. When the sun disappeared over the top of the mountain, it was about three-shirt weather; the wind blew clear and cold, all the available clothing was brought into use, while a friendship fire burned brightly in a hollow between some spruce trees. The party grouped itself above the fire and told stories and jokes until midnight. "The

stream of time flows swift and smooth by a friendship fire."

The second morning, after a little more sleep than on the preceding night, the whole camp was aroused to witness a most magnificent sunrise. The sun, elliptical in appearance, came up in a perfectly cloudless sky and gave a beautiful glow to all the landscape. Wavy billows of fog hung over the ponds, giving an ethereal aspect to the valley below, and making a picture never to be forgotten. It certainly made one feel that it was good to be alive, and to be alive in that particular spot.

Preparations for a trip to the summit had just begun, when a man appeared, about whom the most conspicuous things were a pair of rubber boots and a policeman's badge. He said the owner of the land was unwilling anyone should trespass on his property, and having heard of the campers there, had dispatched him to drive them away. He advised us to move the things just over the wall, to proceed with the trip up the mountain, and he would confer with the owner of the adjoining land. Before his departure, "the kids" had one tent and half the stuff over the wall; the remainder quickly followed, the whole being covered with a tent. Alas! for the speedy flight of Camp Uncanoonuck over the wall. The new place was not as level or desirable in any way; none of the beautiful spruce trees were there; no inviting nooks for hammocks, tents, etc.; nothing but a dense forest on one side and open pasture land on the other.

At last everything was in readiness for the climb up the mountain. At the first stop for rest, "Stubborn" declared his intention of returning to camp for his copy of Emerson's poems which he had forgotten, and off he rushed. After a long wait, wonderment took the place of merriement, and finally so much concern was felt for the whereabouts of the elder brother that all returned to

camp—the deserted and desolate-looking camp. There was the volume of Emerson, but, alas and alack! where was its owner? Where, oh where, and how could he have dropped out of existence so suddenly and completely? Finally two, provided with brandy, witch hazel, bandages, and a fish-horn, organized themselves into a relief party, while the remainder dropped on the ground and buried their heads in utter misery and despair. The horn kept sounding in the woods at short intervals, when, after what seemed like an age of suspense, some one looked up, and behold the lost is found! There he was, a few rods away, coming up the hill, apparently well as ever.

Immediately all rose to their feet and began a series of yells and war dances, primarily to make known the glad tidings to the searchers in the woods, and secondly, to relieve the tension of their own feelings. Explanations quickly followed. It seemed he had taken a wrong turn in the path and it had led him to Dublin, where he ran up against the policeman friend of a few hours before, and of whom he had to inquire the way back to camp.

After a brief rest and consultation, it seemed best to proceed up the mountain, even though it was past 11 o'clock, for fear the weather might not be as propitious later on. So the party started once more, and very carefully wended its way over the long, jagged eastern ridge of the mountain. It was rather a hard, wearisome climb, with little opportunity for rest. Each one kept a sharp lookout that none of the party strayed out of sight, lest another loss occur. The path is marked by small piles of stone placed at irregular intervals along the way, and it is an easy matter to forget to look for the little monuments and to wander away from the right trail. It was an ideal day for such a climb, being very clear, with almost no wind and comfortably warm. The party had nearly

an hour on the summit in which to enjoy the view and read Emerson's poem on Monadnock.

The descent was made as rapidly as was consistent with comfort and safety, lest darkness come upon them in the woods. It was a two hours' tramp from the top to the camp—the prostrate and dejected-looking camp. There was barely time for supper before dark. The dishes were left scattered around on the ground and one tent hastily erected to form a shelter for the baggage, while the campers spread their blankets on the ground preparatory to getting a night's sleep out of doors.

The moon shone brightly, but there was a little circle around it, and the wind began to blow, gradually increasing in intensity until it was a perfect gale from the south, and the camp was on a southern slope. However, the people managed to weather it until 4 o'clock, when it began to rain, and a stampede for the tent ensued. The little lantern, tied to the rear tent pole, shed its beneficent rays o'er the scene, and the problem of condensing eight people, with all their blankets around them, in a 7x9 tent, temporarily put up, was solved. The wind and rain increased in fury, and fun reigned within the tent where the campers were doubled up like so many jackknives. The boys ventured out to tighten the tent, put on the fly, and bring in the grocery store which had been done up in a red, white and blue hammock and placed under a tree the night before. They also collected the dishes, which by this time were nicely washed. Some rain-water had accumulated in the pails and was eagerly pressed into service for drinking water.

"Water, water everywhere,  
With only drops to drink."

Breakfast of canned ham, bread and butter, apple turnovers, doughnuts, cookies, etc., came next. All the time there had been more or less tucking and pinning of rubber blank-

ets around the edges of the tent and drawing in of suit-cases, which involved a consequent drawing in and doubling up of the people within the circuit of suit-cases lined up about the edges of the tent. After much joking and story telling, a suit-case was substituted for a table, and every one played "panic"; after that, four played whist.

"Wilder grows the hurricane  
Of all the winds."

All the time the wind was banging the tent and the rain came down in torrents.

"It was a dark and stormy night."

The tent stuck to the tent pins like a brother, although it seemed as if it must give way. Never for a moment, though, did the fun lag. It was laugh, laughter, laughtest. Lunch, similar to breakfast, followed. The tent gradually settled together as it grew heavy with the weight of the rain upon it,

"Water, water, everywhere,  
Which made the tent to shrink."

The inside seemed to become fuller and fuller of legs and feet as the ache from the cramped positions increased. Sometimes, one or two would rise into as much of an upright position as the wilted position of the tent permitted, and that gave the others a little chance to stretch out. Room was at a high premium. More whist followed, but such was the lack of room that partners could not sit opposite each other. "Let's make some fudge!" A tin plate and alcohol lamp were brought into use; sugar, cocoa, condensed milk with rain-water and butter gathered together, boiled, stirred, cooled, sliced and passed around amid much talk as to who should have the big pieces and who would *not* have the crumbs.

The fog began to lift, the rain grew somewhat intermittent—*never*, the fun inside. Next crambo was played; then it was supper-time; so the alco-

hol lamp came into requisition again, and two cans of Heinz's baked beans warmed. Each one was served with hot beans on a clean plate, both the beans and the clean plate being regarded as a great luxury.

Bread, cookies, pickles, etc., accompanied the beans, and it was a feast "fit for a king." How it had poured in a never-ending sheet from dawn until darkness, but now, at last, it had really ceased to rain! Everybody crowded out of the tent with much thankfulness, stretched themselves and performed the morning toilet which had been omitted.

The moon struggled through the clouds occasionally, the wind blew strongly from the northwest, which caused the clouds to scurry across the sky in masses of light and shadow. It was a grand sight! Over the hill was a patch of clear sky; off to the south, a mass of black clouds, while, overhead, lighter clouds constantly changed shape and appearance.

The next day, all nature was glorious again after her bath, and everyone voiced the sentiment of the poet:

"Sing and be glad with ever-new surprise,  
He made His world so fair."

It was deemed inexpedient to remain in the present quarters longer, so the trail was taken up and followed back to a point near the farm house where the party established itself in a pleasant, permanent camp and enjoyed a quiet, restful time for several days.

A letter dispatched to the owner of the land "Over the Wall," brought the kindly reply, that, so long as no damage was done, he had no objection to people enjoying the place. He continued to say that people who are shut in through the year need some place where they can get out to enjoy the beauties of nature, and he hoped Monadnock would be kept open to the public.

This shows two classes of owners, the one who has bought up acres and acres, including some of the most at-

tractive spots, who neither uses it himself nor allows anyone else to enjoy its beauties even for a few hours; the other, who appreciates the situation from his own standpoint and is generous enough to be willing to share his rights with others.

Similar experiences have been met with in other localities. It is getting to be the common state of affairs in many places. One time, at the end of a thirty-mile canoe trip, no place could be found where a tent would be allowed for even one night; in despair, it seemed a retreat to the nearest hotel must be made, when, at the last minute, a friend in need appeared in the form of a Baptist minister, himself rustivating on an old farm, who graciously said, "Why, pitch your tent right here, anywhere you like, and stay as long as you please."

There are different points of view from which this question should be considered. First, there is the rapidly-growing number of teachers, students and others of indoor occupation, who have the time and inclination, during the summer months, to get away from the artificiality of their lives, and draw near to Nature for the rest and relaxation which she alone can give them, and for the pleasure and profit, which, to them, is obtainable in this way better than any other. In short, to live the "simple life" for awhile, by roaming over the country, and by living in camps.

This does not apply to those people who say they are camping when they hire a cottage somewhere all fitted out with the necessities and more or less of the luxuries of life, but to those who desire to just "rough it" with Nature alone, and thereby hold sweet communion with her and be one with her.

This does not apply to the large class of hoodlums, who like to get away from the haunts of men, that they may carry on their debaucheries to a greater extent than is possible in their home environments. No doubt, this last class is largely responsible



for the fact that the first class is deprived of so much pleasure, because who can blame any person, owning a pleasant retreat, for objecting to any acts of vandalism being committed on his premises, and, of course, oftentimes, great damage is done by the careless management of fires, by the disfigurement and injury done to buildings, fences, trees, etc., and by the litter left lying around, either to be cleaned up by the owner or allowed to mar the beauty of an otherwise pretty landscape. All this is decidedly wrong, and should not be tolerated.

It must, also, be admitted that there are many, included in the first class, who are careful of their own belongings, but, who are utterly indifferent to the rights and care of others' property. They will not trouble themselves to dispose of tin cans, etc., nor will they even bend to pick up a string or piece of paper and put it on the fire, but will leave everything just where it happens to drop. No wonder there are signs posted in many good places.

Everyone who goes into the woods and fields ought to feel the strongest obligations to remove from sight every vestige of their presence when they depart and to take the greatest precaution about fires, if any are built.

The first kind of proprietors will, probably, say, "Let those who want the privileges of such places buy or hire for themselves, that's what I had to do." But not everyone can do that and not everyone wants to, for that means go to the same place every time, year after year, and it is more agreeable to some to have a variety of scenes. The best way to learn about

different regions, different mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, trees, birds, animals, etc., is to take a tent and go to an entirely new section each year, and to move along from one place to another in the same season.

Many people say, "What possible pleasure can there be in camping in such places, especially where there is no hunting or fishing—what can one do to while away the time?" There is everything for those who will but open their eyes to the many natural beauties to be found in such places.

First, there is the clear, pure mountain air which can be had in unlimited quantities, free from all microbes, filth and dirt, and is a positive luxury to be enjoyed every minute of the time. Next, is the view far and near; the woods, and fields, lakes and villages, the different trees, which in themselves are a study, the different wild flowers and berries, the different grasses and kinds of soil and rocks, the different animals and birds, and over all the sky with its clouds, sun, moon and stars. All this is limitless in its resources for study and enjoyment.

Think of the opportunities for sketching for those who are handy with a pencil. Last, but not least, what a delightful setting for the reading of good books. None, but the initiated, can imagine the peace and joy which may thus be obtained:

"Ah, well for him that takes delight  
And sweet communion on the height  
With Nature's visible forms, and  
finds  
Abiding peace, that ever binds  
To the Eternal Law his heart,  
And helps him better bear his part."



# Sailing Up the Guadalquivir

*By Fred Myron Colby*

Past groves of olives and of vines,  
With distant views of mountain pines,  
And gray old castles rising fair  
Against the purplish-azure air.  
Past drowsy hamlets, far and near,  
Bathed in a summery atmosphere,  
Strange, ancient medieval towns  
With many a hint of war's fierce frowns  
In filled-up moat and battered wall,  
Where erst had rung the muezzin's call.  
While ever flowing at our feet,  
We heard the rippling waters greet  
Our boat as we sailed up Spain's proud river,  
The blue, the shining Guadalquivir.

Above, the blue, dilating skies,  
And blasts of balmy fragrances  
Wafted from many a vine-clad hill,  
Bejeweled with its sparkling rill.  
With here and there a mule team seen,  
And harvest fields where reapers glean.  
Brave Spanish men in costumes gay  
That rival the brilliance of the day;  
And dark-eyed Andalusian dames  
With sonorous, romantic names.  
A porch, a portico, a treat  
Of castinets and dancing feet.  
All this we saw, and something more,—  
A stolen kiss behind a door,—  
As we sailed up the Guadalquivir,  
Spain's bluest, fairest, proudest river.

Anon a group of rising spires  
Alight with scintillating fires.  
A frowning mass of Moorish walls  
Guarding the fairy courts and halls  
Of proud Seville, its towers of gold,  
Its wealth and beauties manifold,  
And Saracenic luxuries  
Once hidden from all Christian eyes.  
Before us fountains flashed and streamed,  
Jewels and gold their splendors gleamed  
In storied mosque and gay bazaar.  
There stood the mighty Alcazar;  
And orange trees their shadows flung  
O'er squares that once with war cries rung.  
As on we sailed up Spain's fair river,  
The long, the winding Guadalquivir.

# Winter Birds of Central New Hampshire

*By H. W. Brown, M. Sc.*

The winter of 1905-'06 has been an unusually open season for New England. In New Hampshire, included mostly within latitude 43° to 45°, snow often comes in November, to remain among our hills until into May. This year, no snow of consequence came until sometime in February—but little then—and, during this delay the temperature, in the main, was not at all uncomfortable.

Rarely have so few birds been seen in New Hampshire, in winter. Cold, snowy seasons often drive the non-migratory birds of higher latitudes toward the South in search of food; and our state, being within the territory midway between northern and southern faunæ, often becomes, at these times, the home of many birds which do not remain with us all the year. But this winter they seem not to have had any occasion for coming. Only such common, every year denizens as snow buntings, tree-sparrows, chickadees, wood-peckers, nut-hatches, crows and jays have condescended to visit our crumb-strewn yards, and few others have been seen even in the neighboring woods.

For quite a number of years the writer has made a record of the appearance of winter birds. A close observer in a neighboring town has also kept an eye out for his feathered friends. From these observations and others at hand, the following list has been compiled representing all species identified in Belknap County, Central New Hampshire, during winter months for many years:

Herring gull, rarely seen at Lake Winnisquam; fish duck, or sheldrake, fairly common on Winnepesaukee

River; golden eye or whistler duck, quite common on rivers; buffle-head, rare, only one identified; wild goose, common in March; bob white, seen at intervals in winter, but not common in this country; ruffed grouse, common resident; barred owl, common resident; great horned owl, seen sparingly in winter; saw-whet owl, often seen in winter; screech owl, not common, one or two usually seen each year; snowy owl, seen on rare occasions; goshawk, irregular, common in 1897; red-tailed hawk, a few specimens seen each winter; horned lark, one or two flocks usually appear each winter; blue jay, common; crow, common, except in January and February—some even then; pine grosbeak, fairly common; purple finch, seen at intervals, in company with gold-finches; red crossbill, a few seen every winter; white crossbill, a rare bird, but few seen in 10 years; red poll, fairly common; goldfinch, a few flocks seen every winter; pine siskin, some seasons common, but often of occasional appearance; tree sparrow, common; junco, not often seen in mid-winter, but common in late fall and early spring; English sparrow, much more common than people desire; cedar waxwing, occasionally seen in flocks toward spring; northern shrike, a few seen every winter; winter wren, rare; brown creeper, somewhat common; white-breasted nuthatch, common; red-breasted nuthatch, quite common; chickadee, everywhere common; golden-crowned kinglet, rather common; robin, three seen in 15 years; bluebird, one seen in 10 years; dovekie, one taken in 1905.

## An Interesting Letter

[The following letter, written by Gov. John Taylor Gilman, to Dr. James McHenry, secretary of war under Pres. John Adams, was found among the papers of Dr. McHenry, by Bernard C. Steiner, librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, of Baltimore, Md., while engaged in preparing a life of that gentleman. Deeming it to be of interest to the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY, as indicative of the intensity of political antagonism and jealousy, even in that early day, between opposing leaders in New Hampshire as well as elsewhere, he made a copy of the same and forwarded it to the GRANITE MONTHLY for publication, if deemed advisable, and we take pleasure in presenting the same. It seems that certain appointments were to be made by the department, or upon its recommendation, and that even in those days the custom of consulting senators in reference to the matter was in vogue, though it was deemed advisable that the senators themselves consult with other prominent citizens concerning recommendations. John Langdon and Samuel Livermore were then the United States senators from New Hampshire. EDITOR.]

Exeter New Hampshire,  
May 22nd 1799.

Sir

Your letters of the second & third instant were duly received—

It is no complaint of mine that I have not been called upon to recommend officers or was not furnished by you with copy of your letter to the Senators of New Hampshire on that subject; but Sir it is a fact that my feelings were severely wounded by that letter, copy of which I received from Mr. Livermore.

It appears that Messers Langdon & Livermore are requested to furnish you with a list of the names of such characters for officers as *in their opinion* are the best qualified—It is stated that they will doubtless find a facility in framing the list from consulting and cooperating with proper persons in different parts of the State, and further says "Govr. Gilman, Maj. Cass & Oliver Peabody Esqr. are thought to be gentlemen whose information of character is entitled to great consideration".—If my ideas of the letter are right, I may with Messers Peabody & Cass and in common with other characters throughout the state who may be consulted, recommend persons to Messers Langdon & Livermore, and perhaps after this is done no one of their names will ever be forwarded to you—

Mr. Langdon has not made any communication to me on the subject,

the following contains the whole of Mr. Livermore's—"I enclose you the copy of a letter from the Secretary at War requesting your friendly advice & cooperation in the business therein recommended, have the goodness to shew Major Cass & Mr. Peabody the copy"—

The residence of Messers Livermore and Langdon are about one hundred miles distant from each other—Mr. Langdon's about fifteen miles from mine—he is here considered as at the head of the opposition in this state, to the administration of the Federal Government, and this cannot be unknown at Philadelphia—It is about four years since I have had any conversation with him, presume he considers me as having a large share in preventing the operation of his political principles upon the people of this state, and perhaps as standing in his way in other respects—although we have no contest of a personal nature yet it is a fact that I have considered it my duty to make great exertions in order to prevent the spreading of his political opinions which I think so destructive to the happiness of our common country, and the task has been much more difficult as he was formerly highly popular in this state—

Mr. Livermore's residence is very distant from mine—he is considerably advanced in years—has been as little conversant with military affairs as

almost any man that could be mentioned, and it has so happened that from the commencement of our revolutionary war up to this time our opinions, each of the other, has not been the most favorable—

It is not my intention by this to do injury to the character of Mr. Langdon or Mr. Livermore but that you may see how small the probability is of our cooperating in this business if it should be attempted—

Considering the station in which my fellow citizens have placed me—the exertions I have made in support of our Federal Government—the circumstances above mentioned and others which it is not necessary to mention an attempt on my part to cooperate in this business in the way in which I understood it, would be a greater deduction from self-respect than any other public act of my life.—You are pleased to mention that you had relied upon the character I have supported for patriotism and love of our Government—my conduct in these particulars is public and I trust will bear the strictest scrutiny, but surely a cooperation with Mr. Lang-

don could not furnish any additional evidence of these sentiments.

You mention that the course of reference to the senators has been pursued by several other states which are named—of this I do not complain, the administrators of the Government will judge the best method for obtaining their object—but sir what probability is there of this mode answering the most valuable purpose in New Hampshire—what characters (if any) is it probable Mr. Langdon will recommend.

Messrs Peabody and Cass are my particular friends—reside in the same town—are highly capable of furnishing the names of suitable officers and are willing to exert themselves to serve the public—I shew them Mr. Livermore's letter to me with the copy of yours to him, believe they are at some loss to know what Mr. Livermore expects from them and have wrote him on the subject—

With due respect I am Sir

Your Hum. Servt.

J. T. GILMAN

The Honorable

James McHenry

## Easter Lilies

*By L. J. H. Frost*

O Easter Lilies pure and fair,  
Shedding your perfume on the air;  
A fitting type ye seem to be  
Of Heaven's celestial purity.

Hidden beneath the winter's snow,  
Your faithful hearts were all aglow;  
Waiting to hear the Master say—  
Come forth and bloom on Easter Day.

O Easter Lilies, sweet and white,  
Clothed in your stainless robes of light;  
Would that my soul might be like thee,  
From earth's defilement ever free.

Your presence cheers my fainting heart,  
Bidding each doubt and fear depart;  
Ye bring to me without a word,  
Sweet memories of my risen Lord.

# A Prelude to Spring

*By Louise Lewin Matthews*

Soft through the air in musical rhyme  
Rings out a chord from the book of time,  
Notes of a sweet Spring lay.

We hear it athwart the coppled trees,  
Blown by the wind of a wily breeze,  
Up from the south astray.

Clearer and nearer it floats o'er the land,  
From the fallow fields to the pulsing strand,  
Echoes it far away.

Finished the prelude, comes now the song,  
Measure on measure its notes prolong.  
Greeting the April day.

BLUE HILL, MILTON, MASS.

# Beyond

*By Laura Garland Carr*

Beyond the clouds, beyond the stars,  
Beyond the ken of mortal sight,  
Beyond material bonds and bars  
The thought of man takes daring flight,  
And unrestrained, unhampered, there  
Builds itself castles in the air.

The very best that thought can hold  
Into these castle walls are wrought,  
Ethereal gems, ethereal gold,  
Ethereal tints from cloud mists caught.  
But man's own limitations cramp,  
They all must bear the earthly stamp.

I'm glad our heavenly mansions grand—  
The Christian's hope, the Christian's trust,  
Are builded by no mortal hand,  
Are tarnished by no earthly dust;  
That they are planned, fashioned and decked  
By no earth tutored architect.

# New Hampshire Necrology

## WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

William O. Clough, a well-known journalist of Nashua, died in that city, March 25, 1906.

He was a son of John K. and Ellen L. (Libbey) Clough, born in Gray, Me., July 14, 1840, and two years later removed with his parents to Meredith in this state. His grandfather, Oliver Clough, had been a resident of Henniker and served in the Revolutionary Army under Col. Alexander Scammell. At the age of 16 William O. went to Boston and was variously engaged there until 1869, when he went to Nashua and became city editor of the *Telegraph*, continuing till 1892, when he entered the service of the *New Hampshire Republican*, continuing until its suspension a year later. In 1895 he purchased a controlling interest in the *Nashua Gazette*, changed its politics to Republican and its name to the *Nashua Press*, and continued its publication until 1903, when he sold to William C. Hill, but again assumed its control a year later, continuing till June, 1905, when the paper was merged in the *Telegraph* and he became political editor of the latter. For a long series of years he was the Nashua correspondent of the *Boston Journal*.

In 1876 he was appointed by Mayor Charles Williams city marshal of Nashua and held the office until 1881. In 1878 Governor Cheney commissioned him associate justice of the Nashua police court, which post he held at the time of his death. He served on the board of assessors from 1894 to 1897. He served the city 13 years as principal of an evening school. He was one of the organizers of the Indian Head Mutual Fire Insurance Company at the time the foreign companies all left New Hampshire on account of the enactment of the valued policy law. He was prominent in Masonry, having taken all the degrees to and including the 32d. Politically he was an ardent Republican and in religion an Episcopalian.

He married, January 16, 1868, Julia, daughter of Jonathan and Hanuah (Sleeper) Moore, who was a sister of the late Congressman Orrin C. Moore of Nashua. Two daughters, Mrs. Charlotte Moore Cornish and Miss Christine Rolfe Clough, both of whom survive, were born to the marriage.

## HON. ASA P. MORSE.

Asa Porter Morse, born in Haverhill, N. H., September 1, 1818, died in Cambridge, Mass., March 18, 1906.

He was the son of Daniel and Sarah

Morse and a lineal descendant in the seventh generation of Anthony Morse, who came from Marlborough, England, and settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1635. On attaining his majority he went to Boston and began business as a book-keeper in the house of Hayward & Morse, who were engaged in the West India trade. He soon accumulated sufficient capital to start in business for himself, and in supplying planters in the West Indies with goods, and later manufacturing staves for shipment to Cadiz and shooks for the West Indies, he laid the foundation of the fortune of which he afterward became possessed.

In 1845 he removed to Cambridge. He was a member of the Cambridge school board for 15 years, an alderman in 1866, member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1869 and 1873, and state senator in 1879 and 1880. While a senator he was chairman of the joint committee on prisons which revised the entire system of prison supervision. He was made chairman of the special commission appointed in 1879 on convict law.

Mr. Morse was president of the Cambridgeport National Bank for 16 years, up to March, 1905, when the institution was succeeded by the Central Trust Company, in which he became a director. He was also a trustee of the Cambridgeport Savings Bank and had been a director in the Cambridge Hospital and Cambridge Fire Insurance Company. He was a large holder of real estate in Cambridge, including several valuable blocks on Massachusetts Avenue and a number of large apartment houses. He built the handsome new home for the Central Trust Company, recently completed.

He was married, July 13, 1845, to Dorcas Louisa, daughter of Thomas W. and Elizabeth Short. Mrs. Morse died in 1864, leaving two children, who also survive their father, Miss Velma M. Morse, and Mary Louise, wife of Charles W. Jones, president of the New England National Bank of Boston.

## HON. HENRY F. MARSTON.

Henry F. Marston, first mayor of the City of Berlin died at his home in that city, March 16, 1906.

He was a native of Orrington, Me., son of William and Lucy (Higgins) Marston, born July 5, 1837. He worked at lumbering in early life and served 11 months in the Union Army in the Twentieth Maine Regiment in the War of the Rebellion, being wounded in the battle of Irish Bend and soon after discharged. He entered the employ of the Berlin Mills Com-

pany when it commenced business in Berlin, and remained in its service nine years, when he built the Cascade House and became its landlord. This he sold in 1889 and soon after built the Berlin House, which he ran until about three years ago. He had served as selectman, town treasurer and county commissioner for two terms, and when Berlin became a city was elected mayor and re-elected at the next election.

Mr. Marston was a Free Mason, Odd Fellow and member of the G. A. R. He was a liberal supporter of the Universalist church in Berlin and an active Democrat.

He married Mary J. McGown of Ellsworth, Me., in 1858, who died in March, 1904. One son, Harry, survives.

#### HON. PHINEAS AYER.

Phineas Ayer, born in Haverhill, N. H., May 17, 1828, died at Duluth, Minn., February 28, 1906.

He was a son of Perley and Mary E. (Worthen) Ayer and a graduate of Dartmouth College of the class of 1852; read law with the late Judge Henry A. Bellows and graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1854, one of his classmates being Hon. Joseph H. Choate. He practised in Boston for some years taking a leading position at the bar; but ultimately went West and had long been prominent in legal circles in Duluth, where he was judge of probate for St. Louis County for 12 years and a commanding figure in the business life of the community.

#### MRS. JESSE A. GOVE.—A TRIBUTE.

Maria Louise Sherburne, born in Concord, December 17, 1830; married Col. Jesse A. Gove, United States Army, October 6, 1852; died in Concord, February 24, 1906.

Mrs. Gove was the companion of three generations—her own, of which she was a conspicuous leader; the succeeding, of which she was an elder sister; and a third, the young child life of Concord, in whose ambitions and pleasures she took constant delight. It would be difficult to say with which of the three she was the most popular. The most striking tribute to her fascination was the frequent calls made upon her by the children of the neighborhood. When wearied with their plays and perhaps out of sorts with one another, a call on Mrs. Gove rekindled their flagging interest and restored harmony. The joy she gave to the children

was only equalled by her pleasure in having these juvenile companions about her.

In the social life of Concord she was, for almost half a century, a welcome addition to any circle, and her adaptability fitted in with company of any age. For years no old ladies' gathering was complete without her, yet for quite a period she was the youngest attendant at such gatherings. The young people included her in their invitations long after she ceased to go to general social functions, and, to the time of her last illness, these representatives of the life and activity of Concord continually gathered about her.

Her charm was that she lived constantly in the present, while always cherishing a pleasant memory of the past. Blessed with a strong constitution, she was ever buoyant, radiating sunshine. In her early married life she bore with animation all the hardships of frontier army life, when the frontier meant vastly more of privation than it does today. This was undoubtedly her training school to cheerfulness, a quality that never left her. Her bereavement in the Civil War, when her husband, Colonel Gove, gave his life for his country, would have permanently saddened a nature less strong and resolute. But she took the burden this loss imposed with a courage and fortitude which not only surmounted her own trials, but which gave out help and sympathy to those similarly afflicted in that trying period of our history.

Positive in her convictions and frank in expressing her views, she never courted popularity, yet there were few of the permanent residents of Concord who were not drawn to Mrs. Gove by her winning personality, and who did not bear her a warm affection. To those who enjoyed her friendship, their interests were her interests, their joys and sorrows she shared, and her heart went out to them in smiles or tears, as they were blessed or troubled.

Her loyalty to her church was unsurpassed and her religion was exemplified in many quiet charities and a constant helping hand. The friends who will miss her and mourn her loss will now recall many incidents where her cheerful spirit has smoothed over rough places or her face has lighted up with the news of their happiness. Perhaps their pleasantest thought of her will be that until almost the last there was no cessation of her activities, and that a life which had scattered so many smiles passed out without suffering as one passes from wakefulness into sleep.

J. O. L.



## Editor and Publisher's Notes

Of the 235 cities and towns of New Hampshire comparatively few—not more than one fourth at the most—have a written and published history worthy the name. There have been issued publications of limited scope and fragmentary nature, bearing upon the history of many other towns in the state; but more than half of the entire number are as yet without anything that even passes for a published history. It is certainly to be regretted that the people in so large a proportion of our towns are so negligent or indifferent in this matter. While in some the work of preparing histories is under way, in many more no definite steps have been taken, and through the death of old residents, who might have contributed valuable information, serious losses are constantly occurring. One of the most complete, comprehensive, systematically arranged and carefully edited town histories which has ever appeared in the state is that just issued by the town of Plymouth, the preparation of which, since the death, in March, 1902, of Rev. Moses T. Runnels, who had commenced the work and made considerable progress on the genealogical portion, has been in the hands of Hon. Ezra S. Stearns, now of Fitchburg, Mass., formerly secretary of state, who edited the comprehensive histories of Rindge, N. H.,—his native town,—and Ashburnham, Mass. The work is embraced in two volumes; the story, or narrative, in 35 chapters, with comprehensive index of subjects and names, occupying the first volume of 632 pages, handsomely illustrated with pictures of scenery and buildings; and the very full genealogy, the second volume, of 800 pages. The inception of this work dates back only to 1895, when the town first voted to publish a his-

tory, and raised a committee to have general direction of the work, and it was not until four years later that the plan took definite shape and a historian was engaged. The death of Mr. Runnels, when the work was fairly under way, necessitated delay; but the committee were especially fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Stearns, as is amply demonstrated by the expedition with which a work of such arduous nature has been brought to a conclusion, and the eminently satisfactory character of the work itself. The town of Plymouth is to be congratulated that its honorable record has at last been given to the public in form and manner commensurate with its merit.

An important movement for the promotion of the business life of the central and northern sections of the state has been inaugurated in the establishment of an early morning train service, by the Boston & Maine Railroad, between Boston and Manchester, via Lawrence, the same connecting with the early paper train north from Manchester. This will bring the Boston papers to all points served at the same hour at which the Manchester *Union* has heretofore arrived and when a mail service is added, as will doubtless soon be the case, the resulting advantage will be materially enhanced.

The recent announcement of the completion of arrangements by a lumber company, for the denudation of Sunapee Mountain of a large portion of its forest growth is an emphatic reminder to all friends of forest preservation in the state that no time should be lost in the development of plans for the prevention of such devastating operations.

2020



**Helen Peabody, First President of Western College, Oxford, Ohio**

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## Helen Peabody and Western College

*By Curtis B. Childs*

On Sunday, October 6, 1905, in the cosy home at Pasadena, Cal., where were passed her declining years, after a life of earnest and successful effort in promoting the higher education of her sex, the soul of Helen Peabody, for 37 years president of Western College for Women, at Oxford, O., familiarly known as the "Mount Holyoke of the West," was freed from mortal limitations, and passed on to higher fields of effort and achievement. No woman in America had done more for the noble cause in which she labored. None will be longer or more gratefully remembered by those who have that cause at heart, particularly in the great central West.

Miss Peabody, like many more among the best representatives of American womanhood, and the most earnest workers in the varied fields of human progress, was a native of the old Granite State, having her birthplace in the town of Newport, in Sullivan County, wherein were born several other women, not to mention its notable men, who have won high rank among the world's great workers. Here Sarah J. Hale (Sarah Josepha Buell), the pioneer of American women in the domain of literature, was born and reared, and began the career which bore grand results in her 40 years' editorship of *Godey's Lady's Book*. Here, too, was born Malvina Chapin, one of the

first alumnae of Mt. Holyoke (graduating in 1842), who, immediately upon graduation, married the Rev. George Rowell and sailed with him around Cape Horn—the first of American missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, doing noble and successful work for the uplift of the natives for more than half a century; and here, also, was the early home of Marion McGregor Christopher, one of the greatest of American female musicians, who was for 25 years organist in Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.

HELEN PEABODY was the youngest of 14 children of Ammi Peabody<sup>1</sup>, born in Newport, May 6, 1826. She

<sup>1</sup> Ammi Peabody was a descendant in direct line from Lieut. Francis Peabody, of St. Albans, Hertfordshire, England, who was born in 1614, came to this country in the ship *Planter* in 1635, resided for a time in Ipswich, Mass., and finally settled permanently in Topsfield, in that state. His father, Jedediah, resided in Boxford, and there he was born, July 4, 1769. He came to Henniker, N. H., when 12 years of age, remaining until 25, when he made his home in Newport. He was twice married, first to Patty Rice of Henniker, who died leaving two daughters, and afterward to Sarah Johnson of Claremont, who was the mother of twelve children, and bore the brunt of the battle of life, inasmuch as her husband, who had lost the sight of one eye in youth, subsequently became totally blind, through the effects of typhoid fever, so that the oversight of the farm and the care of the children practically devolved upon her. Among these children were: Maria, who became the wife of Dutton Woods of Concord; Charles, who graduated from Dartmouth College in 1839 and Union Theological Seminary in 1845, and was for many years prominently connected with the American Tract Society, and who resided during his last years with his sister at Pasadena, Cal., where he died some three years since; Leonard W., a well-known physician of Epsom and Henniker, who died in 1899, and Dexter, next older than Helen, who remained on the old home farm in Newport, where he died some five years since.



Helen Peabody Hall, Main Building, Western College

early developed a strong taste for study, as well as a deeply religious nature. After improving all the limited advantages which the district school afforded in those days, her ambition for further knowledge was gratified through a course at Kimball Union Academy in Meriden, which her brothers devotedly aided her in



Helen Peabody at 40

securing, and this was followed by attendance at Mt. Holyoke Seminary (as it was then known), the pioneer institution for the higher education of women in this country, from which she graduated with high honor in 1848. She was one of the favorite students of the founder and long time principal of this notable institution, Mary Lyon—a woman after her own heart—and for several years after graduation continued at Mt. Holyoke as a member of the teaching force.

Western College for Women, at Oxford, O., was originally established as the "Western Female Seminary." As is set forth in the opening chapter of a memorial volume issued in commemoration of the 25th anniversary

of the institution, "it first suggested itself to the minds of a few earnest Christian spirits living at Oxford, led by Rev. and Mrs. Tenney. Contemplating the life of Mary Lyon, catching the inspiration of its motive power, knowing the needs and aspirations of Western young women of limited means for higher mental culture; realizing the need that this be consecrated Christian culture, the conviction forced itself upon these men and women that Mt. Holyoke, founded through the instrumentality of Mary Lyon, at South Hadley, Mass., should be duplicated in the West."

The founders secured a charter in 1853, a beautiful site of 30 acres, adjacent to the town, was donated by a generous friend (the grounds having been since increased to more than two hundred acres), and the work of raising funds and erecting a building progressed. Meanwhile, the principal and faculty of Mt. Holyoke were consulted and interested in the enterprise and the new institution patterned after that to such extent that it has ever been generally known as the "Mt. Holyoke of the West." The building was completed and dedicated September 20, 1855, and the institution simultaneously opened for work. Helen Peabody, who was then residing temporarily with her brother Charles in St. Louis, had been chosen as the head of the faculty, which was made up of Mt. Holyoke women, and the institution entered upon its career of usefulness and honor, its primary purpose the education of the hearts, the hands and the brains of the young women of the West, and for a full half century (its golden jubilee having been observed last year) it has nobly done its work.

The institution has met with disaster and loss. The buildings have twice been destroyed by fire, but its friends have rallied with new zeal, and each time it has risen, phoenix-like from its ashes, larger, stronger

and better equipped than before. It has sent out many hundred graduates, all over the West, and to other parts of the world, and has now a well-balanced faculty, of about twenty-five members, with nearly three hundred students from many states, in its different classes and courses. Many Eastern women, including a number from the Granite State, have held places in the faculty. Among these was Elizabeth K. Peabody, a niece of Helen Peabody, and daughter of Dr. Leonard W. Peabody of Henniker, herself a graduate of the



The Front Porch of Main Hall

institution of the class of 1866, who, after teaching at Northwood (N. H.) Academy, at Mt. Holyoke and at Cleveland, was a teacher at Western for seven years from 1868, teaching mathematics, science and English. She is now the wife of Rev. William Wilmer, residing at Williamsport, Ind. Miss Ellen Blakely, formerly of Lakeport, and Miss Caroline Johnson Porter, daughter of Gen. Howard L. Porter, then of Concord, were each for a few years, though at different times, members of the faculty, which at present includes Miss Harriet E. Glazier of Landaff in this state, who has been the efficient head of the department of mathematics since the autumn of 1897, and Miss Louise Wallace, daughter of Dr. Wallace of Nashua, who is assistant in the department of biology.

For 33 years, from 1855 to 1888,

Helen Peabody was the head of this noble institution, which, like its prototype at South Hadley, developed from a seminary into a college. She was to it all that Mary Lyon was to Mt. Holyoke and more, for her service extended over a far longer period. Her influence in developing the mental and moral natures of the young women, stimulating their ambition and molding their character for good was strong and all-persuasive, and will be felt for generations to come. She loved "Western" and its children, gave thereto the best of heart, mind and soul, and could not be tempted to service elsewhere by any offer or appeal. When the Durants were planning Wellesley they sought her service as the head of the new institution, which has since grown to such magnificent proportions, but she could not be persuaded to leave the college in which her love was centered. She gave them the benefit of her experience, made many useful suggestions that were embodied in the plans, laid the keystone in the arch of the entrance to the main building, and sent a cherished member of her own faculty, Ada L. Howard, herself a New Hampshire girl, born in the town of Temple, and also a Mt. Holyoke graduate, to be the president of the promising new institution, with which Western has always maintained the most cordial and intimate relations.

Miss Peabody retired from active labor in 1888, as president emeritus, and thereafter enjoyed a restful life, traveling in this country and in the Orient, and finally establishing herself in a beautiful home at Pasadena, Cal., where, in the land of perpetual summer, her days were spent until, on Sunday, the 8th day of October, 1905, she calmly passed "over the river."

On Tuesday following her death a fitting memorial service in honor of Miss Peabody was held in the college chapel at "Western." On the 6th

day of the present month—the 80th anniversary of her birth—another appropriate service will there be held by the trustees, faculty and alumnæ of the institution, and her ashes deposited in a simple monument, erected by her relatives of the Peabody family, on the college grounds.

Perhaps no more fitting tribute to Helen Peabody can be presented than the following from the *Chicago Interior*, from the pen of Mrs. Lelia S. McKee Welsh, now of Kansas City, who succeeded her as president of Western College, holding the position until her resignation in 1904, when she was succeeded by the present ac-

complished head of the institution, Lilian Wycoff Johnson, Ph. D.: of the Western College were primarily of Eastern origin, and it was no easy task to implant them in Western soil. Miss Peabody found a chaotic condition of affairs within the new college, and indifference, misunderstanding, and even hostility in the world without. It was hers to evolve order from chaos, to complete the unfinished building, to collect equipment, to attract students, to raise money, to form an entirely new clientèle, to make an atmosphere.

Not least among the necessary qualities for a successful executive in any office, but especially for the president of a young and struggling college, is the ability to make one dollar do the work of two. The Western College has passed through several periods of storm and stress. Twice the main building was destroyed by fire, the Civil War meant dis-



Panorama of Buildings of Western College

tion and loss in the ranks of a college so near the boundary line of the Southern States. Through all these difficulties, with the aid of wise and generous trustees, a strong faculty, and loyal alumnæ and friends, Miss Peabody safely conducted the young institution, bringing it out into a larger place each time, and finally handing it over to her successor free from debt, and with a moderate endowment. With such a foundation, enlargement was natural and necessary. The rapid growth of the college in every way since 1888, during which time the number of students has doubled, and the buildings, the campus, the library, and the general equipment have been multiplied by three, has been made possible only by the careful work of the first "master builder."

Many tributes have been paid to the memory of that noble woman, Miss Helen Peabody, lately deceased in Pasadena, the home of her old age, but there remains to be spoken a word from one who was a student under her administration, and afterwards her successor in the administration office, who for these reasons can speak, perhaps, more sympathetically, and at the same time more comprehensively than any other.

From this view-point there were four or five marked characteristics which combined to make unusually successful Miss Peabody's long administration of a third of a century, as president of the Western College at Oxford, Ohio.

First of all, she had the power to understand a situation and to make herself mistress of it—to make plans and to execute them. The foundation principles

Another *sine qua non* of the successful college president is a big, warm heart, and this Miss Peabody had. Many a homesick girl will remember the sym-



pathy that expressed itself in the warm hand-clasp and the loving words of welcome which met her at the very threshold of her college life, and which went with her, not only through her college career, but throughout life. Can any one of the girls forget the customary ending of her letters during those last quiet sunset years, "Yours in old-time and all-time love"?

Not everyone was privileged to see and understand her keen sense of humor, though occasional flashes appeared now and then in those well-remembered hall talks, driving home in the cleverest way some very apparent, and perhaps homely principle in etiquette or morals. For in everyday, practical, didactic instruction Miss Peabody was mistress *par excellence*. Girls from the most refined and cultured homes learned from her new lessons in the art of living, saw deeper than the surface meanings of ordinary conduct, and grew to understand with Sir Philip Sidney, that true politeness consists in "high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

Miss Peabody had, from the beginning, a clear vision of the purpose and scope of the college. On the first diploma granted was inscribed: "Lord, what wilt

thou have me to do?"—a question engraved on every diploma the institution has ever given. The personal answer to this question, which no thoughtful student of hers could ever escape, sent hundreds into definite Christian work in church and school in the home and foreign field, and thousands into earnest Christian homes, beautified and ennobled by the rare graces of Christian wifehood and motherhood.

Last of all, Miss Peabody was a woman of strong and deep religious convictions. Heart, soul, mind and strength she consecrated unreservedly to the service of God. Duty to her was the handmaiden of God. She did not distinguish between the secular and the religious—all was religious. She often quoted those famous words of her teacher and friend, Mary Lyon, "I fear nothing in the universe but that I may not know my duty, or may fail to do it."

Her oft-repeated prayer was the key to her character and life: "Send me anywhere, only go with me; put any burden upon me, only sustain me; sever any tie but that which binds me to thy heart, and to thy service." God's record alone can disclose the full fruitage of her life.

## Now and Then

*By L. J. H. Frost*

Now and then the sun shines out  
And the vaulted skies are a perfect blue;  
Now and then through clouds of doubt  
We catch a glimpse of heavenly hue:  
And hope's bright star looms up the skies  
As now and then our spirits rise.

Now and then along the way  
We find a spot where flowers bloom;  
Now and then the dawning day  
Dispels the midnight's dark and gloom:  
And we gather blossoms kissed with dew  
As now and then our dreams come true.

Now and then within our own  
We take the hand of a steadfast friend;  
Now and then the cheering tone  
Of Love with Faith is heard to blend:  
And we barter dross for purest gold  
As now and then true hearts we hold.

# The Milford Woman's Club

One of the Most Progressive Organizations of the Kind  
in New Hampshire

*By Mrs. Grace M. Rotch*

The first meeting of the Milford Woman's Club was held at the home of Col. W. B. Rotch one exceedingly rainy day in November, 1895, when 32 ladies answered to the written invitations sent out calling for coöperation in the formation of that body. At that meeting the draft for the constitution and by-laws was presented by Mrs. Rotch, and officers for the year were elected. Those first officers were:

*President*—Mrs. Grace M. Rotch.

*Vice-President*—Mrs. Laura Smith.

*Secretary and Treasurer*—Mrs. Ellen McLane.

*Directors*—Mrs. Josephine French, Mrs. Kate Ordway, Miss Sarah Bird.

*Musical Committee*—Mrs. Kate Ordway, Mrs. Emilie Farnsworth.

It was rapid work which prepared the program and had it in working order, with published calendars, in two weeks' time, but November 23 marks the opening of the venture, when a body of 64 ladies met in Golden Cross Hall to "mend our speech lest it mar our fortunes." The constitution and by-laws were revised, the plans of the year discussed, a talk about an interesting trip to Atlanta was given by Mrs. Lull, and the doings of the world at large were briefly reported by Mrs. Willis Emerson, and a little music lightened the tedium of what was of necessity mostly a business meeting. After that, the year was spent very happily in the study of the geography, politics, music, art and legends of our Mother Country, England. It and the succeeding year were almost wholly years of "home talent."

There was great interest and enthusiasm, and the object for which the club was formed, *i. e.*, study and kindly fellowship, seemed to be fulfilled.

Everyone was interested to hear the outcome of the next program and to find, perhaps, that there were wits which were keen, which she had not suspected before. It brought together the women from all the churches and obliterated the sectarian attitude. We could not afford many lecturers. Our dues were only 75 cents per capita in those first two years, and we were taxed 25 cents for the accomplishment of Gentlemen's Night—not a great fund with which to pay rents, printing bills, teas and a reception. Nevertheless we did have lecturers and teas and an enthusiastic lot of husbands and club women after the reception of that first year.

It meant an immense amount of work to be done, but I truly think we never had more satisfactory meetings than in those first years, when there was very little parliamentary law, when nothing was cut and dried, when all had a share in the decisions, when each member was obliged to work out her own problem and submit the solution to the whole body. There was no caterer for that first Gentlemen's Night, but each woman fitted out her own table with—what? Chipped dishes and stale cakes, served by clumsy and inattentive waiters? Not at all; but the daintiest of linen and old china and silver and gracious serving of home cookery. Caterers to clean up the after-part? Bless you, no! To that I can

swear, for the president and one faithful member with her devoted husband, washed and cleaned and sorted and delivered dishes and odds and ends all that next cold, slushy, rainy day. Even the janitor was not in evidence.



**Mrs. Grace M. Rotch**  
*President, 1895-'97*

The entertainment, given in merry derision of the men, was an original farce written by Miss Ella Powers, wherein was set forth in burlesque all the things we were supposed to have done and had never been guilty of. "A Model Session of the Woman's Club," it was called. The music was furnished by a double quartet of club members, an organization which has held together for the whole 10 years of the club's history, under the name of the octette. In such a paper as this it is only just to that group of ladies, to say that they have individually and collectively, as members of the octette, put more time and strength and study, patience, forbearance and money into their part than any other individual or committee in the club. It is also

only just to the club at large to say that they have valued those labors, and have expressed in many ways their appreciation.

It goes without saying that there is acquaintance and good fellowship among them. Eight women could not sing amiably together for 10 years without that. The credit for the formation and holding together this group in organized form belongs to Mrs. Harriet E. Kaley, whose interest and energies have never flagged or been withheld. The names of the ladies of the octette are Mrs. Edith W. Cheyne, Mrs. Harriet E. Kaley, Mrs. K. Maude Hinds, Mrs. Kate E. Ordway, Mrs. Ethel L. Young, Mrs. Bertha M. Sawyer, Mrs. G. Gertrude Jewett, Mrs. Grace M. Rotch.



**Mrs. Ellen L. McLane**  
*President, 1897-'99*

One other feature creditable to those years of small beginnings was a little exhibition of line engravings, half-tones and reproductions in black and white, of pictures famous in the great galleries of the world. It was given simply to prove that no one, however isolated or poor, need to be

unfamiliar with the spirit and work of great masters; that every mail held treasure-trove if one only would take and appropriate it. Some months of labor was put into the cutting, sorting, mounting and numbering and labeling the hundreds of pic-

brilliant advertising scheme and art exhibit in Boston and in various cities. The idea was immediately seized and wrought out by the Perry Picture Company, and in its wake came the Brown prints and Cosmos and others, whose splendid work have placed in all the homes and schools of this country, pictures of almost all the renowned paintings, sculptures and famous buildings of the world. Our club feels a little justifiable pride in this bit of its history.

Field Day has been one of the institutions in the Milford Club from the first. The first gathering of the sort was held at the home of the president. There were 100 members present. The second year, it was at the home of Mrs. Henry H. Barber.



**Mrs. Harriet E. Kaley**  
*President, 1899-1901*

tures used. It was very attractive when finally hung in the little chapel to which the rapidly growing club had removed. Mr. Walter Chaloner of Boston kindly loaned a number of his best water colors to give color to our exhibit. Now for the result:

Mr. Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, was spending a few weeks in town when this was in preparation. He was much interested and offered artist proofs for our use, and advised sending to Harper Bros. and others for the same, saying, "It is a splendid idea, and one profitable to every publication represented." But we were only using daily manna, such as fell to our lot every day. Then adopting our idea, Mr. Bok gave the beautiful exhibition of *Home Journal* work as a



**Mrs. Sarah G. Knight**  
*President, 1901-'02*

There were 140 present. The club had been rapidly growing and it was becoming unwieldy. It was difficult to arrange and assign parts for programs, and difficult to house so large a body, and difficult to find means to support it, so it was decided to limit the membership to 150 work-



**Mrs. Ella M. Wallace**  
*President, 1902-'03*

ing members and 10 honorary members, to allow a waiting list, and to raise the membership fee to \$2.00 a year. The club was federated in February, 1896. A "president's message" was read at the close of the second year, wherein it was recommended that we adopt the plan of taking a collection at Thanksgiving time, the sum raised to be used for philanthropic purposes; that a day be set apart in the club year for the entertainment of the children; that one day be held for reciprocity with other clubs. Mrs. Ellen McLane was elected president for the next two years, and all of those recommendations were courteously included in the next year's program, with added features of Teacher's Day and two new committees—a social committee and a philanthropic committee.

Club members and members of other clubs all over the state remember with great pleasure and pride the success of those two years' administration, which was near enough to the beginnings to hold the home element and far enough away from the restric-

tions to give liberty to the social spirit of hospitality, which was within our midst. And Mrs. McLane was pre-eminently the one who could carry out that spirit. Besides the Gentlemen's Night, we entertained the State Federation with all it brought of earnestness and festivity; our lectures were more frequent and they were



**Mrs. Susan H. Kendall**  
*President, 1903-'04*

open to the public upon the payment of a small fee, a custom which still obtains. The plan of limiting the number and expense of club teas was wisely adopted. The offices of treasurer and secretary were vested in two persons instead of one, after the first year, and auditors were appointed.

Mrs. Harriet E. Kaley was our next president. She made an interesting feature in the calendar by having printed in it a brief résumé of the especial pleasures of the previous year, putting these annals in such concise form and classification that it all lay open and ready at hand. We find there that there were 12 members on the waiting list in 1899; the names of the guests of honor and what these

guests brought to us; the lectures on miscellaneous and especial themes; the specialties of social events, such as the reception given by Mrs. McLane at her home, the courtesies of other clubs, etc., and the wider interests developed, which is shown by devoting the sum of \$10.00 for the purchase of a photograph for the town library and of \$35.00 for the purchase of a cabinet for birds and minerals for the High School.

Mrs. Sarah G. Knight succeeded Mrs. Kaley in the president's chair. We find new interests and wider growth indicated in the list of committees, for added to the social, musical and philanthropic committees we find those for folklore, current events, and reportorial work,—fact and fancy joining hands apparently.



**Mrs. Annie E. Hutchinson**  
*President*

In this year (1901) we find no Children's Day. It was not practical. In fact it was, for us, at least, almost impossible; therefore it was dropped. There were some delightful afternoons with nature studies and discussions, some colonial re-

search and a quaint dramatization of Cranford, that quaintest of books.

Mrs. Knight was unable to serve a second year, much to the regret of all, and Mrs. Ella Wallace took up the gavel as presiding officer, with Mrs. Susan H. Kendall as her vice-president. Again we find an added committee. I think the brown-tail moth was responsible for it. At any rate, the brown-tail and the new committee on forestry came in at the same time.

We find that our members had been far afield during the vacation, for the year opens with a report from the "Biennial" at Los Angeles, by Mrs. Susan Bartlett, "Recollections of the Charleston Exposition," by Mrs. Adelaide Foster, and the report of the Library Association in Canada by our town librarian, Miss Rebecca Doane. We find a new interest in the afternoon with Arts and Crafts, to which neighboring clubs were invited. There was a fine exhibition of basketry and embroidery. Over three hundred were present that afternoon, all of whom were served with tea and dainties by little girls dressed



**Mrs. Mary E. Titus**  
*Vice-President*



**Octette—Milford Woman's Club**

<i>Mrs. Harriet E. Kaley</i>	<i>Mrs. Ethel L. Young</i>		
<i>Mrs. K. Maude Hinds</i>	<i>Mrs. Kate A. Ordway</i>	<i>Mrs. C. Gertrude Jewett</i>	<i>Mrs. Bertha M. Sawyer</i>
<i>Mrs. Edith W. Cheyne</i>	<i>Mrs. Grace M. Rotch</i>		

like Japanese maidens, who flitted over an arched bridge and stepped under blossoming cherry trees just as they do in the pictures.

The ladies who have been appointed hostesses for the various afternoons have always borne in mind the artistic possibilities of the subject in hand and there have been Dutch and Swedish, Colonial, Russian and Japanese maids and matrons in costume, with Edam cheese and pretzels, zweiback and coffee, pop corn and apples, fried pies and cider, Russian tea and sweets, candied fruits and cherry blossoms and wistarias to make the menus complete. While these teas are primarily for the social side of club life, nevertheless they have not been without their educational value.

The home element was quite strongly accented in Mrs. Wallace's year of administration. Home accomplishments, Old Home Week, Town Improvement, Responsibility to Home and Town, and lectures and music largely by home people. Hon. Charles H. Burns (a Milford boy), lectured on "Early Days of Milford" and Dr. H. S. Hutchinson, a local physician, and a great lover of "God's out-of-doors," lectured on the "Natural Gifts of Field and Forest."

Once more we can record but one year's service of a retiring president. Mrs. Susan Kendall followed Mrs. Wallace and brought to the club a program of study concerning all sorts of national and international affairs. Aside from the club program, there were one or two afternoons unique in club annals, *i. e.*, when upon arrival of the news of the burning of the Home for Feeble-Minded Children, we all went to the house of the president and made and repaired garments, new and old. It was an old-fashioned thimble party when we all patched and darned and cut and tore and put together again. It would have delighted Grover Cleveland's heart to have seen us. What is that poor man afraid of, any way?

Following the custom of the club, Mrs. Kendall was succeeded in office by her second vice-president, Mrs. Annie Hutchinson, Mrs. Annie Heald having resigned her office of vice-president at the close of her first year of service, feeling that she had not the health to warrant her in assuming the cares of club president later. It has always been an understood condition in our club that the vice-president should be heir apparent to the president's chair.



Mrs. Emma A. Fiske  
*Secretary*

Under Mrs. Hutchinson, the club has recently celebrated its tenth anniversary, when several of the Federation officers, and all the past presidents with the exception of Mrs. Ella Wallace, were present. There was a large attendance. After the reception by these officials of the club members, all sat down to a delicious luncheon, most daintily served. There was a word of greeting from the president and a toast responded to by each past president and one ex-secretary, Mrs. W. F. French. Mrs. Har-



riet E. Kaley was toastmistress on that occasion.

The officers who have affairs in charge for 1905-'06, are:

*President*—Mrs. Annie E. Hutchinson.

*Vice-President*—Mrs. Mary E. Titus.

*Secretary*—Mrs. Emma A. Fiske.

*Treasurer*—Mrs. Grace H. Baker.

*Directors*—Mrs. Kate H. Birney, Mrs. Kate A. Ordway, Mrs. Edith B. Hutchinson.

The year has held out the usual good things in its hands for us. Each year seems to bring a further fulfill-

ment that is best in the social life of the town. From unpretentious beginnings, it has grown in membership and influence and is now one of the largest clubs in the State Federation, and one of the foremost organizations of its kind in the state, and in New England.

During the administrations of its different presidents, it has been instrumental in bringing to Milford some of the best lecturers of the country. Many pleasant afternoons have been spent in the company of such ladies as Mabel Loomis Todd, Margaret Deland, May Alden Ward, Kate Sanborn and Alice Freeman Palmer, and such gentlemen as Leon Vincent, Professor Horne, Henry Bailey, Dr. Charles Eastman, Schuyler Matthews and many other good lecturers, who would not have been heard here but for the effort of the club. The many social afternoons and teas, and the evenings when the gentlemen have been invited, have become an established feature in the social arrangements of the year, and are among the most enjoyable ones. The club has perhaps served its greatest usefulness in bringing together different people of the town into one non-sectarian federation, with the definite purpose of "kindly fellowship."

In this it has been singularly successful and has accomplished what no other organization could accomplish, or even attempt. It has more than fulfilled its mission in this respect. It has done more than broaden the mental horizon of its members. It has stimulated mental activity and opened new vistas; it has given an opportunity for the display of literary ability among its members not before recognized or suspected; it has led to closer and better acquaintance in all things that make for the best interest of a town and community. What is better yet, its work is not ended, but just commenced, and we expect to see it accomplish as much or more in the future as it has in its 10 years of past.



Mrs. Grace H. Baker  
*Treasurer*

ment of the primary object of the club's foundation—"to promote acquaintance and kindly fellowship among Milford women and to broaden by concerted effort the mental horizon of each member."

How well this progressive club has fulfilled its mission and lived up to the standard then set, this record of the past 10 years bears witness. The club has and does today, stand for all

# New Hampshire's Daughters

## Origin and History of the Club

*By Ida G. Adams*

Although the name of this organization is familiar throughout the Granite State little is known of the variety and scope of its work. Along educational lines it takes first place among the various associations of its kind. Boasting a membership of 400, its influence extends over a wide range of territory, embracing the two states whose interests in many directions have become as one.

The original idea of the founders of the club was to bring together the many New Hampshire women living in Boston and vicinity for the purpose of social enjoyment and the discussion of themes relative to their beloved native state. As the years passed many prominent women still residing in New Hampshire became active members and regularly attend the meetings held each month in Boston.

The club was organized in May, 1894, and incorporated in 1897, its purposes being, according to Article II in its by-laws, "to promote loyalty to the mother state; to cultivate a knowledge of her interests and seek to further them; and to make the meetings opportunities for her daughters to know each other pleasantly and socially."

The following well-known women have served as president: Miss Kate Sanborn, Mrs. Julia Knowlton Dyer, Mrs. Martha E. Follett, Mrs. Ida Farr Miller, Mrs. Eliza Nelson Blair, Mrs. Anna Taylor Chase Bush.

In October, 1896, the club was admitted to the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, and in November, 1898, to the New Hampshire Federation.

Gray and garnet are the colors adopted and the buttercup the chosen flower.

The first work undertaken by the club was the study of the history of New Hampshire by counties, which research covered a period of about two years and brought the members together in close and sympathetic companionship.

Under the head of "Education," a standing committee supervises the various branches of work along that line. Perhaps the most fruitful in results in this direction has been the use of the fund retained for the edu-



Miss Kate Sanborn

cation of worthy New Hampshire girls. For the first few years the beneficiaries were restricted to the choice of institutions in their own state, Tilton, New London and New Hampton seminaries being preferred, but at the present time a wider range is given, and schools in other states are being patronized.

The method of the club is to loan these girls the money for the completion of their education with the understanding that as soon as they are in positions to refund the loan, it shall be returned. Twenty girls have taken advantage of this oppor-

tunity and four are being educated in this way at the present time.

The wisdom of this method adopted by the club can be clearly seen, for it offers to ambitious girls the means of a good education without in any way placing them upon a charity list, and any girl who would be likely to accept such an offer would enjoy this taste of independence.

"Forestry" is another subject for a standing committee and much attention has been devoted to this branch of work. Four years ago a series of stereopticon lectures on this topic was given in various towns throughout the state, and this year a traveling library is covering all towns that are without institutions of that kind. Carroll County is deriving first benefits and at the present time Chatham is the favored community. The books, which are chiefly devoted to out-of-door topics, and subjects relating to village and state improvement, are allowed to remain in a town until every resident has had a chance to enjoy them. The club has requested all libraries in the state to include this list of books in their catalogues.

"New Hampshire's Daughters" are also life-members of the "Society for the Preservation of New Hampshire Forests," and are doing what they can to prevent the wholesale slaughter of these "wood-giants."

"Sociology" is another branch of the club's work, and money has been donated at various times to benevolent institutions in the state, the Orphans' Home at Franklin and the Home for Feeble-Minded Children being especially noticed.

The club calendar for the current year includes many attractive fea-

tures. The first meeting of the club year, October 21, was devoted to official reports, readings and music. November 18, a stereopticon lecture on "Beautiful New Hampshire," by Prof. George N. Cross, was enjoyed. A musicale was the attraction on December 16, and January 20 was "Governor's" Day. "Home" Day was celebrated on February 17, and on March 17 they spent an "Afternoon in Birdland" with Mr. Edward Avis. On the 21st of April "New Hampshire Folklore" was the topic and the year will close with the annual meeting on May 19.

For loyalty to state and mutual interest and helpfulness the members of this club are unsurpassed. Although not lacking in individual opinions, which are freely expressed, the utmost harmony prevails, and "each for all and all for each" would seem to be the motto on which their work is based.

The following verses from one of the association songs, written by Mary Webster Babcock, are particularly happy in expression and rendered with enthusiasm at each meeting:

New Hampshire, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet home of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
State where my fathers wrought,  
State which their life blood bought,  
In every word and thought  
Let freedom ring.

\* \* \* \*

New Hampshire's daughters, we  
Joy in our ancestry,  
Our state we sing.  
Granite and garnet bright,  
Showing thy grace and might,  
Keep us in truth and right;  
Great God, our King.

# A Morning Song

*By William Ruthven Flint*

The eastern sky is flushing  
With the tints of dawning day,  
The hills and dales are hushing  
To the cheerful roundelay  
Of the harbingers of morning,  
Singing their melodious warning  
Of passing night,  
And coming light,  
And all the world arising bright  
To work and sing and play.

Then Dreamland, slowly fading  
From the vision of the mind,  
Into Daytime softly shading,  
Leaves the Dreamer far behind  
To the care and toil and worry,  
To the busy haste and hurry  
Of coming strife  
With passing life,—  
And to the morn, with sweetness rife  
Of clover-scented wind.

## Three Important Acts of New Hampshire

*At the Beginning of the War of the American Revolution*

*By Hon. Joseph B. Walker*

There were three carefully considered and important acts of the people of New Hampshire, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War to which the state historians have given scant, if any, attention. These were:

I. The enumeration of their military resources, in 1775.

II. The signing of the Association Test, in 1776.

III. New Hampshire's Declaration of Independence, by its constitutional state government, on the 15th day of June, 1776.

When, in 1760, George the Third ascended the English throne, the claim that subjects taxed for the support of civil government were enti-

tled to representation in its councils was struggling for recognition. This he determined to resist, and successfully did so in his 13 American colonies during the first 20 years of his reign. Out of this narrow policy of an obstinate sovereign came the American Revolution.

It was no rapid movement, suddenly started and quickly accomplished. It was, rather, a progressive one, protracted through nearly a score of years. It was initiated by the king's efforts to exact a revenue from his English-American colonies without their consent. Among the more prominent means adopted for the accomplishment of this purpose were:

1. The enactment of the Stamp Act, in 1765, the salutary effect of whose hasty appeal the next year was largely destroyed by the Declaratory Act, which asserted the power of the British Parliament to make laws binding on the colonies "in all cases whatsoever."

2. The Glass, Paper and Tea Act of 1767.

3. The placing of British troops in Boston, in 1768.

4. The sending of tea ships to that port, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston, in 1773.

5. The enactment of the Boston Port Bill, in 1774.

These and other kindred measures of the home government were regarded by the colonists as grievances and they sought their removal:

1. By respectful and peaceful petitions.

2. Later, upon failure of these, by non-importation and non-consumption agreements.

3. By the appointment of committees of correspondence.

4. By the organization of a Continental Congress, in 1774.

These, which had been loyally and patiently tried, were rendered hopeless by the assaults of the British troops upon the unoffending citizens of Lexington and Concord in April, 1775, and reluctantly exchanged for armed resistance.

About a fortnight later, on the 2d day of May, 1775, the Continental Congress began its second session in Philadelphia, and took measures to meet all future attempts of subjugation by British troops. On the 14th of June it decided to adopt the New England forces encamped about Boston as the nucleus of a continental army and to immediately strengthen it, as set forth in the following resolution of that day:

"Resolved, That six Companies of expert Riflemen be immediately

raised in *Pennsylvania*, two in *Maryland*, and two in *Virginia*; that each Company consist of a Captain, three Lieutenants, four Sergeants, four Corporals, a Drummer or Trumpeter, and sixty eight Privates."<sup>1</sup>

On the 15th George Washington was "appointed to command all the Continental Forces, raised or to be raised, for the Defence of *American Liberty*,"<sup>2</sup> and in due time proceeded to Cambridge, where, on the 3d day of July, he took command of the patriot forces assembled in that vicinity.

About a month later still, July 18, this Congress took further action for the organization of the militia of all the English colonies and prescribed the necessary rules to regulate the same.<sup>3</sup> In furtherance of and in co-operation with this united effort, New Hampshire joined most heartily. Indeed, a year previous to that time, on the 28th of May, 1774, her General Assembly had appointed a provincial committee of correspondence and, upon being dissolved therefor by the royal governor, its members had immediately thereafter met in convention and issued a call for the First New Hampshire Provincial Congress, which assembled on the 24th of July and chose delegates to the first Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia on the 5th of the following September.<sup>4</sup>

The same year, this committee of correspondence prepared and sent to the several towns for adoption a non-importation and non-consumption agreement, popularly designated the "Covenant of 1774." This, after being signed to some extent, was superseded by an "association" covenant of all the colonies, framed for the same purpose by the Continental Congress, and signed by its several members. Copies of this were sent to

<sup>1</sup> Journals of Continental Congress, vol. 1, p. 118, ed. 1777.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 119.

<sup>3</sup> Journals of Continental Congress, vol. 1, pp. 170-171.

<sup>4</sup> N. H. State Papers, vol. 7, p. 407.

the different towns of New Hampshire and approved in town meetings.

During this year of 1774, individual towns of New Hampshire followed the example of those of the other colonies in making liberal contributions to such of the people of Boston as had been reduced to want by the Boston port bill, which took effect on the 1st day of June.

I.

THE ENUMERATION BY NEW HAMPSHIRE OF HER MILITARY RESOURCES.

Convinced, as before intimated, that all peaceable efforts for the redress of colonial grievances were vain and that all attempts at British subjugation must be met by an armed resistance in which she was to participate, New Hampshire took early measures to ascertain with exactness the military resources at her command. In furtherance of this purpose the president of its Fourth Provincial Congress sent to its several towns the following order:

IN PROVINCIAL CONGRESS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, August 25th, 1775.

Whereas it is necessary that an exact Account of all the Inhabitants of this Colony should be taken, in order to be transmitted to the Congress of the United American Colonies: Therefore Resolved, That it be recommended to the Selectmen of the several Towns, Parishes and other Places in this Colony, to take an exact Number of the Inhabitants of their respective Districts, including every soul in the same, in Separate Columns, as follows:

Male under 16 years of age.	Males from 16 years of age to 50 not in the army.	All males above 50 years of age.	Persons gone in the army.	All females.	Negroes and slaves for life.
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And in such Places where no Selectmen are chosen, that the Selectmen of the next adjacent Town take the same; or some suitable person living in such place, by their appointment. And that the return thereof be made to the Committee of Safety for said Colony, as soon as may be, by the Selectmen or Selectman or Person appointed who shall take

the same upon Oath to their Fidelity and Impartiality therein; which Oath any Justice of the Peace or Town Clerk is empowered to administer.

And whereas a late Requisition of this Congress, that every Town Parish and other Place within this Colony, return the Number of Fire Arms in their respective Districts fit for use, and the number wanting to compleat one for every person capable of using them, has not been complied with; therefore it is now earnestly recommended that the same be forthwith done, adding these to the Quantity of Powder in each place; and where there is a public Stock to return a separate Account thereof, & that the whole be returned to the Committee of Safety for this Colony.

And it is further recommended that no Part of the aforementioned business be delayed; for its being as speedily done as possible, will be of great Utility to the Colony; and it is further strictly enjoined up on all Selectmen & Committees to endeavor to prevent all persons from burning their Powder in shooting at Birds & other Game.

By order of Congress,  
MATTHEW THORNTON, President.<sup>1</sup>

In answer to this requisition, returns bearing dates all the way from August 16 to December 18 were received from 132 towns and places.<sup>2</sup>

These returns are of importance, inasmuch as these towns and places constituted about seven eighths of all in the province. New Hampshire was then but sparsely peopled and about one half (61) of their whole number belonged to the two southern counties of Rockingham and Hillsborough. The settlement of the northern and western sections made but little progress until the treaty of Paris, in 1763, put an end to the

French and Indian Wars and made safe their occupation.

They are also interesting as indicating their personal and military resources. They show that the whole

<sup>1</sup> N. H. State Papers, vol. 7, pp. 724-725.

<sup>2</sup> These returns have been tabulated and may be seen in the Appendix.

number of inhabitants in these 132 towns was but 73,893, that in 71 of them it was less than 500, while in 15 did it exceed 1,000.

Thirty-five thousand, eight hundred and sixty-eight of the inhabitants were females. About one half of all their white male inhabitants were under 16 years of age (19,211); about one eleventh (3,174) were above 50, and the whole fighting contingent of men, between 16 and 50, numbered but 12,727. Of these about one sixth (2,191) were already in the little army near Boston. In addition to these, scattered in small numbers throughout the province, were 658 "negroes and slaves for life."

If we turn to their military supplies, it will be found that the number of their guns fit for use was 6,295, more or less of which had seen service in the French and Indian Wars. Besides these were some which might be rendered serviceable by proper repairs; while 3,240, in addition to those on hand, were wanting to "compleat one for every person capable of using them."

But guns without powder were of little value, and to the amount of this on hand one looks with much interest; inasmuch as the home government had recently forbidden its export to the colonies, in which its manufacture had not yet been established. This act, doubtless, may have suggested the capture of the 100 barrels at Fort William and Mary the previous December and their removal inland for patriotic use when needed.<sup>1</sup>

Forty-four towns return none whatever, while the rest report their various amounts on hand, with an exactness which clearly indicates their appreciation of its scarcity and very

high value at this time. The following are specimens of these returns: Alexandria, "The Quantity of Powder is supposed to be Not one half Pound"; Atkinson, "Wt. of Gun Powder 36 1-4 lb."; Bedford, "Eleven pound and three quarters"; Leavitt's Town, "Powder two pound and a quarter"; Morristown, "3 lb. and 1-3 Powder"; New Holderness, "11 1/2 lb. 3 oz."

The aggregate amount of powder in these 132 towns, as shown by their returns, was but 3,472 1-3 pounds, an average of 26 1-3 pounds to a town and about one half pound to each man possessed of a serviceable musket.

The returns of the other 22 towns of the province, if ever made, have disappeared. It may be learned, however, from another source, that these had an aggregate population of 7,663, the addition of which to that of those already mentioned shows that the entire number of inhabitants of New Hampshire in 1775 was but 81,556,<sup>1</sup> a number closely corresponding with that given by Doctor Belknap, who says it was 82,200.<sup>2</sup>

The retirement of Governor Wentworth from New Hampshire, in the summer of this year, was a virtual abdication of his office and the Fourth Provincial Congress became the *de facto* government of the province, upon whose recommendation, as already stated, these returns were made. This careful ascertainment of the resources of its constituents by this bold little Congress reminds one of the course of the wise king, who, "Going to make war against another king . . . consults whether he is able with 10,000 to meet him that cometh against him with 20,000."

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> Farmer's ed. Belknap, Hist. N. H. p. 363.

<sup>1</sup> It has been often said that some of this powder was subsequently used in the battle of Bunker Hill, but I have yet to see reliable proof of the statement.—J. B. W.

## APPENDIX.

Returns of the selectmen of the several towns of New Hampshire, of the number of inhabitants, men in the army, guns on hand, guns wanted and pounds of powder in each town; made to the N. H. Committee of Safety in 1775.

TOWNS.	Population.	Males under 16 years.	Males from 16 to 50 years.	Males above 50 years.	All females.	Negroes and slaves.	Men in the Army.	Guns on hand.	Guns Wanted.	Pounds of Powder.
Alexandria .....	137	38	26	7	58	.....	8	18	.....	.....
Allenstown .....	168	50	22	7	81	2	6	.....	.....	.....
Alstead .....	317	83	79	5	111	.....	4	.....	.....	.....
Atkinson .....	575	145	91	30	236	5	13	82	49	361
Barnstead .....	252	82	53	4	14	.....	2	28	25	.....
Barrington .....	1,655	464	245	72	848	3	23	184	.....	.....
Bath .....	144	47	25	5	57	.....	10	8	24	23
Bedford .....	495	109	93	28	241	10	14	37	.....	113
Boscawen .....	585	162	91	33	281	1	17	58	65	74
Bow .....	350	88	47	11	187	.....	17	33	14	13
Brentwood .....	1,100	258	174	57	577	4	35	113	63	40
Camden <sup>1</sup> .....	183	47	29	4	77	.....	6	13	.....	6
Campton .....	190	57	44	5	83	.....	1	.....	.....	.....
Canaan .....	87	16	17	3	28	.....	3	.....	.....	.....
Candia .....	744	232	120	19	346	.....	27	72	.....	.....
Canterbury .....	723	199	124	30	331	4	35	45	109	80
Charlestown .....	594	158	94	17	308	.....	22	.....	.....	.....
Chester <sup>2</sup> .....	1,599	384	273	101	787	3	51	175	112	30
Chesterfield .....	674	241	155	30	412	.....	36	88	99	.....
Chichester .....	418	117	87	13	197	.....	4	47	31	42
Claremont .....	523	143	125	18	281	.....	1	60	65	.....
Cockbourne <sup>3</sup> .....	14	5	5	.....	3	.....	1	3	2	33
Cockermouth <sup>4</sup> .....	118	35	23	2	53	.....	5	18	27	3
Colebrook .....	4	.....	1	.....	3	.....	.....	1	.....	1
Concord .....	1,062	230	136	36	490	14	46	96	.....	.....
Conway .....	273	79	51	6	117	2	18	40	44	25
Cornish .....	309	83	77	9	136	.....	4	53	33	20
Croydon .....	143	37	34	2	87	.....	.....	.....	.....	5
Deerfield .....	929	250	204	26	418	1	30	120	68	51
Dover .....	1,666	410	342	74	736	28	28	190	.....	.....
Dublin .....	305	88	54	9	143	1	10	32	31	60
Dunbarton .....	497	144	92	14	232	1	14	.....	.....	.....
Dunstable .....	705	215	83	30	325	7	40	46	42	77
Durham .....	1,214	236	135	63	598	25	57	222	.....	126
East Kingston .....	428	114	63	29	210	3	9	65	.....	31
Leavitts Town <sup>5</sup> .....	33	23	16	2	39	.....	3	11	5	21
Enfield .....	50	15	17	1	17	.....	.....	10	7	.....
Epping .....	1,569	377	242	77	738	19	61	.....	.....	.....
Exeter .....	1,741	401	273	86	892	38	51	193	150	131
Francestown .....	200	55	37	7	92	.....	9	.....	11	.....
Gilesum .....	173	45	32	10	84	.....	7	15	.....	.....
Gilmanton .....	775	238	151	16	357	1	12	99	46	491
Gunthwaite <sup>6</sup> .....	47	14	6	2	20	.....	5	.....	6	14
Greenland .....	759	169	136	42	331	21	10	108	33	106
Goffstown .....	831	215	133	21	411	6	40	.....	49	.....
Hampstead .....	768	182	106	44	336	3	35	51	75	.....
Hampton .....	862	190	147	62	440	3	20	192	.....	144
Hampton Falls .....	645	151	91	42	339	3	19	80	15	101
Hanover .....	434	98	108	12	184	10	22	45	77	43
Haverhill .....	365	87	69	9	169	4	17	.....	.....	56
Hawke <sup>7</sup> .....	504	129	76	26	260	.....	13	52	.....	9
Heunkler .....	887	117	67	15	153	1	9	40	.....	.....
Hollis .....	1,255	306	174	71	640	4	60	131	92	111
Hopkinton .....	1,088	332	169	30	519	2	42	.....	56	.....
Keene .....	756	174	140	24	387	.....	31	.....	.....	112
Kingston .....	961	214	155	67	491	7	27	127	7	35
Lancaster .....	91	17	15	.....	27	.....	2	8	7	11
Loudon .....	349	90	85	9	161	1	3	49	36	.....
Landaff .....	40	14	8	2	13	.....	1	1	.....	81
Morristown <sup>7</sup> .....	29	10	5	.....	.....	.....	1	3	.....	31
Lebanon .....	347	86	91	13	155	.....	3	.....	.....	60
Lee .....	954	236	147	58	497	4	12	117	51	75
Lempster .....	126	43	31	4	138	.....	1	17	18	.....
Litchfield .....	284	62	44	19	138	.....	13	39	8	23
Londonderry .....	2,580	618	404	157	1,316	29	66	233	183	1521
Lyme .....	252	57	61	10	116	.....	8	30	31	38
Lyndeborough .....	718	201	103	34	343	.....	27	.....	.....	.....
Madbury .....	677	164	117	33	345	6	7	78	62	120
Marlow .....	207	56	46	6	91	.....	9	26	26	16

<sup>1</sup> Now Washington.<sup>2</sup> Now Columbia.<sup>3</sup> Now Groton.<sup>4</sup> Now Effingham.<sup>5</sup> Now Lisbon.<sup>6</sup> Now Danville.<sup>7</sup> Now Franconia.



TOWNS.	Population.	Males under 16 years.	Males from 16 to 50 years.	Males above 50 years.	All females.	Negroes and slaves.	Men in the Army.	Guns on hand.	Guns Wanted.	Pounds of Powder.
Mason.....	501	148	86	13	227	1	27	48	49	141
Meredith.....	250	70	50	7	123	.....	10	20	26	50
Middletown <sup>1</sup> .....	233	72	40	7	108	.....	8	27	20	4
Monadnock <sup>2</sup> .....	324	104	54	2	148	.....	16	26	28	54
New Boston.....	569	164	98	27	256	.....	20	.....	.....	.....
New Britain <sup>3</sup> .....	179	56	28	5	77	.....	8	27	.....	.....
New Castle.....	449	101	85	23	221	9	.....	68	.....	68
New Chester <sup>4</sup> .....	196	66	32	5	88	.....	5	26	11	24
New Durham.....	286	70	50	15	144	1	6	27	20	.....
New Durham Gore <sup>5</sup> .....	100	25	20	1	44	.....	.....	.....	10	.....
New Grantham.....	74	11	20	4	37	1	1	2	18	.....
New Holderness.....	172	49	26	7	80	.....	.....	25	10	1 3 oz.
Newington.....	532	97	90	24	266	39	6	93	20	60
New Market.....	1,289	322	212	50	658	17	80	.....	.....	.....
Newport.....	157	46	29	4	67	.....	1	14	.....	2
Nottingham, West <sup>6</sup> .....	649	168	100	26	319	4	22	66	32	25
Nottingham.....	999	268	165	28	502	16	22	101	68	96
Northumberland.....	50	9	20	2	19	19	.....	7	15	10
Northwood.....	313	85	57	6	155	.....	10	26	16	10
North Hampton.....	652	153	97	29	325	4	24	122	.....	86
Newtown <sup>7</sup> .....	540	121	96	30	283	2	34	51	46	.....
Orford.....	222	60	42	7	106	5	2	13	29	30
Peterborough.....	549	139	77	22	277	8	25	23	.....	.....
Peterborough Slip.....	107	31	17	1	52	6	.....	7	.....	.....
Pembroke.....	744	179	114	33	386	7	23	.....	.....	.....
Perrystown <sup>8</sup> .....	130	39	22	5	60	4	.....	12	17	.....
Pelham.....	749	206	112	40	362	.....	29	110	40	26
Packersfield <sup>9</sup> .....	186	52	34	4	83	.....	13	23	10	8
Piermont.....	168	52	28	4	69	.....	15	1	31	16
Poplin <sup>10</sup> .....	552	153	92	24	274	2	7	.....	.....	.....
Portsmouth.....	4,590	1,013	823	191	2,573	140	50	.....	.....	.....
Plymouth.....	282	83	48	15	178	5	8	.....	.....	6
Plaistow.....	575	129	85	25	286	5	23	46	39	10
Plainfield.....	308	78	39	12	134	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Richmond.....	860	280	143	18	385	.....	26	56	88	5
Raymond.....	683	187	120	24	364	.....	18	.....	.....	.....
Rumney.....	227	77	41	4	104	.....	11	.....	.....	.....
Rochester.....	1,548	396	203	61	759	.....	26	204	.....	72 1/2
Rye.....	370	206	146	47	442	3	15	170	.....	161
Sandwich.....	245	81	45	9	109	.....	1	27	.....	36
Sandown.....	635	187	98	28	323	.....	24	40	58	6 1/2
Sanbornton.....	459	120	87	12	219	1	20	68	39	103
Salem.....	1,064	296	161	49	539	2	47	104	.....	114
Salisbury.....	498	142	92	15	242	1	6	47	45	.....
Saville <sup>11</sup> .....	65	15	14	4	29	.....	3	5	.....	1
Seabrook.....	617	144	109	39	304	.....	11	74	.....	24
Somersworth.....	965	245	129	36	479	30	46	.....	.....	.....
South Hampton.....	496	109	92	27	259	1	10	66	31	58
Stoddard.....	224	75	38	7	96	.....	11	14	24	19
Strafford.....	41	15	14	.....	10	.....	2	7	.....	12
Surry.....	215	59	37	8	104	.....	7	23	22	5
Swansey.....	647	168	118	25	316	.....	20	72	50	16
Temple.....	491	143	94	6	220	.....	18	66	.....	157
Thornton.....	117	26	26	5	52	.....	8	6	25	3
Unity.....	146	39	25	3	62	.....	7	13	25	.....
Walpole.....	658	214	100	26	228	2	33	.....	.....	.....
Warner.....	262	78	45	6	126	1	6	21	26	.....
Weare.....	867	390	166	20	421	1	32	72	.....	10
Westmoreland.....	758	213	127	23	357	.....	38	63	67	.....
Wilton.....	623	162	102	17	314	2	26	72	47	40
Winchester.....	725	207	112	30	354	2	18	68	.....	18
Windham.....	529	120	86	28	262	13	15	69	17	16 1/2
Wolfeborough.....	237	61	39	7	104	2	4	34	22	30
182	78,898	19,211	12,727	3,174	35,868	658	2,191	6,295	3,240	3,472 1/2

<sup>1</sup> Now Middleton. <sup>2</sup> Now Marlborough. <sup>3</sup> Now Andover. <sup>4</sup> Now Hill. <sup>5</sup> Now Alton. <sup>6</sup> Now Hudson.  
<sup>7</sup> Now Newton. <sup>8</sup> Now Sutton. <sup>9</sup> Now Nelson. <sup>10</sup> Now Fremont. <sup>11</sup> Now Sunapee.

A list of twenty-two towns not included in the foregoing, with the population of each as given in the N. H. State Papers, vol. 7, pp. 780-781.

Towns.	Population.	Towns.	Population.
Amherst.....	1,428	Brought forward.....	3,472
Dalton.....	50	Merrimack.....	606
Epsom.....	387	Mill Slip.....	
Fisherfield.....	180	Monson.....	
Fitzwilliam.....		Moultonborough.....	272
Hillborough.....		New Ipswich.....	960
Gosport.....	44	Ossipee.....	26
Hinsdale.....		Rindge.....	542
Jaffrey.....	351	Society Land.....	177
Kensington.....	797	Stratham.....	1,137
Manchester.....	285	Tamworth.....	151
	3,472	Wakefield.....	320
			7,663

## Mother Days

*By Clara B. Heath*

How dear to the hearts of children  
Is the mother love and praise!  
What comfort and strength it brings them,  
In the dear, sweet mother days.

I remember the fond caresses,  
And the smile that checked my tears;  
And the words that did more to strengthen,  
Than any of later years.

She was strong, and sweet, and patient,  
She could wait for the turn of the tide;  
I, passionate, dreamy, and loving,—  
With more than my share of pride.

I loved her with girlish abandon;  
But now I think I was blind  
To much that she hoped and cared for,  
Though kind, as the young are kind.

She left me one day in my girlhood,  
When even the skies were sad;  
And I thought, while the rain fell softly,  
I should never again be glad.

There is many a stalwart soldier,  
Sore wounded by life's highways,  
Who would give a princely ransom  
For one of his mother days.

And many a dame, and grand-dame,  
In their hours of pain and grief,  
Who longs for the dear, lost mother,  
And the hand that brought relief.

Had I known that the far-off future  
Would prove such a thorny maze,  
I had been more true and faithful,  
In the dear old mother days.

## A Hint to New Hampshire Clubs

The *Congregationalist* of March 31, contained an editorial comment on "The Custom of Natives of Candia, N. H., Resident in Eastern Massachusetts, who Meet Annually in Boston in Midwinter to Renew Acquaintance and to Plan for the Better Civic Life of the Town."

Every loyal resident of the Granite State must heartily agree with the *Congregationalist* that "the human intercourse which this function provides is rooted in a very admirable form of loyalty."

The Candia Club is a well-known institution and echoes of its generosity to the mother town on "Old Home" days are heard around the state. Its object is to gather together in a social organization its loyal sons and daughters, in order to secure concert of action in promoting the general welfare of their native town.

They hold a reunion each year on Old Home Week in Candia and a midwinter meeting in Boston, called the New Home Week, which idea was conceived and carried out by the noted poet and author, Sam Walter Foss, who was the first president of the club, with the assistance of Miss Sallie W. Emerson, who has been its able and efficient secretary from its birth. This custom has been adopted by other clubs, but Candia claims the originality of the thought. Also the idea of photographing the town, so to speak, for the purpose of permanently preserving its ancient buildings and prominent centres liable to extensive changes in the future.

These will form reliable historical and interesting records of the town for future reference, such as it is now

impossible to obtain of the past, and afterwards may be used in their catalogues and various ways, in advertising the attractions of the place to summer visitors, who in due time may become permanent residents of the town. Thus, by coöperation, valuable results such as all will be proud of in a few years are sure to follow.

Other innovations on club tactics has been the library and museum donation idea. For these Mr. Charles Henry Brown, the present president, is responsible. The "Smyth Public Library" in Candia was founded by and named for ex-Governor Smyth, and the library and museum building was donated to the town by the late Rev. James H. Fitts, both of whom were former residents.

Through Mr. Brown's happy thought the library and museum receive valuable additions each year when the Candia Club visits its native heath on Old Home Day. Each member of the club contributes book or relic (already in his possession), and thereby draws still closer the tie that binds him to the old town.

This plan, which has been proven so practical, inexpensive, helpful and elevating, should take root and spread in all directions. Let every New Hampshire club request its members to photograph their native town and to collect books, read and forgotten, and place them where they will be appreciated and enjoyed. Give the Candia Club due credit for originating these ideas, but let it not have the field to itself. To quote the "moral" of the *Congregationalist*, "Let natives of other towns do likewise."

I. G. A.

# A New Light

*By Mildred Grant Phillips*

The silent, swift-footed battalions of shadows came up from the valley below and took possession of every ravine and gully on the mountain side, but on the rocky slopes above the timber line the daylight had taken a last stand and from great mica sheets, in the ledges near the summit, was still flashing back defiance to its skulking foes.

Joe Bowker, however, slowly making his way down the mountain regarded neither the daylight he was leaving nor the shadows below, for his way seemed to him just then shrouded in deeper gloom than any shadows that the night could bring forth.

Only that morning—how far off it seemed—he had thought himself the happiest fellow of Hunchback Mountain, for his father had told him that from that moment he was to have one-third share of the profits of the little gristmill that stood on the bank of the noisy, tumbling mountain brook.

How hard he had worked all day; how important every trivial detail had been.

After the mill was closed for the night he had gone up the mountain and across the slopes to the home of Israel Timson. Laurelia Timson was sitting on the broad, flat door-stone, the profile of her face sharply defined against the dark shadow of the doorway. Her dress, turned down at the neck for coolness, revealed a throat of curving beauty.

"I hev kem ter tell ye somethin' as I'm a-thinkin' ye knows, Lorelly," he said without preliminary greeting, as he took a seat by her side. "I wouldn't hev thunk ye'd hev waster yer time that-a-way. If I knowed it, what war th' use in kemin' all this piece up th' mounting?"

"Kase I air pinin' ter tell ye. My dad hev gin me a third of all th' do-

in's at th' mill, Lorelly. Told me so this mornin'."

"Well, what persesses ye, Joe Bowker, ter say as I knowed it? Do ye take me fer a witch critter?"

"'Twant that as I meant ye knowed it, but ye must know, Lorelly, thet I hev sot partic'lar store by ye sence ye war a leetle mite, an' now I kin ask ye ter marry me, as I hev been aimin' ter do fer a year back."

Laurella was silent and Joe sat waiting in smiling, confident satisfaction. Finally she said, slowly, "Thar ain't nobody else as I'm a-noticin', Joe, an'—an'—I do think right smart of ye, but I dunno's I want ter be marryin' of ye."

"Why not, ef so be thar ain't nobody else?"

"I dunno, Joe."

Joe sprang up with a cry, "I know. It air kase ye air 'shamed of me, Lorelly. They all laughs at me, but somehow's I think you knowed better'n th' rest."

He turned, and without further words disappeared in the darkness.

Laurella, crouching on the door-stone, frightened at his vehemence and the sorrowful reproach in his last words, acknowledged to herself that the words were true. Knowing as she did the kindness of heart and simple, manly virtues of her lover, she was nevertheless keenly alive to the fact that his bowed shoulders, uncommon in the younger mountaineers, and an appearance which was summed up by the neighbors as "meachin'," caused him to be the butt of ridicule of the mountain community. But he had been her playfellow in their childhood and she knew that she cared more for him than for any of the young men who laughed at him. He it was who always brought her the first ripe strawberries from the sunny

slopes and shook down for her the first chestnuts of the fall.

Running after him, she called softly, "Joe, Joe," but he was beyond reach of her voice and she stood gazing with troubled eyes at the depths of the forest down the mountain.

The next day Joe began as usual the routine work at the mill, but all the gladness of doing it was gone.

"Seem's ef yer 'sponsibilities air weighin' on ye mightily," said his father more than once in the days that followed, and his mother brewed many bitter doses for the unknown disease which she felt sure had fastened itself upon her son.

The summer passed and the autumn had begun to flaunt its banners from the mountains.

One day there came toiling up the rough mountain road a stranger, carrying in his hand a long, leather-covered case. He stopped at the little gristmill on the brook.

"I say," he shouted to the miller, endeavoring to make himself heard above the roar of the hopper, "Tell me th' way out er this fursaken hole, will ye? I started fer Lamson's Corner this mornin' an' here I've travelled my laigs eenamost off 'thout seein' any sign of humans till now."

He stopped and rested in the one chair in the mill, mopping his heated face with his handkerchief.

"I'm a-sellin' specs," he continued. "Don't happen ter want any do ye? Extry good lot here." He opened his case displaying rows upon rows of shining lenses.

"Here, take a squint through these," he said, picking out a pair and handing them to Joe.

Joe did as he was bidden and looking across the valley at Mericonemah, towering opposite, turned pale with astonishment. What did it mean?

He saw the cliff above Kewahnee river dropping sheer into the laurel, the birches showing white above it and the ledges lying along the upper slopes. He knew the cliff was there;

he had scaled it many a time and had swung on the birches and had trodden those very ledges, and, looking across the valley, had seen them with his mental vision, but never with his mortal eyes till now. Across the stretch of pines to the north he saw the smoke from Israel Timson's forge curling up against the sky and at his feet the goldenrod was a distinct bloom instead of a yellow blur.

He took off the spectacles with trembling hands.

"How much is this 'ere contraption?" he asked, hoarsely.

"A dollar and a half," replied the agent, who divined Joe's anxiety for possession and promptly doubled his price.

Joe turned them over and over in his clumsy hands, feeling the curved steel bows with trembling fingers, then turning to his father he said, "Kin I work out th' price of these on my sheer?"

"I ain't a-keerin' ef so be ye air a-hankerin' after them gewgaws, but I wonder at ye, Joe, I do, now," his father said reproachfully.

The world became a revelation to Joe. He could see the sky and straightened his shoulders to look upward. He could see the faces of his companions and being able to read therein something of their thought, began to lose the hesitating, uncertain air that had characterized him as "meachin'."

Not long afterward he took his way to Israel Timson's.

Laurella was leaning upon the gate. He had never before seen her beauty and stood for a moment feasting his eyes upon her. Then he came forward and leaped the gate and stood beside her.

"Will ye set th' day, now, Lorelly?" he asked, taking her hand in his.

"Yes, Joe," she answered with a little sob, "I called ye back, that thar other time, but ye didn't hear."

# New Hampshire Necrology

## HON. JOSEPH W. FELLOWS.

Joseph Warren Fellows, born at Andover, January 15, 1835, died in Manchester, April 26, 1906.

He was a son of John and Polly (Hilton) Fellows, and seventh in direct descent from Samuel Fellows, who came to this country from Nottingham, England, in 1639, and settled at Salisbury, Mass. Joseph Fellows, great-grandfather of Joseph W., served in the second expedition to Louisburg. He removed from Salisbury to Andover in 1761, being the first settler in the town, and on the farm which he cleared were born his son, Stephen, and grandson, John, the father of Joseph W. The latter was reared to farm labor, but determined to secure an education and enter professional life. He fitted for college at Andover Academy and graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1858. During the next school year he was principal of Andover Academy, but in September, 1859, he went to Lagrange, Ga., and became principal of the Brownwood Institute. A year later he became principal of the Marietta (Ga.) Latin School. On the outbreak of the Rebellion he returned home and commenced the study of law in the office of the late John M. Shirley of Andover. He took a course at the Albany Law School, and followed this by study in the office of Pike & Barnard, at Franklin, shortly going to Manchester, where he continued in the office of Eastman & Cross, having, meanwhile, been admitted to the bar at Concord in August, 1862.

Shortly after, he formed a partnership with Capt. Amos B. Shattuck, but the latter volunteering in the Union service and being killed at Fredericksburg, Mr. Fellows continued in practice alone, his office being in the Merchants' Exchange, where he continued for more than thirty years, till his removal to the Kennard. In 1874 he was elected clerk of the Concord Railroad, and became an attorney of the corporation, serving for 10 years, subsequently being in the service of the Concord & Montreal, and of the Boston & Maine until his death. He was appointed judge of the municipal court of Manchester by Governor Weston, in 1871, continuing four years, when he resigned. Although largely devoted to corporation law, he had a wide general knowledge of the law, and through his active connection with the American Bar Association, enjoyed a national reputation.

In politics he was an earnest and active Democrat, and labored zealously for the success of his party, though never seeking office for himself. He was liberal in his religious views and an active supporter of the Unitarian Church

in Manchester, and of the work of that denomination in the state at large, being a charter member of the Unitarian Educational Association and a trustee of Proctor Academy at Andover.

Judge Fellows was a member of the I. O. O. F., but it was the Masonic order in which he took most interest, and it was as a Free Mason in fact that he was most widely known, he having not only attained the highest rank in the order, but having given much thought and labor to its interests. He was conspicuous both among Templars and Scottish Rite Masons, and was an acknowledged authority in matters of Masonic law, having served long on the jurisprudence committees of the state and national bodies.

Judge Fellows married, in 1865, Susan Frances Moore, daughter of Henry E. and Susan (Farnum) Moore. She died in 1874, and in 1878 he married Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davis, who survives him.

## JOSEPH H. COIT, D. D., LL. D.

Joseph Howland Coit, rector of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., died at Camden, S. C., March 17, 1906.

Dr. Coit was the second son of Rev. Joseph Howland and Jane Harriet (Hard) Coit, born in Wilmington, Del., September 11, 1831. He was educated at St. James' College, Hagerstown, Md., graduating in the class of 1851. He was admitted as a candidate for holy orders in the Episcopal Church in June, 1852, and was ordained deacon in the chapel of St. James' College, June 11, 1854, by Bishop Whittingham. September 23, 1855, he was advanced to the priesthood by the same bishop, in St. Peter's Church, Baltimore. Soon after he took charge of the parish of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, during an extended absence of the rector. From 1856 to 1858 he was an instructor and librarian at his *alma mater*, and, after two years' absence in Europe, in 1860, was elected assistant professor of mathematics in the same college. Afterward he held the chair of physics and chemistry and still later was professor of mathematics. In 1862 he was made rector of St. Mark's Church, Washington County, and subsequently vice-rector of the college.

In 1865 Doctor Coit came to New Hampshire and associated himself with his brother, the late Dr. Henry A. Coit, in the management of St. Paul's School in this city, acting for 30 years as vice-rector and teacher of mathematics, and for the last 10 years, from the death of his brother, as rector. To his tact, ability and discrimination, his peculiar insight into the nature, and his power to

mold aright the character of youth, is due in large measure the wonderful success of the popular and widely-known institution with which he was so long and so prominently connected. In 1837 he received the degree of doctor of divinity from Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., and that of LL. D. from Dartmouth in 1897.

#### OSCAR HOLMES BRADLEY, M. D.

Dr. Oscar H. Bradley, who died at his home in East Jaffrey, March 29, was for many years one of the best known and most successful physicians in Southwestern New Hampshire.

He was a native of Wallingford, Vt., born February 10, 1826, a son of Jeremiah Bradley, and a descendant on his mother's side of Jonathan Holmes, an officer under Stark at Bennington, and Washington at Valley Forge. He was educated in the public schools and at Black River Academy, in Ludlow, Vt., where he graduated in 1846. After teaching for a time he commenced the study of law, but soon changed his plans and took up medical study with Drs. Amos and George B. Twitchell at Keene. He graduated at the Castleton (Vt.) Medical College in 1851, and in the following year located in practice at East Jaffrey, where he continued through life, gaining a wide reputation both in medicine and surgery and establishing an extensive and lucrative practice.

Doctor Bradley took an active interest in public affairs, aided materially in securing the construction of the Monadnock railway through Jaffrey, and was a director of the same, and was also a leading director of the Monadnock Savings Bank at East Jaffrey. Politically he was an earnest Democrat and frequently served on the state committee of his party.

In 1853 Doctor Bradley married Miss Julia A. Spaulding, daughter of Daniel and Lucinda Spaulding, of Fitzwilliam,

who survives him, with two sons. The elder, Daniel Edward Bradley, was graduated from Dartmouth College and is now president of the Berlin Construction Company of Connecticut. The younger, Dr. Mark Spaulding Bradley, is a successful physician and surgeon in Hartford, Conn.

#### COL. FREEMAN CONNER.

Col. Freeman Conner, who died suddenly in Chicago, March 29, was a son of Nathaniel Conner of Exeter, born March 22, 1836.

Soon after coming of age he went to Chicago, where he engaged in the grain business. He was a member of the Ellsworth Zouaves, a famous Illinois military organization, which came East in 1860, attracting much attention by the excellence of its drill, and which escorted President Lincoln to Washington in March, 1861. Later Colonel Ellsworth organized a similar organization in New York City from the ranks of the firemen there, which Mr. Conner joined with the rank of lieutenant. After the tragic death of its commander, and the first battle of Bull Run, this regiment was disbanded; but its officers immediately went to Albany, where they organized the Forty-fourth New York, or "Ellsworth Avengers," of which Conner soon became colonel. He was twice severely wounded during the war, being at one time literally shot through the body.

After the war he was for a time in mercantile business at Charleston, S. C., but subsequently returned to Chicago, where he was for some time in the grain business and afterward in the government service in connection with the post office and otherwise. A few years since he established his home on his fruit farm at Valparaiso, Ind. He was active in Masonic and Grand Army circles and was prominently interested in the erection of the G. A. R. memorial building in Chicago.

## Bring Out the Flag: Memorial Day Poem

*By H. Maria George Colby*

Bring out the flag, the dear old flag,  
The soldiers march today,  
Though they are growing few and weak  
And heads are turned to grey.

They 're dropping like the autumn leaves,  
They 're falling one by one;  
Their once full ranks are thinning fast,  
"Lights out," the signals come.

'Tis not a foreign foe has called  
To take the fife and drum,  
As down the street with measured steps  
These war-worn vet'rans come.

Today we decorate the graves  
Of "Unknown" and of friend,  
And where reposes sacred dust  
Our saddened footsteps tend.

They met grim death like soldiers true,  
Although in their last fight  
Some fell not on the martial field;—  
They kept their honor bright.

All honor to these comrades brave,  
From duty they ne'er shrank,—  
Lift off your hats! Salute the flag,  
And honor file and rank.

You gather round these lowly graves  
And feel the teardrops start,  
You plant the flag on sacred ground  
And act a brother's part.

The flag that to all foes alike  
Doth fierce defiance flaunt,  
Has shrouded oft a comrade's form  
Whose spirit naught could daunt.

Ye saw its silken folds agleam  
Midst rain of shot and shell,—  
Where all the agonies of war  
Made battlefields a hell.

Proudly it waved at Fredericksburg,  
And through the Wilderness;  
Mid Shiloh's mists its colors gleamed  
With not a star the less.

It led with Grant at Petersburg,  
Its glory never sets;  
Still follow ye the "Stars and Stripes,"  
And "take no backward steps."

All honor to our brave old flag,  
And to our heroes dead,  
They gave their lives to save our land  
They marched where duty led.

And while we shed the sacred tear  
Or place the emblem green,  
Lift off your hats! Salute the flag  
Where're its folds are seen!



## Editor and Publisher's Notes

The recent awful visitation of earthquake and fire, overwhelming the great city of San Francisco, serves to furnish an object lesson in more than one direction. It has illustrated, in the most emphatic manner, the generous impulses of the American people, through the wonderful alacrity everywhere manifested in the work of relief; and it has shown the sublime courage, which is a predominant trait of the American character, in the remarkable manner in which the people of the ruined city have rallied under the affliction, and developed their plans for the immediate creation of a new San Francisco on a greater and grander scale than the old. Especially, however, should this terrible calamity serve to make the people of New Hampshire and of New England more content with their lot as residents of a land of rugged soil and rigorous climate. Here no earthquakes destroy, no great floods prevail, no death-dealing cyclones devastate the land. Great fortunes may not readily be won, but health and safety are experienced, and content should be their accompanist.

A most interesting hearing has recently been had before the House Committee on Agriculture, at Washington, on the White Mountain and Appalachian forest reserve bill. A large delegation from New England was in attendance in support of the measure, Governor McLane of New Hampshire being one of the leading advocates of the measure, and presenting urgent and unanswerable reasons for its adoption so far as the White Mountain provision is concerned. There ought to be no opposition to this measure, and there can be none except such as is based on selfish disregard of the public welfare.

The election of ex-Gov. Nahum J. Bachelder as president of the New Hampshire Board of Trade, succeeding Gen. Charles S. Collins of

Nashua, who has held the position for the last three years, and declined further service, while presenting what at first thought may appear to some a somewhat incongruous condition of things, in that it puts the executive officer of the State Board of Agriculture at the head of the State Board of Trade, was, as the sober second thought will show, the most appropriate thing that could be done, and this without reference to the great executive ability of the new president. In point of fact the relations of agriculture and of general business are largely independent, the success of the one being materially affected by that of the other. Moreover, the leading objects to which the two organizations have been giving their attention for some time past have been essentially the same—highway improvement and forest preservation—matters that make for the material prosperity of the state and all classes of its people.

"Poets are born, not made," so it has been said, and the latest New Hampshire poet to issue a volume of the dainty products of her mind and pen—Isabel Ambler Gilman of Meredith—was born across the water, within the borders of Old England; but she has been long enough in America to have become thoroughly imbued with the free spirit of our institutions, to have been inspired by the beauty of our matchless scenery, and to have entered, heart and soul, into the complex realities of our social life. "Echoes from the Grange," is the title of her book, which embraces fifty or more poems, some of which are veritable gems, and, altogether evincing the true poetic spirit. As an educator, and a zealous laborer in the cause of woman's advancement, Mrs. Gilman has already gained prominence. As a writer of exquisite verse she will be more generally known hereafter.





**URI LOCKE LAMPREY**

See page 19).

(Courtesy of the *American Field*, Chicago)

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## Littleton People in Concord

*By H. H. Metcalf*

Much has been said and written, for many years past, concerning New Hampshire people in other states, and very appropriately, indeed, since

side the borders of New Hampshire, are numerous, and several clubs or associations, organized by natives and former residents of particular New



Irving A. Watson, M. D.

they are to be found in goodly numbers in every considerable city and town in almost every state in the Union. New Hampshire clubs, out-

Hampshire towns, have been formed in the New England metropolis. On the other hand there are in Manchester, our largest New Hampshire city,



Hon. James W. Remick



Hon. John M. Mitchell

organizations of the Sons and Daughters of Vermont and of Maine; but until recently, so far as we are aware, there had been in no city any club or organization, made up of, or representing, residents from any one of the different towns in the state, which have been drawn upon, largely, by the business and professional interests of the cities.

There was, however, a few weeks since, an organization formed in the Capital city, which is to be known as the "Littleton Association of Concord, N. H." Its membership includes natives or former residents of the town of Littleton, now living in Concord or vicinity, with their wives, husbands and children over fifteen years of age. The primary objects of the association, as set forth in the articles of organization, are "to cultivate sociability and good fellowship among the members; to stimulate the



Anson C. Alexander, M. D.

sentiment of loyalty to the old home town and its interests, a just pride in its past history and present position, and an earnest desire for its future progress and prosperity." "To these ends," it is added, "it will seek to promote, among other things, the establishment of an Old Home Week or Old Home Day organization in Littleton, which shall provide for the fitting observance of this now popular midsummer festival of reunion, so common in our New England towns."

This association, which is to hold quarterly meetings, the midsummer one to be in the nature of an outing or field meeting, organized with the choice of the following officers: President, Dr. Irving A. Watson; vice-president, Hon. James W. Remick; secretary, Marion Gould Aldrich; treasurer, Albert H. Daggett; executive committee, Hon. John M. Mitchell, William H. Sawyer, Henry



William H. Sawyer, Esq.

H. Metcalf, Mrs. W. E. Tenney, Mrs. George Sibley. It is estimated that there are in the city nearly one hundred people eligible to membership in the association. Indeed, it is doubtful that any other town in the state



Horace E. Chamberlin

has so large and influential a delegation of natives or former residents either in Concord or Manchester, as Littleton has in the former city.

Dr. Irving A. Watson, the president of the association, who has been the efficient secretary of the State Board of Health since its organization twenty-five years ago, resided in Littleton during the greater portion of his youth; and there the vice-president, Hon. James W. Remick, resided for several years, in the practice of law, previous to his appointment to the Supreme bench. Hon. John M. Mitchell of the executive committee, studied his profession there, with the late Hon. Harry Bingham, and was subsequently associated with him in practice for many years, taking an active part, also, in town and county affairs. William H. Sawyer, Esq., now also a prominent Concord law-

yer, is a native of the town, and spent there all his early life.

Horace E. Chamberlin, long prominent in railway circles, for twenty years superintendent of the Concord Railroad, and subsequently, for a number of years superintendent of the Concord division of the Boston and Maine, commenced his railroad service as station agent at Littleton, where he was located for seven years from 1857, going thence to the Rutland road, from whose service he came to Concord in 1871.

Dr. Anson C. Alexander of Penacook, long prominent in state medical circles, and a specialist of note, is a Littleton native, born on Mann's Hill, where was the home of his father, who was engaged in the manufacture of scythes for many years at the upper part of the village, now known as "Apthorp."



John D. Bridge

John D. Bridge, manager of the Rumford Printing Company, was for several years at Littleton, first as proprietor and manager of the *Littleton Journal*, and subsequently of the *Republic-Journal*.

Burns P. Hodgman, clerk of the United States District Court for the District of New Hampshire, is also a Littleton boy, born, reared and educated in the town, where he had just entered upon the practice of the law,



**Mrs. W. E. Tenney.**

when appointed to the position he now holds.

Another Littleton boy, among the active business men of Concord, is Albert H. Daggett, a native of that town, now manager of Nelson's Five and Ten Cent store. Guy C. Rix, the well-known genealogist, is also a native, and was for many years a resident of Littleton.

Among Concord women, formerly of Littleton, are Miss Isabel M. Parks, principal of St. Mary's (Episcopal) School for Girls, who, though born in Davenport, Ia., where her parents then resided, spent a large portion of her early life with her maternal grandparents, in that town, and was later, for ten years, assistant in the Littleton High School; and Miss Anna L. Brackett, "house-mother" at the same school, who was born and resided in Littleton until her removal

to the Capital city a few years since.

Among Concord musicians few, if any, are better or more favorably known than Mrs. Adeline R. Tenney and Mrs. Lillian M. Shattuck, the former contralto in the Hanover Street Congregational church choir at Manchester and the latter in the North Congregational church choir of Concord. They are both Littleton girls, daughters of the late Shadrach Remick of that town, as are their three sisters, Mrs. C. H. Cook, Mrs. E. H. Flanders and Mrs. F. E. Clark, all now Concord residents.

While there are probably, as before remarked, not so many prominent residents in any city in the state from any one town as there are in the Capital city from Littleton, there are, however large representations from many different towns in many of our cities, particularly in Concord, Manchester and Nashua, and organizations thereof, after the manner of



**Miss Anna L. Brackett**

this Littleton Association of Concord, would undoubtedly be found both pleasant and profitable for the members, and advantageous to the home towns as well as the state at large.



# A Vision

*By Cyrus A. Stone*

I beheld a mighty river sweeping onward through the lands,  
And it bore upon its bosom all the treasures of the years,  
The countless generations with the labors of their hands,  
The follies of the foolish, and the wisdom of the seers.

In that fearful raft of wreckage, as it boomed along the flood  
With the glory and the glamour of every age and clime,  
Were heroes long forgotten or dimly understood,  
Who had fought, or failed in conquest, on the stormy heights of time.

There was Wealth, with crowded coffers, there was Strength, with iron bands,  
There was martial Pomp and Prowess, returned from foreign wars,  
There was Love with silken fetters for willing hearts and hands,  
There Fame in gilded chariots received the world's applause.

There were domes and shafts and temples set up by giant hands,  
Memorials of an era that should live on History's page;  
But the earthquake seized and shook them till they crumbled on the sands,  
And the wrathful river claimed them as its lawful heritage.

There were codes and creeds unnumbered, but they fell as raindrops fall,  
To swell the turbid torrent in its ever onward way;  
There were thrones and crowns and kingdoms, but they passed beyond recall,  
For nations long in building had perished in a day.

And the people came in numbers descending like a cloud,  
Strong men who ploughed the valleys or tilled the mountain sod,  
And they "argued" of their "vested rights" in angry tones and loud  
As if the fierce *vox populi* had been the voice of God.

The fortunes, fads and fancies, in Fashion's grand bazaar,  
Like straws before the whirlwind went down beneath the wave,  
And no one sought to find them, who came from near or far,  
And none was near to mourn them and none was there to save.

And the wrestling, writhing river, as one in mighty pain,  
Whose seething, surging waters can never be at rest,  
O'erleaping bank and barrier, rolled onward to the main  
With the burden of the centuries upon its heaving breast.

It rolled and foamed and fretted o'er crag and broken wall,  
While listening, looking seaward, I heard the billows roar,  
And read the fate of empires in the tidal rise and fall,  
Where the vast and vengeful ocean breaks in thunder on the shore.

Then the daylight faded slowly from the forest vale and stream,  
And pealing through the gloaming was heard the vesper bell;  
And while I stood and pondered as in a fitful dream,  
The fleeting vision vanished and the shadowy curtain fell.

# The Pemigewasset Woman's Club of Plymouth

*By Elvira Page Burleigh*

In the beautiful month of June, 1897, when nature was arrayed in garments of green, after her long winter's sleep, there came to our quiet town an officer of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Her aim was to secure accommodations for the coming field meeting, and to arouse a sentiment in favor of organizing a woman's club in Plymouth.



**Mrs. Elvira Page Burleigh**  
*First President*

The women whom she met did not give her much encouragement. They felt that their hands were already full, but with the persistence worthy of a journalist she would not be denied. A strong plea was made that the president of the State Federation was a Plymouth woman, Eliza Nelson Blair, one of the most womanly of

women. The result of the interview was that a pledge was given to call a meeting of representative women to consider this subject, which was already interesting women in different parts of the state. The meeting was held at Normal Hall, with Marian B. Campbell. After a little informal talk in regard to the objects of a club, the meeting organized by the choice of a chairman and secretary, without a dissenting voice. Committees were chosen to present a list of officers, and also a constitution for consideration at some future time.

On July 3, the following officers were elected: Mrs. Elvira Page Burleigh, president; Mrs. Marian Blake Campbell, first vice-president; Mrs. Ada E. Keniston, second vice-president; Mrs. Amelia P. Smythe, recording secretary; Mrs. Martha Leverett, corresponding secretary. A constitution was adopted and an executive committee, consisting of Mrs. Caroline Sargeant Burns, chairman; Mrs. S. Katherine Adams, Mrs. Annie B. Hull, Mrs. Jennie J. Webster, Miss Lulu E. Lummis and Miss Caroline W. Mudgett, elected; and thus the Pemigewasset Woman's Club came into being.

The Federation came to Plymouth for a field meeting in July and our club was federated at that time. Rain fell in such quantity during the week that the Pemigewasset overflowed its banks, doing much damage to the hay crop and causing much inconvenience to the traveling public. One old farmer was heard to remark, "I do hope those women won't federate again in July."

The work of the club began in earnest on the 1st of October. Meet-

## *The Pemigewasset Woman's Club*

ings were held at the Library Building. This building was the old court house, in which Daniel Webster is said to have made his first plea. It was used afterward as a wheelwright shop for many years. Through the generosity of our former townsman, Hon. Henry W. Blair, it was moved



**Mrs. S. Katherine Adams**  
*President*

to the rear of the court house and restored to its original condition for the use of the Young Ladies' Library Association. No more fitting home could be found for a woman's club than this historic building. The meetings are held the first and third Mondays of every month, from the first of October to the last of May.

The Pemigewasset Woman's Club has always been a working club. Every woman has been willing to give of herself for the benefit of the whole. The first object was mutual improvement, but we long since extended our interest to those about us and have striven to make ourselves "a power for good in the community." Much credit is due Mrs. Caroline Sargeant

Burns for her untiring industry as chairman of the executive committee during the first year of the club's life.

Our death was often prophesied, but we still live, and I do not think the women of Plymouth would think of giving up the club. It is the only woman's organization entirely democratic. Women from four different churches, and women of no church affiliation, meet on common ground and work for the common good. May we not be a large factor in bringing about love for all mankind, which is our future heritage.

The club has maintained a course of public lectures each year. We have constructed a fireplace in the Library Building and placed a bronze tablet upon the exterior, commemorating the celebrated plea of



**Mrs. Maud C. Bell**  
*First Vice-President*

Webster in the Burnham murder case, concerning which plea Webster himself subsequently said: "I made my first and the only solitary argument of my whole life against capital punishment."

The club has a hospital day each year, the money raised in various ways being for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital in Plymouth, for the support of which the club is an annual subscriber. We have also



**Mrs. Ruth McClure Chase**  
*Second Vice-President*

contributed to the educational fund for helping worthy young ladies through the Normal School.

The club has recently donated various works of art for the decoration of rooms in the new High School building. It is a life member of the Association for the Preservation of Forests. The club has been represented on the executive board of the Federation and its various committees, at different times. At the present time Mrs. Jennie J. Webster, first vice-president of the Federation, and Mary Houston, member of the committee on club extension, are both members of our club, the former an ex-president, the latter our corresponding secretary.

The eleventh annual meeting of the New Hampshire Federation was held

in Plymouth May 15 and 16. It was considered one of the most successful in its history. It has been the custom for the Federation to be entertained by the different clubs in the state. This year they paid their own expenses and came to Plymouth because of its fine hotel accommodations, and also to give the North Country club women an opportunity to attend the meeting in large numbers. The Pemigewasset Club gave them a reception at the Pemigewasset House and in many ways contributed to their entertainment. Our club president gave them a cordial welcome, and the musical people of the town, with vocal and instrumental music, helped to brighten the occasion. The business meetings were held at the Pemigewasset parlors. The Methodist Episcopal



**Mrs. Katherine E. Ruggles**  
*Recording Secretary*

Church was filled for the evening lectures. Tuesday evening Dr. Richard Burton of Chicago University spoke in an original and instructive manner on "The Modern Novel"; Wednesday evening Henry Lewis Johnson closed

the Federation with a talk on "Civic Betterment," dwelling particularly on the injustice to adjoining land-owners as well as the disfigurement of the landscape by billboard advertising. New Hampshire does not suffer as much as Massachusetts from this nuisance.

The membership has grown from 16 charter members to 75 or more. One of our number, Louisa Hall Russell, our first treasurer, an ideal woman, passed to the higher life, May 5, 1905. The year-books indicate the great amount of work in the line of study and discussion which our club has accomplished during the last nine years. Literature, history, music, art, education, forestry, economics and current events have, at different times, been considered. Many prominent men and women in our state have contributed of their store of knowledge for our instruction and entertainment.

The club elected the following officers for 1906: Mrs. S. Katherine Adams, president; Mrs. Maud C. Bell, first vice-president; Mrs. Ruth McClure Chase, second vice-president; Miss Mary E. Houston, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Katherine E. Ruggles, recording secretary; Miss Bessie Fox, chairman, Miss Viola E. McClure, Miss Mildred A. Chase, Miss Susan C. Russell, Miss Sarah Thorndyke Keniston, Mrs. Maud R. Hardy, executive committee.

The following women have served

as chairman of the executive committee, the most arduous position in our club: Caroline Sargeant Burns, Caroline Willetts Mudgett, Elvira Page Burleigh, Dove Mitchell, Laura King Huckins and Effie Kibby Gore.

The presidents since organization have been: Elvira (Page) Burleigh, Marian (Blake) Campbell, Jennie J. (Adams) Webster, Glennie (Bartlett) Adams, Ruth (McClure) Chase, Sarah Katherine (Smith) Adams.

Mrs. Burleigh served two years, Mrs. Webster three years, Sarah Katherine (Smith) Adams has just been elected for the second year; the others served one year.

The greatest social event of the club is "Gentlemen's Night." We also have many teas and social hours during the year.

Our "Children's Day" is one of the bright spots in our calendar. The entertainment varies each year, according to the tastes and wishes of the committee in charge, but I am sure the young people always enjoy the program prepared for them by the Woman's Club.

In taking a retrospective view of the club and its work, it is only just to say that the fondest hopes of its founders have been fully realized. May the Pemigewasset Woman's Club in the future, be a potent moral and intellectual factor in promoting the welfare of its members and of the community at large.



# Waiting

*By Frank Walcott Hutt*

This long, sad time a stranger—where  
Shall I the boy-heart ever meet,  
Lost somewhere on a city street,  
A helpless waif to fare?

Is there no place beneath the sun  
Where I shall find him evermore?  
I wander on from door to door;  
There is no place—save one.

If I may sometime call to mind  
A country path, a clover lane,  
That, urged with longing vague and vain,  
I one day left behind;

Thither, I 'm sure of it, he 's found  
His long way back, to wait for me,  
Where, 'neath a pleasant old roof-tree  
Dear faces gather round.

There, by the vine-embowered gates,  
And where the red rose clammers, still,  
By that gray threshold 'neath the hill,  
For me the boy-heart waits.

# The Sprites

*By C. C. Lord*

Where dwell the sprites the poets sing?  
In pleasant shades, by rocks, by rills,  
By founts, in glens where beauties spring,  
In grateful nooks of vales and hills.

Who sees the sprites the poets sing?  
He hath an eye of keener glance,  
And when a filmy flight takes wing  
Espies it by a look askance.

Who hears the sprites the poets sing?  
In calm retreats, on summer days,  
When tiny throats with laughter ring,  
His thought with dappled sunlight plays.

# New Hampshire Society of Los Angeles

The GRANITE MONTHLY is in receipt of intelligence to the effect that an organization of former residents of the old Granite State, now domiciled in the delightful city of Los Angeles, Cal., has recently been effected, the idea having been conceived by Mr. A. S. Morrison, lately of Franklin Falls, who, after a season of zealous effort, brought the New Hampshire people of the city together on the 28th day of February last, when the New Hamp-



Dr. R. F. Clark

shire Society of Los Angeles was organized, with over two hundred members.

Col. M. C. Wentworth, formerly of Jackson, now manager of the Raymond Hotel at Pasadena, who has just perfected arrangements for building and equipping the finest hotel on the Pacific coast, to whose management he will devote himself in the future, was made honorary president of the association, and Dr. R. F. Clark, a lead-

ing physician of Los Angeles, formerly of East Haverhill, was chosen president; Ira F. Chandler, formerly of Claremont, vice-president; Mrs. Bertha D. Martin, formerly of Enfield, and a prominent worker in Mascota Valley Pomona Grange, secretary, and Fred E. Lever, formerly of Bristol, treasurer. Rev. Stephen E. Emerson, formerly a Congregational clergyman of Haverhill, was made an honorary member. The association appointed Dr. Clark and A. S. Morrison a committee to plant a tree on Arbor Day, on Mt. McKinley, the highest point in Elysian Park, a beautiful resort of 600 acres, to which duty the committee properly attended. The organization holds monthly meetings, the last occurring on May 15, when a banquet was served, followed by addresses and the reading of congratulatory communications.

Doctor Clark, the president of the association, writing to the GRANITE MONTHLY the facts concerning its organization, goes on to say: 'It has been said that we never forget anything—that all the events of our lives are stored away in the brain centers, on a disc as it were, and as it revolves they are again placed before us. I am a firm believer in this theory. I look back now to the days of my boyhood and early manhood, and trace events as they occurred in New Hampshire, the old Granite State, 'where the hills are so lofty, magnificent and great.' Well do I remember the town of my birth—Haverhill—with its numerous villages: East Haverhill, the 'Corner,' 'Slab City' or North Haverhill, Woodsville and the 'Center,' with its old granite town hall, where the elections were held and many stormy scenes enacted, and where patriotic meetings were held in the trying days of the early sixties

for the purpose of raising men to send to the front to preserve the Union, during one of which I cast my lot, with others, to go.

"Well do I remember when the incline railway was built on Mt. Washington. I was one of the party that made the first ascent. I have traveled nearly all over New Hampshire, have hunted in its forests and fished in its lakes and streams. My last visit to the state was in 1874 when I stopped in Concord on the night before July 4, and was awakened in the morning by the report of a cannon. Looking from my window I saw that an accident had occurred. Hastily dressing, I went out and found that the cannon had burst, killing two men and injuring several more.

"In the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for March, recently received, I recognize in the portrait, very distinctly, Seth Greenleaf, whom I knew well, and with whom I often rode in the old stage days, as also when he was a conductor on the B., C. & M. Railroad. I also knew 'Sid' Russ, his associate conductor, and 'Wash' Simpson, his brother-in-law. His son, Charles H. Greenleaf—now called 'colonel,' was one of my chums. I well remember when he went to the White Mountains, and have followed him since by reputation, from public sources and from people who are in the White Mountains in summer and in California in the winter, and I feel assured he is worthy any honor the peo-

ple of New Hampshire may have to bestow. You may talk about great men and men of high position all over the land, but no state in the Union has nobler, truer men than New Hampshire.

"I love the state of my birth, but, after all, there is no place for me like Southern California. Here is the real Switzerland of America, and here the only Los Angeles. Much has been said in its praise and the picture is not overdrawn. It is the distributing center for Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico, from which radiates a perfect network of both steam and electric railway lines in every direction, reaching numerous beaches, parks and various attractive pleasure resorts; bringing in the rich products of orchards, vineyards and vegetable gardens of wonderful fertility and year-round production, and furnishing ready access to regions of scenic beauty unsurpassed in the world.

"Southern California is really the world's paradise, and Los Angeles the most desirable point therein. While, as I have said, I love my native New Hampshire with its rocks and mountains, its magnificent valleys, its beautiful cities and villages, its loyal citizens, noble men and charming women; nevertheless I am content and happy here in Southern California and glorious Los Angeles, which have only to be seen and enjoyed to be appreciated."





# New Hampshire Club in Lynn, Mass.

*By Ida G. Adams*

No city in Massachusetts has a larger per cent. of New Hampshire people as residents than Lynn, and from this population has sprung one of the most interesting clubs in the state.

In August, 1900, O. W. Lewis, formerly of Franklin, Charles F. Davis of Lee, George H. Bachelder of Northwood, J. Albert Bachelder of Nottingham, Charles H. French of Deerfield, Arthur L. Gamash of Newport and J. W. Cross of Wolfeborough met at the home of James L.



**Hon. George H. Bachelder**

Bryant of Salem, and transacted the preliminary business of forming the organization now known as "The Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire."

On September 10 of the same year the club was instituted with James L. Bryant, president, and O. W. Lewis, secretary.

The aims and objects of the association, according to Article II of its Constitution, are "to promote a broader fellowship among the New

Hampshire former citizens of Lynn and vicinity."

Article III states that "all persons born in New Hampshire, and their families, wherever from, are eligible to membership."

Hon. J. E. Odlin of Laconia served as second president of the club, and introduced a unique and interesting feature in the form of a service composed of responsive readings. Leaflets were printed and circulated among the members on which were quotations from poems relating to New Hampshire, and the enthusiastic responses and singing of the loyal verses by the audience were very effective.

Hon. George H. Bachelder followed Mr. Odlin as president, and is now serving the club in that capacity.

Mr. Bachelder was born in Northwood, N. H., on July 29, 1849, and is the son of John L. and Ann Susan Bachelder, residents of that town. He came to Lynn in 1863 and secured employment in one of the shoe manufacturing. At the present time his business bears the sign, "Men's Furnishings."

He is prominent as a member of the I. O. O. F., being past grand of the East Lynn Lodge, and vice-president of the Odd Fellows' Building Association. In 1900-'01, he served in the Lynn city council and in 1903-'04 as a member of the board of aldermen. He is also a compatriot of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Clara H. Smith of Laconia has served the club as secretary since 1901, which long term of service testifies to her ability and interest. Mr. C. H. Cass is now occupying the treasurer's chair.

This club has a membership of

about one hundred and fifty, and 52 towns in New Hampshire are represented, and at some meetings all the counties.

Its annual banquet is given in February or March, to which prominent New Hampshire men are invited. Among those whose names appear as guests are ex-Gov. Frank Rollins, Hon. James O. Lyford (who is an honorary member), Hon. E. P. Jewell of Laconia and Hon. J. F. Cloutman of Farmington.

Interesting sketches of their native towns have been given by Messrs. Coolidge and Odlin, members of the club, who represented Hillsborough and Laconia respectively, while J. Elwood Paige of Weare is a favorite contributor to the literary programs.

Mr. C. A. Lawrence recently gave an exceedingly interesting talk on the White Mountains; Henry W. Heath, a Lynn business man, on the forestry

question, and Dr. C. H. Bangs, secretary of the New England Old Home Week Association, presented many valuable and entertaining facts on that subject.

With an estimated New Hampshire population of 3,000, Lynn should boast a much larger club, and doubtless its membership will largely increase when its work becomes better known.

For loyalty to their mother state the members of this organization are unsurpassed, and Hon. H. W. Heath, a recognized leader, voiced the feeling of the club at a recent meeting when he said he believed in doing whatever would be of the most benefit to the club and through the club to the state it represented. That the Lynn Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire have a future is a foregone conclusion.

## Now and Then

*By Charles H. Chesley*

Now and then the sun shines out  
And the vaulted skies are a perfect blue;  
Now and then through clouds of doubt  
We catch a glimpse of heavenly hue:  
And hope's bright star looms up the skies  
As now and then our spirits rise.

Now and then along the way  
We find a spot where flowers bloom;  
Now and then the dawning day  
Dispels the midnight's dark and gloom:  
And we gather blossoms kissed with dew  
As now and then our dreams come true.

Now and then within our own  
We take the hand of a steadfast friend;  
Now and then the cheering tone  
Of Love with Faith is heard to blend:  
And we barter dross for purest gold  
As now and then true hearts we hold.

**NOTE.**—This poem was printed in the May issue, but was erroneously credited to another writer.

# Three Important Acts of New Hampshire

## At the Beginning of the War of the American Revolution

By Hon. Joseph B. Walker

(Concluded.)

### II.

#### THE ASSOCIATION TEST.

The year 1775 closed with three regiments of New Hampshire troops encamped on Winter Hill, in Charlestown, under command of Brigadier General Sullivan. Upon the opening of 1776, opponents to resistance to British arms appeared, of various numbers, in most or all of the colonies. To prevent, as far as possible, any embarrassment which they might cause, the Continental Congress, on the 14th of March, passed a resolution recommending that all persons "notoriously disaffected to the cause of America," be disarmed, and forwarded the following extract of the same to New Hampshire:<sup>1</sup>

"IN CONGRESS, MARCH 14, 1776.

"Resolved, That it be recommended to the General Assemblies, Conventions, and Councils, or Committees of Safety of the United Colonies, *immediately* to cause all Persons to be *disarmed*, within their Respective Colonies, who are *notoriously* disaffected to the cause of America, or who have not associated, and refuse to associate, to defend by Arms, the United Colonies, against the Hostile attempts of the British Fleets and Armies."

"(Copy) *"Extract from the Minutes"*  
"Charles Thompson, Secy."

In compliance with this resolution, the chairman of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety sent to the several towns copies of the following Request and Solemn Engagement:

"COLONY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,  
"IN COMMITTEE OF SAFETY  
"April 12th, 1776.

"In order to carry the underwritten Resolve of the Hon'ble Continental Con-

gress into Execution, you are requested to desire all Males above Twenty one years of age (Lunaticks, Idiots and Negroes excepted) to sign to the *Declaration* on this Paper; and when so done, to make Return thereof, together with the Name or Names of all who shall refuse to sign the same to the *General Assembly* or Committee of Safety of this Colony.

"M. Weare, Chairman."

Accompanying this was the following preamble and Solemn Engagement:

"In consequence of the above Resolution of the *Hon. Continental Congress*, and to show our Determination in joining our American Brethren, in defending the Lives, Liberties and Properties of the inhabitants of the United Colonies;

"*We, the Subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage, and promise that we will, to the utmost of our Power, at the Risque of our Lives and Fortunes, oppose the Hostile Proceedings of the British Fleets and Armies against the United American Colonies.*"

Copies of this declaration were signed by the citizens of no less than eighty-six New Hampshire towns, and are preserved in the office of the secretary of state. They contain not only the autograph signatures of the signers, but the names of those declining to sign.

In these towns, then containing a population of 55,603 persons, the number of men pledging to the American cause "Their Utmost Power, at the Risque of their Lives and Fortunes," was 8,412, while the number declining to sign was 703.<sup>2</sup>

A careful examination of these remarkable pledges of loyalty to the patriot cause well repays the careful student of our early New Hampshire history for the time he may devote to

<sup>1</sup> For a copy of this resolution in full, see Appendix, p. 181.

<sup>2</sup> N. H. State Papers, vol. 8, pp. 204, 205.

<sup>1</sup> N. H. State Papers, vol. 8, p. 205.

<sup>2</sup> For a tabulation of these pledges, see Appendix, p. 181.

it. The names subscribed thereto are the autograph signatures of their owners, and, while they generally suggest that a majority of the fingers which made them were quite as familiar with the plow handle as with the pen, they also indicate intelligence, courage, and faith in the ultimate success of the cause which they had espoused. Only seventy-four of the whole number signed by a cross or other mark indicating inability to write. The firm signatures, fresh as of yesterday, show no evidence of compulsion or thoughtlessness of results. They indicate, rather, a consciousness of the solemn fact that, while success in the great struggle then in progress meant civil liberty, defeat exposed their estates to confiscation and their necks to the halter. As one deliberately turns over these bold documents, one after another, now one hundred and thirty years old, reading the names one by one; encountering, perhaps, those of ancestors, he is liable to realize as never before, the cost of American freedom.

### III.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

As one passes out of the year 1775 into 1776, he finds two prominent ideas running *pari passu* in the public mind throughout the thirteen American colonies. One was that war existed and all differences with the mother country must be adjusted by the sword; another, recently suggested and fast gaining acceptance, that, on the part of the colonists, the objective point in the struggle should be national independence. As early as February, George Wythe of Virginia said to his associates in the Continental Congress, "We must declare ourselves a free people," and introduced a resolution "That the colonies have a right to contract alliances with foreign powers," whereupon an ob-

jector remarked, "This is independence."<sup>1</sup> And it was.

The majority of the people of New Hampshire accepted both declarations of the opposing parties, and their representatives in the Assembly, on the 11th day of June of this memorable year of 1776, "Voted that Samuel Cutts, Timothy Walker and John Dudley, Esq., be a committee of this House to join a committee of the Honorable Board to make a Dra't of a Declaration of this General Assembly for INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED COLONIES ON GREAT BRITAIN."

In the passing of this vote the Council concurred and John Hurd, Wyseman Claggett and Ebenezer Thompson were added to the committee. Four days later, this joint committee of the two bodies made their report "Relative to the United Colonies setting up an *Independent State*;" whereupon the House "Voted, unanimously, that the report of said committee be received and accepted, and that the Dra't by them brought in be sent to our Delegates at the Continental Congress forthwith as the sence of this House;"<sup>2</sup> in which action the Council concurred.

The following is the declaration reported by the committee:

#### "INDEPENDENCE.

*"The Draft made by the Committee of both Houses, relating to Independency, is as follows, viz:*

"Whereas it now appears an undoubted Fact, That Notwithstanding all the dutiful Petitions and Decent Remonstrances from the American Colonies, and the utmost exertions of their best Friends in England on their Behalf, The British Ministry, Arbitrary & Vindictive, are yet Determined to Reduce by Fire and Sword our Bleeding Country, to their absolute obedience; and for this Purpose, in Addition to their own forces, have Engaged great Numbers of Foreign Mercenaries, who may now be on their passage here, accompanied by a Formidable Fleet to Ravage and Plunder the Sea-Coast; From

<sup>1</sup> N. H. State Papers, vol. 8, pp. 138, 139.

<sup>2</sup> N. H. State Papers, vol. 8, p. 149.

all which we may reasonably Expect the most dismal Scenes of Distress the ensuing year, unless we Exert ourselves by every means & Precaution possible; And Whereas We of this Colony of New Hampshire have the Example of several of the most Respectable of our sister Colonies before us for Entering upon that most Important Step of a *Disunion* from Great Britain and Declaring ourselves *Free and Independent* of the Crown thereof,—being Impelled thereto by the most violent & Injurious Treatments; and it appearing absolutely Necessary in this most critical Juncture of our Public Affairs, that the Hon'ble the Continental Congress, who have this Important Object under their Immediate Consideration, should also be Informed of our Resolutions thereon without loss of Time: We Do therefore Declare that it is the opinion of this Assembly that our Delegates at the Continental Congress should be Instructed and they are hereby Instructed to join with the other Colonies in Declaring *The Thirteen United Colonies a Free and Independent State*: Solemnly Pledging our Faith & Honor, that we will on our parts Support the Measure with our Lives and Fortunes;—and that in consequence thereof, They, the Continental Congress, on whose Wisdom, Fidelity & Integrity we rely, may enter into and form such Alliances as they may Judge most conducive to the Present Safety and Future advantage of *These American Colonies*: *Provided* the Regulations of Internal Police be under the direction of our own Assembly.

"Entered according to the Original.

"Att: Noah Emery, Clk. D. Rep's."

To a person carefully considering these three-fold acts of the citizens of New Hampshire at this critical period, the question naturally arises, was it prudent for a people of so limited resources to bid defiance to a power then second to none other on earth? Furthermore, upon what could they base reasonable hopes of a united colonial success in a contest apparently so unequal?

In answer, it may be said that they were doubtless bold, possibly rash, but never mad. It is a plausible supposition that they had reached the course adopted, by considerations like the following:

1. After a long trial, they had become convinced that all hope of se-

curing a removal of the grievances imposed upon them by the British government, by peaceful means, was vain.

2. The Boston Port Bill, the Colonial Committees of Correspondence and the establishment of a Continental Congress had produced such a sympathetic union of the thirteen colonies as had not before existed.

3. In the Continental Congress they had secured a common head, which could so direct their joint or several efforts as to make them of most effect.

4. During the previous French and Indian Wars, British and Colonial soldiers had fought side by side against their common enemy and the latter had been led to believe themselves the equals, and at times the superiors, of their associates. In this belief they had been strengthened by the results of the contests at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill.

5. The colonists were also aware that they were not without friends in the British Parliament; and that, while these were in a hopeless minority, they had power to embarrass the aggressive councils of the administration.

6. The colonists knew, too, that they had the sympathy of England's nearest neighbor and rival, which in time developed into material aid.

7. And, underlying all these considerations, was the fact, unperceived by King George, that royal colonial rule was retreating before advancing nationality; that new civil institutions were about being established on a new continent, and that a movement to broaden ideas of human government was in progress, which no British force could resist; for the irresistible power of Omnipotence was behind it.

The sequel proved that their confidence in the cause of American independence was not a vain one, and that an intelligent citizen soldier, fighting at home for national freedom, was more than an even match for an ig-

<sup>1</sup> N. H. State Papers, vol. 8, pp. 149, 150.

norant, Hessian hireling, fighting on a foreign soil for wages.

In short, the story of the American Revolution is the story of the transition of a brave and intelligent people from a state of colonial inequality to independence and companionship with other nationalities.

## APPENDIX.

### RESOLUTION OF THE GENERAL CONGRESS RECOMMENDING THE DISARMING OF THE TORIES.

"Resolved, That it be recommended to the several assemblies, conventions, and committees or councils of safety of the United Colonies, immediately to cause all persons to be disarmed within their respective colonies, who are notoriously disaffected to the cause of America, or

who have not associated, and shall refuse to associate, to defend by arms, these United Colonies, against the hostile attempts of the British fleets and armies; and to apply the arms taken from such persons in each respective colony, in the first place, to the arming of the continental troops raised in said colony; in the next, to the arming such troops as are raised by the colony for its own defence, and the residue to be applied to the arming the associators; that the arms when taken be appraised by indifferent persons, and such as are applied to the arming the continental troops, be paid for by the Congress, and the residue by the respective assemblies, conventions, or councils, or committees of safety.

"Ordered, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be transmitted by the delegates of each colony, to their respective assemblies, conventions, or councils, or committees of safety."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Journals of Continental Congress, vol 3, p. 88, ed. 1890.

## ASSOCIATION TEST.

### SIGNERS AND NON-SIGNERS IN EIGHTY-SIX TOWNS.

Towns.	Popula- tion.	Signers.	Non signers.	Towns.	Popula- tion.	Signers.	Non signers.
Amherst.....	1,428	201	4	Lee.....	954	142	14
Allenstown.....	168	21	1	Londonderry.....	2,590	875	15
Alstead.....	317	66	4	Loudon.....	349	69	.....
Acworth.....	.....	32	.....	Meredith.....	259	48	.....
Lempster.....	128	24	.....	Marlborough.....	324	50	5
Unity.....	146	26	4	New Boston.....	549	108	.....
Atkinson.....	575	97	.....	New Castle.....	449	57	4
Barnstead.....	262	87	.....	Newington.....	532	67	8
Barrington.....	1,655	200	12	Newmarket.....	1,289	164	38
Bedford.....	496	87	1	North Hampton.....	562	116	.....
Boscawen.....	508	108	1	Northwood.....	313	61	1
Bow.....	350	63	2	Nottingham.....	999	104	25
Brentwood.....	1,100	160	18	Nottingham West.....	649	118	1
Canterbury.....	723	128	.....	Packersfield.....	186	38	1
Claremont.....	523	100	31	Pembroke.....	744	129	9
Chester.....	1,599	221	.....	Peterborough.....	549	84	.....
Chesterfield.....	874	189	13	Piermont.....	168	35	.....
Concord.....	1,062	156	.....	Portsmouth.....	4,590	509	46
Conway.....	273	55	.....	Raby.....	.....	23	.....
Deerfield.....	929	101	20	Richmond.....	960	156	12
Deering.....	177	33	2	Rindge.....	542	150	.....
Derryfield.....	285	47	.....	Rochester.....	1,548	198	44
Dublin.....	305	22	.....	Rye.....	870	123	.....
Dunbarton.....	497	59	10	Salem.....	1,084	171	36
Canaan.....	67	24	.....	Salisbury.....	498	83	.....
Enfield.....	50	13	.....	Sanbornton.....	459	80	.....
Epping.....	1,569	209	11	Sandown.....	635	103	7
Epsom.....	387	68	2	Sandwich.....	245	37	9
East Kingston.....	428	78	3	Newport.....	157	36	.....
Gilmanton.....	775	115	58	Croydon.....	143	31	4
Gilsum.....	178	42	.....	Saville.....	65	18	.....
Hampton.....	862	174	2	Society Land.....	.....	25	.....
Hampstead.....	768	97	21	South Hampton.....	498	85	4
Hawke.....	504	74	4	Stratham.....	1,137	131	42
Henniker.....	347	57	22	Surry.....	215	42	.....
Hillsborough.....	.....	35	1	Temple.....	481	84	3
Hinsdale.....	.....	35	10	Wakefield.....	320	62	.....
Hopkinton.....	1,085	161	14	Weare.....	967	131	41
Keene.....	756	133	13	Westmoreland.....	758	130	6
Kensington.....	797	113	20	Wilton.....	623	123	2
Kingston.....	961	150	14	Winchester.....	723	108	15
Lebanon.....	347	87	.....	Wyndham.....	529	96	3
Exeter.....	1,741	48	.....				
Leavitts Town.....	83	17	.....		55,608	8,412	708

# The Gunpowder from Fort William and Mary

Reference by Hon. Joseph B. Walker to the distribution of the gunpowder from Fort William and Mary, and the reputed use of some of it by the American troops at Bunker Hill, in the first installment of his article on "Three Important Acts of New Hampshire at the Beginning of the Revolution," has called out criticism from two different writers, whose communications are herewith presented:

## *Editor of the Granite Monthly:*

In the May number of your excellent magazine, in the Hon. J. B. Walker's article on "Three Important Acts of New Hampshire at the Beginning of the Revolution," the author states that, "It has often been said that some of this powder (captured by Major John Sullivan at Fort William and Mary, December 14, 1774) was subsequently used in the battle of Bunker Hill, but I have yet to see reliable proof of the statement."

Allow me to give Mr. Walker some "reliable proof of the statement." Of course he knows the story of the capture of that powder; it is reliable and indisputable. That powder was at first stored under the old meeting house at Durham, within a stone's throw of General Sullivan's residence; but the men who had the affair in charge were shrewd managers; they speedily thereafter and prudently deposited this powder with trusty men in the towns around, so that no British force could come up the Piscataqua and Oyster rivers and recapture it from its hiding place under the meeting house. The indisputable evidence of this is shown in Mr. Walker's own article by an examination of the town reports in the fall of 1775, as to how much powder was in each town; I need not quote the items, he can read it; Durham and Madbury are among the few towns which reported a large supply; Portsmouth did not have any; all had been taken away; it was not safe there.

Maj. John Demeritt, who lived in the little town of Madbury, only three miles from the Durham meeting house, was one of the men who helped Major Sullivan capture the powder and bring it up

the river to Durham. At some time before Christmas, 1774, he had several barrels of that powder removed from the meeting house and stored securely under his large barn; the exact spot where it was stored can be pointed out to Mr. Walker by the present owner of the place, Maj. John Demeritt, a great-grandson of the Major John of the Revolution, if Mr. Walker will take the trouble to visit that beautiful and historic place; moreover, Major Demeritt will show him a small quantity of the identical powder which his ancestor so faithfully guarded.

Again, it is an indisputable fact that during the winter of 1774-'75 Major Demeritt took an ox-team load of that powder from under his barn and carted it to Charlestown and placed it in charge of the Massachusetts officials at the head of the patriot cause, as they were in great need of it. Major Demeritt wielded the goad over his faithful oxen and walked by their side on the journey to Massachusetts. Of course this act of Major Demeritt's is not recorded in the Revolutionary war rolls, nor the Provincial or State Papers, where Mr. Walker can quote it as "reliable proof," but Major Demeritt knew it and so did his son and all of the family, and all of his neighbors in Madbury and Durham; those who knew of it personally told the story to their sons and daughters and they to their sons and daughters to the present day. There is no doubt about it, and a part of the story is that some of the powder was used at Bunker Hill.

Perhaps Mr. Walker may say, "How did they know it was that identical powder?" Well, Major Demeritt, of course, knew the parties to whom he delivered the powder; and it was at a point handy to Bunker Hill, and from which Col. John Stark and Colonel Reid marched their regiments when ordered to go over Charlestown Neck and join in the battle of Bunker Hill at the "rail fence." Is it not the most natural conclusion in the history of events that they equipped their men with New Hampshire powder, as Major Demeritt says they did? They would not be likely to use Massachusetts powder, for there was none too much for Massachusetts men.

In conclusion then, Mr. Editor, need Mr. Walker or anybody else doubt the story that some of the powder taken from

Fort William and Mary was used at the battle of Bunker Hill? The only trouble at that battle was that Col. John Stark did not take enough of the powder; if he had taken a little more he would have laid the whole British army prostrate in Charlestown mud.

JOHN SCALES.

DOVER, N. H., May 5, 1906.

*Editor of the Granite Monthly:*

I have read with much interest in the May number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, an article by Hon. Joseph B. Walker—"Three Important Acts of New Hampshire." I think that he has not given my native town of Durham credit for the right amount of powder on hand in 1775, as per census returns, etc., taken by order of the convention.

Mr. Walker gives Durham credit for only 126 pounds of powder. If you will examine New Hampshire Historical Collections, Volume VIII, page 33, you will find the census returns of 1775 given. All the other data relating to Durham by Mr. Walker is the same as given by the New Hampshire Historical Collections, but the latter reference gives Durham credit for 200 pounds' public stock of powder and 76 pounds powder in private hands, making a total of 276 pounds available powder, which amount is larger than that of any other town in the state. According to this statement, Mr. Walker has not given Durham credit for half of its powder supply. Possibly Mr. Walker may have access to a different census, taken at some other time, but he states his figures from 1775 returns, and I quote from 1775 returns. His other data agrees with the reference that I have given. My reference states "Dec., 1775," and his reference could not be for a later return in 1775, after Durham had forwarded part of her powder to the army.

The reason why Durham had more powder on hand, December, 1775, was probably due to the fact that quite a large amount of gunpowder captured at Fort William and Mary was stored in Durham and vicinity, most of which had doubtless been forwarded to the army. In the *New Hampshire Spy*, March 17, 1789, Gen. John Sullivan, in an open letter addressed to Ebenezer Thompson, Esq., of Durham, says:

"In the night of the 18th of December, 1774, a messenger came to my house with a letter from Hon. Colonel Long, and I

think also signed by President Langdon, informing that about one hundred barrels of powder were sent to my care; that they had been to the fort and secured as much of the powder as they could, and desired me to come down with a party to secure the remainder, with the cannon and munitions of war, as they were in danger of being seized by the British ships. I mustered hands—took care of the powder, part of which was lodged in your house. The next morning we mustered . . . went to the fort and secured as much as our vessels could bring away. When the gondolas arrived in Durham river, it was frozen far down, and we were about two days in sawing the ice and getting up the boats, and one day more in storing and distributing the stores."

In a previous letter (May 3, 1785) to the *New Hampshire Mercury*, General Sullivan says:

"On the 18th of December some gentlemen belonging to Portsmouth went to the fort and took sundry barrels of powder and sent in a gondola one hundred and ten barrels to my care; which myself and others deposited in places of security. The next day a report was spread that two vessels of war were coming from Boston to take possession of the fort and harbor. I went down with a large number of men; and in the night following went in person with gondolas, took possession of the fort, brought away the remainder of the powder, the small arms, bayonets and cartouch boxes, together with the cannon and ordnance stores."

In this connection it is of much interest that the town of Durham, March 31, 1783, "Voted that the selectmen be directed to allow Thomas Wille 20/9 in full for repairing the guns brought from Fort William and Mary." Durham Town Records, Volume II, page 220.

In a foot note Mr. Walker says:

"It has been often said that some of this powder was subsequently used in the battle of Bunker Hill, but I have yet to see reliable proof of the statement."

At the Portsmouth bicentennial anniversary celebration, May 21, 1823, on the printed program, was the following toast: "Major Sullivan and Capt. Langdon. Our delegates to Congress in '75 who supplied Bunker Hill with Powder from His Majesty's fort at Pascataquack." (*Portsmouth Journal* of May, 1823, also New Hampshire Historical Society Collections, Volume II, page 195.)

Maj. John Demeritt of Madbury took an

<sup>1</sup> November 28, 1774, the town of Durham voted to have 200 pounds of powder, 400 bullets and 500 flints provided.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently General Sullivan is in error as to date. December 14, is the correct date.



ox-cart load of this powder to Cambridge in season for the battle of Bunker Hill; Major Demeritt died in 1826, and was attended for the last six years of his life by the wife of his grandson, a woman of great force of character and intelligence, who died in 1885. A few months previous to her death, my aunt, Mary P. Thompson, and I, called upon her and she stated that Maj. John Demeritt had often told her about his taking the powder to Cambridge in season for the battle of Bunker Hill.

Major Demeritt once gave some of the powder to a Portsmouth gentleman with the remark, "Here try this powder this is the kind we killed the red coats with at Bunker Hill." (C. E. Potter's *History of Manchester*, 1856, page 410.)

Daniel P. Drown, a nephew of Capt. Thomas Pickering, once related a trifling incident which transpired in connection with the history of this powder, which is worth mentioning. In the autumn of 1799 or 1800, Mr. Drown was at Major Demeritt's in Madbury, and as he was about leaving the house in pursuit of gray squirrels with his rifle (formerly the sporting piece of Sir William Pepperell), the major requested him to wait. On returning from the house, he gave him about two charges of powder, which the major said was a part of the powder which Mr. Drown's father assisted in taking from the fort, and bid him be sure that it did execution. It did so, and he returned to Portsmouth rich with a good bunch of squirrels, but richer with the gratification of telling his father the story. (Brewster's "Rambles About Portsmouth," Vol. I, page 221.)

The late Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., one of the ablest historical writers in this state, firmly believed that the powder arrived in season for use at Bunker Hill. Doctor Quint, who was the orator of the day at the dedication of the Sullivan monument at Durham, September 27, 1894, said: "The powder stored upon this spot, and that in the safe custody of Capt. John Demeritt at his home in Madbury, was taken by that person in his ox-cart to Cambridge, as directed by Sullivan, where it arrived just in season to be dealt out to the troops at Bunker Hill."

Prof. C. L. Parsons of Durham delivered an able address a few years ago, before the New Hampshire Historical Society, on "The Capture of Fort William and Mary, December 14 and 15, 1774." The address was afterwards printed in pamphlet form and was the result of careful research. Professor Parsons says: "It has always been the tradition in southeastern New Hampshire, founded upon the statements of persons who claimed to have the facts from the actors themselves, that Major John Demeritt took a cartload of the powder, captured at Portsmouth, from the magazine at his house, to Cambridge and reached there just in time for its opportune use at Bunker Hill. No inhabitant of Madbury or Durham doubts the story, but it cannot with our present knowledge be proven. On the other hand there is nothing to render it improbable. The official documents of the time are silent upon the question."

Professor Parsons quotes from the New Hampshire Provincial Papers, showing that some of this powder was forwarded to the army at Winter Hill in response to a letter from General Sullivan to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, and then says: "Now although much of this powder was probably sent to General Sullivan at Winter Hill, there is nothing to indicate that the portion retained in Durham was not previously used at Bunker Hill. There are two facts, apart from tradition, which seem to show the truth of the statement, and that the tradition was not of recent birth."

Professor Parsons then cites Potter's "History of Manchester" (1856), and "Portsmouth Bicentennial Anniversary Celebration of 1823," to which the writer has previously alluded.

Thomas C. Amory, author of "The Military Services and the Public Life of Maj.-Gen. John Sullivan" (published 1868), says: "These much-needed supplies, or a portion of them (referring to the powder taken from Fort William and Mary), . . . were used at the battle of Bunker Hill."

LUCIEN THOMPSON.

DURHAM, N. H., May 5, 1906.



# Books

*By Clara Frances Brown*

"Oh, for a book and a shady nooke,  
E'ither in-a-door or out!  
With the green leaves whispering over  
head,  
Or the street cries all about."

"Few men learn the highest use of books," remarks Lowell.

"We get no good  
By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
And calculating profits, so much help  
By so much reading—  
It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves and  
plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong into a book profound,  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of  
truth—  
'Tis then we get the right good from a  
book."

The author of "Aurora Leigh" has crowded a great truth into a few lines. "I read much," she goes on to say. That may or may not be a good thing to be proud of. It may or may not be a thing that is particularly helpful. Much depends upon natural taste and environment. Surrounded with an atmosphere of books, one unconsciously imbibes either good or evil. There is as much danger from over-reading as under-reading. A clergyman once said, "You can be immoral with a soda fountain." I wonder if it is not possible to be so with books? Is the present generation with the numerous temptations of 10 cent novels, Carnegie and Book Lover's libraries, not in danger of sin? Too much stimulus of any kind is harmful.

"Reading is a lost art," says one critic. Ackland informs us, and proves his statement by tabulated statistics, that during the last quarter of a century the force of the intellectual wave seems almost exhausted and the general drift is away from the solid and in the direction of the more

scrappy and discursive literature. Hazlett complained of the "rage of the greater part of the world for reading new books." The avidity for reading new things is then no novelty. "There is no escape," says Lee, "from the reading madness." Carlyle divided books, as the New Testament divides humanity, into "sheep and goats." It is impossible, in rapidly skimming so much, to have more than a slight impression of the things we have read. The effect upon the mind is like the shadows cast upon the earth by a passing cloud. It is one thing to own a library; it is another and far more difficult thing to use it wisely. Isaac Barrow says, "He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend"; and the word "loveth" comprises the whole, if your love is wisely directed.

What is reading but attempting to understand another mind? If we wish in real life to know a person we are not content with the few words uttered while we drink a cup of afternoon tea, nor with the trifling speeches of a course dinner. We call some rainy afternoon, when we think no one else will be brave enough to face the storm. We endeavor to come in touch with the person's fancies, to imbibe, if possible, some of the spirit that has attracted us. In the same way we must make the acquaintance of books.

Bacon calls books "our true friends who will neither flatter nor dissemble." Milton says, "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, that purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that had them." If this be so, we must approach them reverently. It takes a

long time to know a person. It is the same with a book; for into a good book a genius puts the best of his mind.

There are as many kinds of readers as of books. Emerson made some rules for reading. "First, never read a book that is not a year old. Second, never read any but famous books. Third, never read any but what you like." What are famous books? "Trilby," says one; "King Solomon's Mines," says another. It will depend vastly upon whom you spring your question. A literary person may possibly choose for other literati. Though, if one is to judge by the criticisms passed upon the lists of 100 best books, it is no easy task and Emerson's "read what you like," is hardly safe for a schoolgirl, with Mrs. Holmes' novels at hand.

Suppose we ask "What do we read for?" To forget ourselves and the daily petty annoyances of life. I met an old English woman, the other day, who said to me, "I do just like to read a good love story. You'll pick me out one, won't you?" I looked at her toil-worn hands, her wrinkled face, her bent form, and rejoiced that she still believed sufficiently in love to read it from the pages of a book. "Verily, judging from outward appearances, but little of it can have come into your life," I thought. Yet, possibly in some lovely orchard of far away England she had plucked the daisy petals, and the stories of English life and love she read recalled the blue sky, the lark's sweet song, the perfume-laden air as the petal passionately fell from her fingers, rosy tipped then, no doubt, as the flower she held. Toil and privation had been her portion, a foreign land, a world of people, careless alike of her and her hopes. She had formed her ideas, or rather she was content to do without them. The store of information she had laid up was sufficient for her needs. What mattered it to her whether it was Roosevelt in

America or Edward in England? And blessings on the man who enabled her to "pass the time," losing sight of her trials in a dreamland of love few ever reach.

But there are other meanings to the words "pass the time." "It is a sad thing," remarks a brilliant writer, "to go into a library nowadays and watch the people who are making tunnels through it." And really that is what most people are doing. They are fitting themselves for specialists, or looking up their part for some club reading. Probably they gain something, but for myself I am thankful for the years I had of browsing at will, reading some book there was no particular need of my reading at that moment. If you are reading Plato's "Republic," or "Phardo," because you must, I doubt if you obtain much good; but if in some quiet nook in a library you pick up the book and turn the leaves at your leisure, unconsciously you will imbibe the spirit of the writer. Some day, when you need it, it will come back to you and you will have not only the pleasure of using it profitably to yourself and others, but with it will come the memory of the moment when you made it your own—a twofold joy.

There are two ways of knowing,—by the spirit and by the letter. A popular lecturer says, "We have one very weak point in our education. We seem to have broken altogether with the spirit and the imagination." If one allows the spirit to work, I believe he will find his way to any book needed and will not have to spend time trying to find short cuts, for the eye trained by the spirit will take on a page what is needful for that particular moment. There is everything in knowing how to cut an article judiciously.

Someone has said: "The criticism of the reading habit of a nation is the criticism of its civilization. Most people in civilization are not enjoying it. They are like people on a tally-

ho, they enjoy making other people think they enjoy it." I differ a little from this critic. There are moments when we thoroughly enjoy the rush of the tayyoho (would it be in better keeping to say auto?). We are alive in every nerve; we glance from side to side; we let no little point of the beautiful landscape escape us. It is so with study or reading. We are eager for it; we plunge into it; we are carried away by the book in our hand. The words rush through our brain, painting living pictures. But there comes a quieter mood—the rush of the coach annoys us. We long to saunter through the leafy forest; we pause to note the call of a bird; the color of a flower, the falling leaf sets us off into a dream. It is so with our book. We pause, we read slowly, we drink in the quiet words as we enjoy the silent beauty of the forest. We must take care to become acquainted with ourselves. We cannot do that in a rush. We cannot often realize great thoughts in a flash of time.

"The fad of the present is showing off," says one critic, "exhibiting without being." We show off too much in our reading. "I have read all the new books that have come out this season," said a lady to me last summer, as I stood under the shadow of the Pilot Range. "I have four books a week from the 'Booklovers'!"—Four books a week! and she was rushing through them, as she was rushing in her auto through our glorious White Hills! How much did she realize of books or mountains?

Do I say one should not read the new novels? No. I am no advocate of the theory that a book must be a year old before one reads it. Somebody must read it at once. But I do say it is no proof of intellectuality that one has read all the novels of a season. I do say it weakens the mind. I have been asked how we can get the most and best out of reading. I can refer you to the list of 100 best books. I might even make out one of

my own; but unless the books on the lists permeate every nerve, so that you tingle to your finger tips, neither my list nor any other will be of any use. I think I should say—Read less, think more! Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, Whittier, may be old fashioned, but if we have their books by heart, methinks we shall get through this world and pass for fairly well-educated people.

I met two young ladies last summer. They had a small, well-chosen library—some good histories, the best poets, some nature books. Burroughs and Long were on the same shelf and were peaceable. A few well-selected books on science and one good magazine a month; and all the days I was with them the thought was continually in my mind, "How well read you are! how thoroughly you know your books! what good reasons you give for your political faith!" Were there no novels? I believe I did see "Cranford" and the "Waverleys." I think they know nothing of "The Deliverance," or "Jewel," and I presume they are still strangers to "The Masquerader." But they told me of the frost flower, blossoming under Alpine snows, and contrasted it with our frost flower, and many other things a certain book contains that stands on our library shelves.

There is a great complaint over cheap literature. Let us choose our words a little differently. An article by Senator Beveridge loses nothing in force because we pay five cents for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Let us be thankful for all literature of that kind because it is cheap. You can buy Shakespeare for 50 cents; is it cheap literature? Yet I have heard someone complain that Shakespeare had been made so very common.

I am asked, "How shall we interest our young people in literature?" I know one way. I am not holding it up as the best way. It is simply my idea. Teach literature as I was taught. Nobody said literature to

me. I was not frightened with the words, "hand-book," "manual," "dictionary"; "read so many pages," "find out what all the words mean." If I had been told I must read "Pride and Prejudice," "Our Mutual Friend," "Waverley," etc., I should have hated them just as thoroughly as children do now. The books lay round the house and I read them. I was very much surprised when I reached the High School to find Shakespeare was "literature." He was just the dear old magician whose wand carried me from fairyland to deeds of chivalry. I read the stories for the pure pleasure I got out of them. I can remember a cozy nook on the old sofa by the fire, where, with "Kitty" snuggled up by my side, I wandered with "Robin Hood," "Little John" and "Maid Marian," when the old English ballads wove themselves into my life. It is a blessed memory. Unconsciously I took in the spirit of the writers so far as a child not supernaturally gifted, could.

When I see easy reading for children I feel inclined to toss the most of it into the first waste basket I can find. "Meat for strong men, milk for babies"? All right, but don't water the milk and skim it, too! It is certainly true that the intellect under our modern methods is not so strong as when children read the books of their elders and ciphered out the meaning for themselves. I am not encouraging the idea of jumping at meaning, but of thinking it out. Dealing every day, as I do, with young people, it seems to me that thinking is a lost art. If a child can't find the idea in a dictionary or a quarto folio, he is lost! "Read to weigh and consider," Bacon says. Are pupils taught to do that? Is it not that an idea on one subject does not bring up another, because so much is specialized nowadays, and there is such a feeble connection between what is learned from books and what

we practice in daily life? It seems to me that children read the stories and poems marked out in a literature course without the faintest idea that once removed from school they will ever need them again.

A great source of failure is want of concentration. Sir Isaac Newton did not attribute his wonderful discoveries to any superior qualities of mind, but to his powers of concentration. Do we not frequently read a passage, and while we may have pronounced the words correctly remain perfectly unconscious of their meaning? The physical part has done its work perfectly. It is not wonderful that we fail to obtain the best out of a book when the reading is performed without mental activity.

And now I wish to speak of something that is a great weakener of our powers of concentration—the modern newspaper. It does not seem content to give news, nor manufactured sensations, but attempts to grasp the whole field of literature, and gives us snatches on many subjects, no one of which is carried to completion. The mind into which this mass of topics is poured becomes demoralized; it loses the power of continuous thought, and the desire to read the long articles, which the paper prints, which are often worthy of serious consideration. The eye catches a hundred things, but is detained by no one. The reader deteriorates; quantity, not quality, is desired.

One critic, in writing on this subject, goes so far as to say the American taste for good reading has not kept pace with its taste for good dinners, and that in reading we are fast becoming a nation of dyspeptics; and the newspaper is one great obstacle to our recovery. Charles Lamb said he "wished to ask a grace before reading more than a grace before meat." We must see carefully if the feast is worth asking a blessing over. I am willing to admit there is another side to newspaper reading. I think it de-

pende a good deal upon what we are after in the paper. Surely our editors are men of broad culture. There are some who may be trusted to serve up only what is good.

What, then, shall we read? If I commence with a plea for "a book and a shadie nooke," I must find the book. Read the great books if you can. Not all of them. Sir John Lubbock's list is world famous and mostly dry as dust. Take the epoch-making names, as the Germans call them. Read the periodicals. Not all of them. Choose one, and read it thoroughly. I beg of you, own your books. We say thinking is a lost art. One reason is, there are so few books around the house to stimulate our thoughts. People depend too much upon the numerous libraries that start up on almost every corner of our large cities. I am not decrying the value of public libraries. I am a librarian, and proud of the fact, but a librarian can do better work with the children and adults who come from homes where there are perhaps only a few books, but those well-chosen. "The possession of a vast apparatus of culture may be the opposite of an inspiration to the intellect unless the creative spirit be present." A little, well-chosen, will soon bring a "creative spirit," and we can then more easily assimilate from the multitude on the library shelves. Know the luxury of marking your favorite paragraphs.

Would I have no amusing reading? Certainly, but in moderate doses. Take it as you would take golfing, boating and dancing, and, reading thus, you will have, as Ruskin says,

"A little island of your own with a grove and a spring in it, sweet and good, and you can let the world's howling wave of information roll round you." You are safe in your shady nook. We know Shakespeare fairly well in Concord, or we should, judging from the number of our Shakespeare clubs. How many of us know our Molière? Why not compare his female characters with those of Shakespeare? Some critic has said that they are as widely apart as Heaven and hell. Suppose they are; so much more shall we know of human nature, for Shakespeare is essentially human, and of Molière it is said his women are too real to be human.

A few years' browsing in a well-kept library will do much for one. No matter how the world uses us, peace comes with our books. It may be a very plain room,—a single lamp, a little stand of books, but oh! the peace and comfort within their worn covers. We can journey over the world from the Arctic to the Southern pole. The knights and ladies of chivalry are our comrades, or the stars are our friends. Faith, hope and courage—our books hold all! There is so much sun and so much storm, and we must have our share of both, but in the shadow or the sunshine, there is always some silent, friendly book ready for our mood, and, unlike other friends, the book will never change. It is waiting for us with its words of cheer. It asks nothing save a place to stand, but it gives much. Then, for me a "book and a shadie nooke," and the world well forgot.



# New Hampshire Necrology

## URI LOCKE LAMPREY.

Uri Locke Lamprey, born in Deerfield, April 7, 1842, died in St. Paul, Minn., March 22, 1906.

Mr. Lamprey was a son of David M. and Sarah (Stearns) Lamprey. His father was a Freewill Baptist clergyman, who preached largely in schoolhouses and districts where no regular services were maintained. When he was quite young the family removed to Manchester, where he attended the public schools, and afterward pursued a course at Phillips Andover Academy. In the early sixties he went to St. Paul and commenced the study of law in the office of his brother, the late Morris C. Lamprey, with whom he formed a partnership, after his admission to the bar. The firm became one of the most successful in the city and state, and Uri L., who continued in practice after the death of his brother, was long recognized as the leading real estate lawyer of the Northwest. His income from his profession, to which he devoted himself untiringly, giving no attention to politics and other diversions, was very large, and by judicious investments in real estate he became quite wealthy. In 1883 he retired from active practice to give his attention to his real estate affairs; but also thereafter took a more active interest in sportsmanship, which had previously claimed his attention in some measure.

It is said of Mr. Lamprey that "his knowledge of animals, both wild and domestic, was remarkable, and a source of great pleasure to those of his friends who owned a kindred taste. No formal lecture before a vast audience could be more entertaining than his informal, friendly discourse on the familiar things of nature, and the live creatures of the prairie, the lake and the woods." For many years past he had been specially active in securing legislation for the better protection of game in Minnesota, and was, indeed, regarded as the father of the game laws of the state as now existing. For the last fifteen years he had been president of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission. He owned an extensive ranch at Foerst Lake, which was regarded as the best shooting privilege in the state, but he was, there as elsewhere, unyielding in his devotion to the ethics of true sportsmanship.

His kindness of heart was a leading characteristic, and his charities numerous, though quietly and unostentatiously bestowed. He had a keen sense of hu-

mor, was unrivalled as a raconteur, and his friends were legion. He was a Democrat in his political allegiance, and a Congregationalist in his religious affiliation.

Mr. Lamprey married, in 1865, Jeanette Robert, a daughter of Capt. Louis Robert, a prominent early settler of St. Paul, who survives him, with three daughters and one son. A brother, David C. Lamprey, is still living in Manchester.

## HON. ALFRED RUSSELL.

Alfred Russell, born in Plymouth, March 18, 1830, died in Detroit, Mich., May 8, 1906.

Mr. Russell was a son of the late William W. and Susan C. (Webster) Russell of Plymouth, springing from patriotic ancestry on both the paternal and maternal sides, both families being prominent in local and state history. He was educated at Holmes Academy, Plymouth, Gilmanston and Kimball Union academies and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter as second in his class, in 1850. He studied law with William C. Thompson of Plymouth, and at the Harvard Law School, graduating from the latter in 1852. He was admitted to the bar in October of that year and in November following, went to Detroit, where he located in practice, and ever after resided, winning the first rank in his profession, and establishing a large and lucrative practice. He was for some time a partner with the late Judge Charles I. Walker, the eminent Kent professor of law in the law department of Michigan University. He held the office of United States district attorney under Presidents Lincoln, Johnson and Grant, which was the only public office he ever held, though his eminent abilities might have commanded high recognition in that direction, and he was offered the German mission during the Hayes administration, but declined the same, as he subsequently did an appointment on the interstate commerce commission.

Politically he was an earnest Republican, was present at the organization of the party, "under the oaks," at Jackson, in 1854, with Austin Blair, Zachariah Chandler and Jacob M. Howard, and was president of the Michigan Republican Club in the Fremont campaign of 1856. In religion he was a devoted Episcopalian. He was an earnest student, outside his profession, was a member of the Michigan Historical Society and president of the

Michigan Political Science Association. He was also a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He delivered the Commencement address at Dartmouth College in 1878, and the annual address before the American Bar Association in 1891. October 28, 1857, he was united in marriage with Mrs. Ellen P. England (born Wells) of St. Albans, Vt., an authoress of repute and a leader in social and charitable work, who died March 8, 1902. Three married daughters survive. Maj. Frank W. Russell of Plymouth is a brother of the deceased.

REV. SAMUEL L. GEROULD, D. D.

Samuel L. Gerould, born at East Alstead, July 11, 1834, died in Hollis, May 22, 1906.

The deceased was a son of Rev. Moses and Cynthia (Locke) Gerould. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1858, among his classmates being Hon. Joseph W. Fellows of Manchester, whose death was noted last month, the late Hon. Al B. Thompson, secretary of state, Hon. William H. Clifford of Portland and the Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Beane, now of Newburyport, for many years pastor of the Unitarian church in Concord. He pursued his theological studies at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and entered the Congregational ministry, his first pastorate being at Stoddard, where he located in 1860, remaining till 1868. From 1868 to 1886 he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Goffstown, and in 1886 he went to Hollis as minister of the Congregational Church, which post he held until his death.

During the Civil War he served in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers as chaplain, on leave of absence from his church from 1862 to 1865. For thirty-three years he had been statistical secretary of the general association of the Congregationalists of the state, and published in book form annually the minutes of the association. He had written two histories of his class at Dartmouth, of which he was secretary, the Gerould genealogy and a valuable book, "Churches and Ministers of New Hampshire," published in 1900. He received the degree of doctor of divinity from Dartmouth.

He was twice married, in 1860 to Lucy Abby Merriam, and 1867 to Laura Etta Thayer, who survives him. Seven children are also living. Mrs. Sarah G. Blodgett, widow of the late Hon. Isaac N. Blodgett of Franklin, is a sister of the deceased.

REV. SIMON J. HUMPHREY.

Simon J. Humphrey, born in Londonderry, December 31, 1820, died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., April 22, 1896.

He was a son of Deacon John and Rebecca Brewster Humphrey. His father was of the third generation from James Humphrey, who came from Londonderry, Ireland, in 1745, and his mother of the sixth generation from Elder William Brewster of the *Mayflower*. He graduated from Bowdoin College and Andover Theological Seminary. He preached first at Jamaica Plain, Mass., then for some years at Newark, O., and afterward at Beloit, Wis., and subsequently became district secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at Chicago, and his field extending from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains, in which capacity he served for nearly thirty years.

He married (first), Mrs. Sarah E. Hutchinson (born Batchelor), who died in 1860, and in 1865 was united with Elizabeth, daughter of Prof. Ralph Emerson of Andover Theological Seminary, who survives him, as do three sons and a daughter.

THOMAS CORCORAN.

Thomas Corcoran, the pioneer in the Catholic parochial school system of New Hampshire, died at his home in Manchester, on Monday, May 21.

Mr. Corcoran was born in 1833, in Macroom, County Cork, Ireland. He was a teacher in one of the national schools in his native town when a mere youth, and graduated from the Normal School in Dublin, in 1853. In 1855 he came to this country and located in Manchester, where he opened a private school, which was attended by both Catholic and Protestant children; but in 1859 he opened a Catholic parochial school, the first in the state, which was largely attended from the start. He continued at the head of this school, which came to be known as the Park Street School, until 1892, when he retired. Many of the most prominent Catholic citizens of the city and state were among his pupils, and his popularity as an educator was always great. He was largely instrumental in bringing the Sisters of Mercy to Manchester, as teachers. He was a prominent member of the old St. Patrick's Society of Manchester. He is survived by a widow, two sons—Rev. Joseph Corcoran of Rochester, and Dr. W. J. Corcoran of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a daughter, Miss Annie M. Corcoran of Manchester.

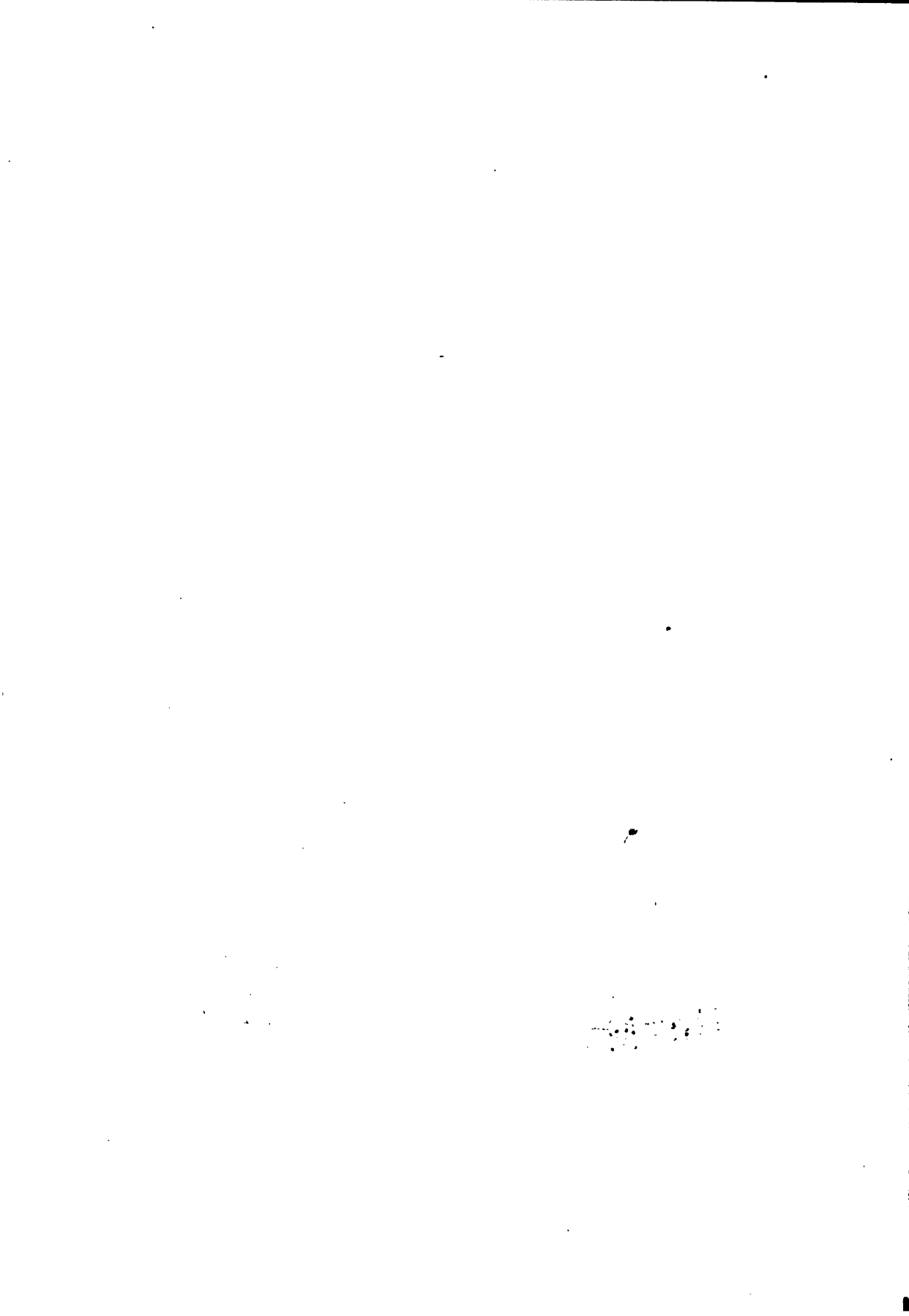


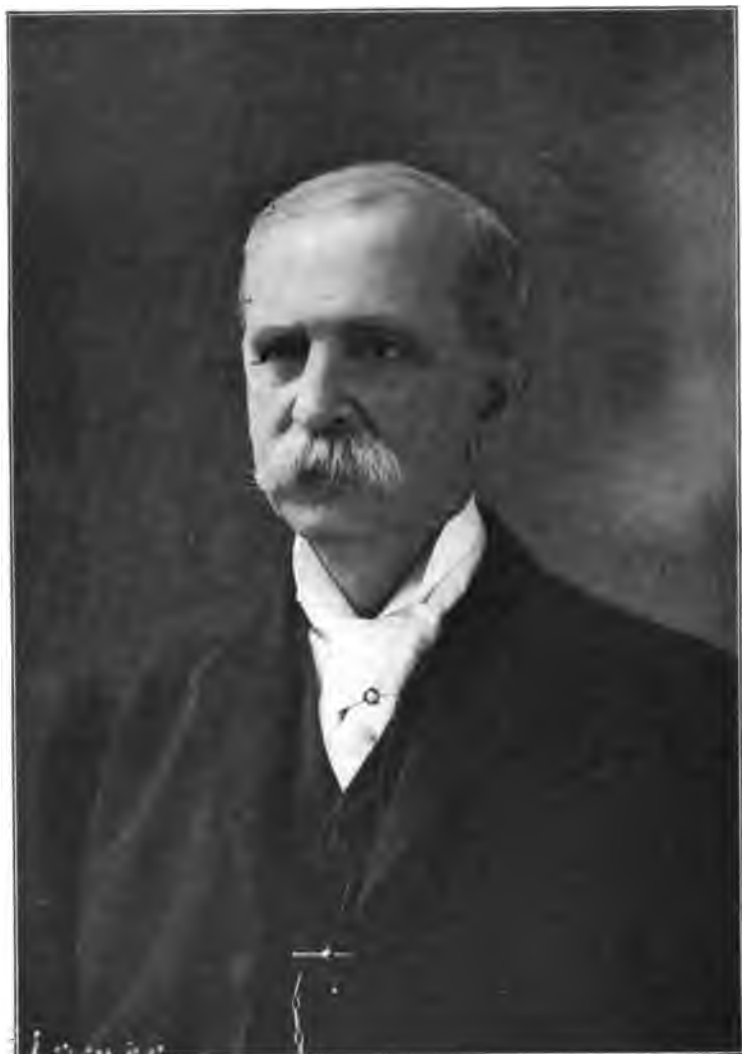
## Editor and Publisher's Notes

It is undoubtedly true that the "industrial exposition" business has been greatly overdone in this country in the last 15 years, but there is an exposition, planned for next year, that is no less important from a historical point of view than any held in the time mentioned. We refer to the Jamestown exposition so called, to be holden at Norfolk, Va., from April till November, 1907, in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the first English settlement in America, in 1607. It is not the purpose of the management to make this a great industrial exhibition. Primary importance will be attached to the historical feature, and, celebrating as it will the initial movement in the extension of Anglo-Saxon civilization upon American soil, resulting in the upbuilding of our great republic, it should command the hearty support of the people throughout the country, and particularly in the 13 original states. New Hampshire, certainly, cannot afford to be left out of the account in this connection. Settled only 16 years after Virginia, and, along with Massachusetts, standing shoulder to shoulder with the "Old Dominion" in the struggle for independence, she should have fitting representation in this great historic celebration. Unfortunately the project had not been sufficiently developed to command action at the last session of our Legislature, but the first measure passed at the next session should be one providing for New Hampshire's fitting representation at the Jamestown exposition. Prompt action in this direction at the opening of the session, and energetic work by a live commission during the next three months, will bring New Hampshire fairly into line with other states in this work which appeals so strongly to the patriotic spirit of the people.

The New Hampshire Federation of Woman's Clubs, at its recent annual meeting in Plymouth, held May 15 and 16, at which Mrs. Ella H. J. Hill of Concord was elected president, took unexpected though by no means surprising action upon the question of woman suffrage, in that it unanimously adopted a resolution endorsing the same. This action must be regarded as effectually disposing of the argument of the anti-suffragists to the effect that women generally do not desire the ballot and, therefore, should not be enfranchised. When the accredited representatives of 5,000 of the most intelligent and cultured women of the state, organized in the interests of education, progress and mutual helpfulness, unanimously declare themselves in favor of woman's enfranchisement, it is useless to contend that the women of New Hampshire are themselves opposed to suffrage for their sex.

The development of the summer resorts of the state has been going steadily forward for the last 40 years, but the most rapid strides have been made in the present decade, no little stimulus having resulted from the attractive advertising issued under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture, through legislative provision. Great additions to New Hampshire's summer colonies are assured for the present season in different sections, of which the most considerable, according to all accounts, will be in the Sunapee Lake region, the charms of which are certainly unsurpassed. A new hotel, costing \$125,000, is here approaching completion, and numerous cottages are also under way. Ere many years have past, this most elevated and romantic of all our New Hampshire lakes will be completely surrounded by the summer homes of health and rest seekers from abroad.





HON. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, No. 7

## Hon. Samuel C. Eastman

*By H. H. Metcalf*

Among the notable family names of New England that of Eastman has long been conspicuous. The descendants of Roger Eastman, supposed to be a native of Wales, born in 1611, who sailed from Southampton, England, for America in April, 1638, and settled in Salisbury, Mass., where he died December 16, 1694, are found in all parts of the country and are prominent in all lines of human effort and achievement. Many of them bearing the Eastman name have been conspicuous in business, professional and public life in the Granite State, among whom may be named such men as the late Hon. Ira A. Eastman, a lawyer of eminence, who was a member of the New Hampshire delegation in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh Congresses, with Edmund Burke and Charles G. Atherton, and was subsequently an associate justice of the Supreme Court; Hon. Joel Eastman of Conway, another lawyer of prominence, who only failed of election to Congress because he belonged to the minority party; Hon. Nehemiah G. Eastman of Farmington, a leading member of the Strafford bar for many years; Prof. John R. Eastman of Andover, long connected with the national astronomical observatory at Washington; and Hon. Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter, the present distinguished attorney-general of the state. Other men, in whose veins has

coursed the Eastman blood, through intermarriage (and by this means it has given virility, tone and fibre—strength of mind and force of character—to hundreds of families throughout the state and nation) have held commanding positions among their fellows, striking examples of their number being Daniel Webster, William Pitt Fessenden and Gen. Francis A. Walker, the eminent statistician and political economist.

No representative of the Eastman family in New Hampshire at the present, or, it may safely be said, in the country at large, is possessed of greater abilities, natural or acquired, or a higher order of talent, than the gentleman whose name appears at the head of this article, Samuel C. Eastman, a descendant in the seventh generation from Roger, the first of the name in America, and the fifth from Ebenezer, the first settler of Concord, then the plantation of "Pennycook."

Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, born in Haverhill, Mass., February 17, 1681, was a son of Philip, the son of Roger. He married, March 4, 1710, Sarah Peaslee, and became a leading citizen of the town, being a hotel-keeper, an extensive property holder, and an energetic man of affairs. In early life he had been active in military matters. At 19 years of age he served in the regiment of Colonel Wainwright in the expedition against Port Royal and

in the following year he commanded a company of infantry in the forces accompanying Sir Hovenden Walker in an expedition against Canada, then under the French. He was a leader in the movement for the settlement of Concord from Haverhill, and was the first of all to establish a home in the plantation, locating in the section since known as East Concord, where, as early as 1731, according to the records, he had six sons, six men in his family, had paid the charge of building a corn mill, had broken up, cleared and mowed 80 acres of land, and had very considerable buildings, out-houses, barns, etc. According to the Rev. Dr. Bouton, the historian of Concord, Captain Eastman was "the strong man of the town," and in the judgment of Hon. Joseph B. Walker, who probably has a better idea of men and things in the early history of the settlement than any other man now living, he was the one man among the first settlers qualified to act as the director and leading spirit in the building of the town. He was moderator of the first organized town meeting, in 1732, and served in that capacity, also as a selectman, most of the time until his death, July 28, 1748. Meanwhile he had again been active in the military service and commanded a company in the expedition against Louisburg, being present at its reduction in June, 1745.

Nathaniel Eastman, fourth son of Capt. Ebenezer, was a large farmer, occupying lands on "The Mountain," so-called, in East Concord, including what are known as the Tallant farms of later days. He was also prominent in military life, serving conspicuously in the colonial wars. His eldest son, also named Nathaniel, who succeeded to his estate, married Ruth Bradley, characterized by Doctor Bouton as "a very capable woman, gifted in conversation and one of the first Baptists in Concord." The youngest of their eight children, Seth, born August 11, 1801, who married Sarah Coffin, a

descendant of the famous early settler of Newbury, Mass.—Tristram Coffin—was the father of Samuel C. Eastman. He was a watchmaker and jeweler in Concord for many years, but later engaged successfully in insurance. He had two sons who grew to manhood, the elder being Edson C., the well-known publisher and bookseller.

SAMUEL COFFIN EASTMAN was born in Concord, July 11, 1837. He attended the Concord schools, was prepared for college at Rockingham Academy, Hampton Falls, and entered Brown University in September, 1853, graduating with the degree of master of arts in 1857. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, and elected to the Phi Beta Kappa, after graduation. He was for a time assistant librarian in the college library. Making choice of the profession of law, he studied for the same in the office of the late Judge Josiah Minot of Concord, and at the Harvard Law School, graduating from the latter with the degree of LL. B. in 1859. He was admitted to the bar and immediately commenced practice in Concord, where he has ever since remained, entering upon no professional partnership, but building up for himself a remunerative business, with special attention to insurance and corporation law, in which lines he has long held a leading position. He has been engaged in many important cases before the Supreme Courts of the state and the United States, with credit to himself and success for his clients. Among those in which he takes special pride was the noted case of *State v. Jackman*, involving the constitutionality of the city ordinance requiring abutting landholders to keep the sidewalks clear from snow and ice, which was strongly contested, he appearing alone for the defense and winning a decisive victory, which determined the unconstitutionality of the ordinance in question.

Mr. Eastman has been counsel for

many corporations, and served the Eastern Railroad in New Hampshire in that capacity most successfully during its controversy with the Eastern. He was a member of the Reorganization Committee of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, and was for five years a director and voting trustee, acting in the interest of New England bondholders, and is now also a member of the Protective Committee for the bondholders of the Toledo Terminal and Railway Company. Long

Concord, which now stands in the front rank among the safe and solid savings institutions of New England, largely through his careful judgment and unceasing fidelity. He is also a director in various other companies or corporations, including the Eagle and Phenix Hotel Company, the Profile and Flume Hotel Company, the cotton mills at Penacook and the Concord & Portsmouth Railroad. He was a director and treasurer of the Eastern Railroad in New Hampshire until con-



**Residence of Hon. Samuel C. Eastman, North State Street, Concord**

greatly interested and extensively engaged in insurance, he organized, on the day following the withdrawal of the foreign insurance companies from the state, after the enactment by the Legislature of the valued policy law of 1895, the Concord Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of which he was and has since remained the president, and which has become a successful business enterprise. He has been long identified with the management, and for the last 10 years president, of the New Hampshire Savings Bank of

solidation with the Boston & Maine. He was also president, for several years, of the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital of Concord.

Politically Mr. Eastman has always been heartily identified with the Republican party and an earnest supporter of its principles, but has never been a politician in the office-seeking sense, or a party manipulator in any degree. He served as city treasurer of Concord for several years during the Civil War, and during the period while the water works were in process

of construction. He was elected to the Legislature from Ward Four, Concord, for 1883, and was made speaker of the House, receiving 184 votes to 112 for Charles F. Stone, the Democratic nominee. In this capacity he served with conspicuous ability and tact, and demonstrated a familiarity with parliamentary law and practice unsurpassed by any man who has ever occupied the chair as the presiding officer of the largest legislative body in the country. During this service he counted a quorum, after the subsequent manner of Speaker Reed in the national Congress, but was overruled by the influence of such conservative members as Gen. Gilman Marston, Gen. A. F. Stevens and Maj. James F. Briggs. He was again a member of the House in 1893, serving as chairman of the committee on national affairs and as second on the list of the judiciary committee, of which Cyrus A. Sulloway, present representative in Congress from the First District, was chairman. It is a notable fact that Ward Four, Concord, had three members on the judiciary committee during this session, Hons. John M. Mitchell and James O. Lyford serving, also, with Mr. Eastman, who took an active part in the work of this important committee, and in the proceedings of the House.

He has always taken a strong interest in educational matters and served for 12 years as a member of the board of education in the Union School District of Concord. For several years past he has been, and now is, the moderator of the district. He is a leading spirit in the New Hampshire Historical Society, has been its recording secretary and president and is now its librarian, contributing his services in that capacity. He is a member of the Wonolancet Club of Concord, the Union Club of Boston and the University and Alpha Delta Phi Club of New York. He was vice-president, last year, of the Associated Alumni of Brown University and at the election

this year was made president thereof. He is a member and president of the Bar Association of New Hampshire, also a member of the American Bar Association, and served upon its committee on the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. He was also a delegate-at-large to the Universal Congress of Lawyers and Jurists held in connection with that exposition at St. Louis in 1904. He belongs to no secret order or organization but his college societies, except Capital Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry.

Mr. Eastman was a part owner of the *Monitor* and the old *Independent Democrat*, and contributed extensively to the editorial columns of the same. He is a versatile and forcible writer and has frequently employed his pen in the discussion of questions of public interest. He wrote a series of articles, published in the *Monitor*, on the need of sewers, which aided materially in bringing about the construction of the present system in the city. He also wrote a series on the silver question which attracted wide attention, he always having been a supporter of the gold standard. He learned stenography when a boy and became expert in its use, which greatly facilitated his work as legislative reporter for the *Monitor*, in which capacity he served for several sessions many years ago. He has travelled extensively in his own and foreign countries, having several times crossed the Atlantic; and his European letters in the *Monitor* have been read with interest by many people. He has also delivered several lectures, based upon his observations in foreign lands, and other subjects that have been heard with profit and pleasure. He has delivered various occasional addresses and has written an essay on "Taxation in New Hampshire," advocating the taxation of tangible property and omitting evidences of indebtedness. His reading has covered a wide field, and he is familiar with both ancient and modern classics, is the master of several

languages and has translated books from the French, Danish and Norwegian. He was also the editor of the famous "Eastman's White Mountain Guide Book," which went through a dozen editions and had a large sale for many years.

He married, July 11, 1861, Mary Clifford, daughter of Judge Albert G. Greene of Providence, R. I., who was a poetical writer of note, best known, perhaps, as the author of "Old Grimes," from whom, as well as from her mother, who was a member of the Clifford family of New Bedford, she inherited marked traits of character. She possessed a cultivated mind, fine literary taste and decided religious convictions and, although never enjoying strong physical health, she was the center of a large circle of devoted friends among the intellectual and philanthropic men and women of the Capital City, to whom her death at Rye Beach, October 19, 1895, brought a sense of serious loss. Two children, a son and daughter, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Eastman, the former dying in infancy. The daughter, Mary C., educated in the Concord schools and at Vassar College, remains at home with her father. The family residence for the last 35 years has been

a spacious dwelling at the "North End," where, in his well-selected library, when not busy at his office, or on his frequent business and professional engagements elsewhere, he is at home with the works of the master minds of the present and former generations.

Mr. Eastman is a wide reader, a clear thinker, a logical reasoner, an able lawyer, an erudite scholar, an incisive and effective writer and speaker. He masters all questions which command his attention, and, having formed his opinions, is tenacious in their maintenance, though never dogmatic or unreasonable. He is a public-spirited citizen of Concord and a loyal son of the old Granite state. Maintaining his bodily and mental vigor in the fullest measure, no man in the state today is better equipped for effective labor in any department of the public service. It is to be regretted that men of his stamp, who are none too numerous, are not more generally called to the responsible positions which they might so well adorn. The trouble, undoubtedly, lies in the fact that in our modern political life the man usually seeks the office, rather than the office the man.

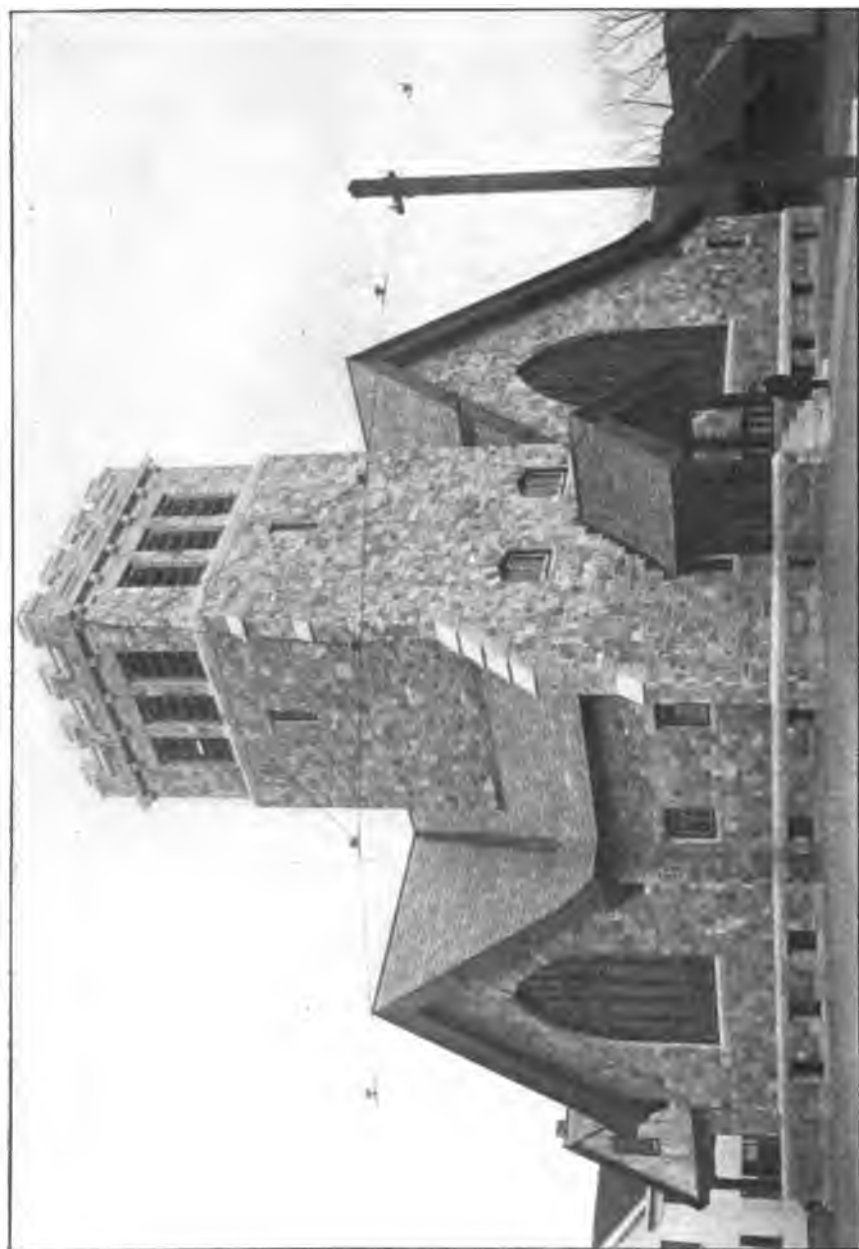
## To a Maid of Seventeen

*By Charles H. Chesley*

In the light of your virgin eyes, my queen,  
Is the love of a wondering child;  
In your heart, unstained by glittering sheen,  
Is a woman undefiled.

And the great wide road stretches out afar  
Through the shades of the dark or the day;  
And I, could I set thee a guiding star,  
Would lead to a rose-strewn way.





**New Congregational Church, Laconia, from Pleasant Street Railroad Crossing**

# The Congregational Church at Laconia

*By an Occasional Contributor*

A new epoch in the religious life of the city of Laconia has been marked by the recent completion and dedication of the splendid new house of worship of the Congregational church and society of that city, which, it is safe to say, is the finest church edifice owned by the denomination in the state, with the single exception of the massive granite structure in which the First Congregational church of Nashua worships; and in most respects except size and cost it excels that. It is beyond question the finest and costliest church building in the state north of Concord, and will long be a justifiable source of pride, not only to the church and society by which it is occupied, but to the people generally in the enterprising city in which it is located.

The Congregational church of Laconia, which is the oldest church organization in the city, was originally known as the Congregational church of Meredith Bridge, such being the name of the then enterprising village which later became the nucleus of the present handsome city by the lake. It was organized June 28, 1824, with nine members. On May 2, following, 1825, a society was also formed and united with the church in extending a call to Francis Norwood of the graduating class of Andover Theological Seminary, to become the pastor, he having supplied the pulpit during the year past. The society occupied the church edifice, located on the south, or Gilford, side of the river just below the site of the old Willard House, which had been erected by the Meredith Bridge Religious Society, organized in 1811, for the use of Christians of all denominations, and

in which services had been held intermittently under different auspices till the Congregationalists eventually pre-empted the field.

Mr. Norwood, who was ordained and installed July 6, 1825, continued in the pastorate five years, being dismissed June 8, 1830. In November of the following year, Rev. John K. Young was installed pastor and continued in that relation until February 12, 1867, a period of more than thirty-five years, during which time the church, under his wise administration, gained a commanding influence for good in the community, and he won the confidence and respect of the great mass of the people, regardless of all sectarian limitations.

Early in Doctor Young's pastorate, February 27, 1836, the house of worship which the society had thus far occupied was destroyed by fire, and in the same year a new house, of the prevailing style of architecture, plain yet commanding, was erected at the corner of Main and Church streets, which met the uses of the parish, with occasional alterations and improvements, up to the time of the building of the present elegant edifice. Some two years ago the site of the old church was sold to the city for an addition to the Gale Memorial Library lot, and the building transferred to the First Christian Society and removed to a location on Depot Street, opposite the Boston & Maine passenger station; and adjacent to the new lot of the Congregational Society.

Succeeding Doctor Young in the pastorate, the Rev. Harvey M. Stone was installed February 11, 1868, and continued till December 20, 1870. Rev. William F. Bacon was acting

## *The Congregational Church at Laconia*

pastor from November 1, 1871, till December 31, 1876. Rev. Jeremiah E. Fullerton was installed pastor October 17, 1877, and served until



**Second Church Edifice, Built in 1836**

February 15, 1881. December 1 of the latter year the Rev. Charles A. G. Thurston assumed the relation of acting pastor, and continued until his resignation in 1899. In April following, the present popular and successful pastor, Rev. Richard L. Swain, Ph. D., was installed.

It was through the earnest and persevering efforts of Doctor Swain that the movement resulting in the construction of the new church edifice was inaugurated, and the means provided for its erection and dedication, substantially free from debt, though at a total cost for building and equipments of nearly \$70,000.

The site of the new church is a commanding position on Railroad

Square, at the corner of Depot and Pleasant streets. Ground was broken May 8, 1905, and the corner stone laid in June following, with imposing ceremonies, the box of souvenirs deposited beneath the stone, including, among other things, the identical box with well-preserved contents that had been deposited in the corner stone of the old church, nearly seventy years before.

The architecture of the new church is English Gothic, and the walls are



**Second Church Edifice, as Remodelled**

of seamed-faced granite from Weymouth, Mass., trimmed with gray granite, with slated roof and cypress cornice. The dimensions are, approximately, 100 x 80 feet. It is built with a tower and loggia, the former,

of massive proportions, affording entrance from Pleasant Street, and the loggia from Depot Street. The auditorium is in the form of a Greek cross. The ceiling is 33 feet high, finished to the top both ways from the four gables, the roof being supported by heavy hammer beam trusses which rest on columns with Gothic caps in groups of three.

A massive oak pulpit, built to the floor, stands just to the right of the center of the platform, with a lectern on the opposite side. The pulpit chairs, built three in one, and handsomely carved, occupy the center of the platform, directly in front of the organ. The pews are of special design and of solid oak, those in the nave being fitted with reversible backs, and the arrangement being such that this section may be separated from the main room by heavy green velour curtains and used as a prayer and conference room, a pastor's desk or pulpit being also located in the rear.

The magnificent organ, which is surpassed in size by few in the state, and in quality by none, the cost of which is nearly \$7,000, is a gift to the society from Edward E. Taylor of Boston, in memory of his mother, the late Mrs. Stephen L. Taylor, long an active and devoted member of the church. It was built by the Hutchings-Votey Organ Company of Boston. It is of handsome design, the case being embellished with chaste hand carving. It has tubular pneumatic action, the former being furnished by a water motor in the basement. The regular seating capacity of the church is about five hundred and fifty, but on special occasions it can be made to accommodate nearly a thousand. Adjoining the auditorium are the parlors, minister's room, choir room and junior room.

Opposite the pulpit, and on each side of the auditorium are large tracery windows of plain cathedral glass, heavily leaded. They are 15 feet

wide and 21 feet high. The chandeliers in the auditorium are of wrought iron, supported by heavy wrought iron chains. The electric lights drop



Rev. John K. Young, D. D.

beneath, on chains, the lamps being set in a floral design. At the top are candles for gas.

In the basement of the church is a large hall which may be used for either banquet or entertainment purposes. It will seat 350 comfortably at tables, or 500 at an entertainment. A good sized stage is built at one end. A fine, capacious kitchen, with all the accessories and waiting and toilet rooms, for both gentlemen and ladies are also provided. There are three separate furnace rooms, providing a complete and even distribution of heat, the rear furnace to be kept running constantly through the winter season. The tower, above the first floor, is utilized for kindergarten rooms, in connection with the Sunday school. The hardware throughout the entire structure is of wrought iron and green bronze.

## *The Congregational Church at Laconia*

The building committee having in charge the construction of the new church edifice consisted of Charles F.

dedication opened on Thursday evening, May 31, with a preparatory service, at which Rev. C. C. Sampson



**New Congregational Church, Laconia, Pleasant Street Front**

Pitman, John T. Busiel, Charles W. Tyler, John Parker Smith and William A. Plummer. Willard P. Adden

of Tilton discussed "The Importance of the Mid-Week Service," and Rev. G. I. Bard of Meredith, "The Spir-



**New Congregational Church, Laconia, from Depot Street**

of Boston was the architect, and S. H. Mendell of Manchester was the contractor.

The services in connection with the

itual Life." The formal consecration service occurred on Sunday morning, June 3, with Scripture reading by Rev. C. A. G. Thurston of

Boston, former pastor, prayer by Rev. W. F. Brown of Burlington, Mass., and sermon by Rev. B. W. Lockhart, D. D., of Manchester, with responsive consecration by the pastor and people, dedicatory prayer by the pastor and benediction by Rev. F. D. Chandler. The service of holy communion, followed by reception of members by the church, occurred at 4 p. m., and at 7 o'clock in the evening there was a fellowship service, participated in by the churches of Laconia.

On Friday evening, June 8, a banquet was given, open to all over 14 years of age who call this their church home, followed by after dinner addresses by Revs. George H. Reed of Concord and Thomas Chalmers of Manchester, remarks by prominent members and the report of the building committee by the chairman, Dea. C. F. Pitman.

Special services were also held on Sunday, June 10, and June 17, a union service, with the high school in attendance, occurring on the evening of the latter day, with baccalaureate sermon by the pastor.

On Monday evening, June 11, the organ was formally dedicated with an appropriate service, participated in by the choir, pastor and people, followed by a recital, with Prof. John Herman Loud of Boston, at the organ, and Miss Edith M. Lougee, soprano soloist, assisting. The church choir consists of J. F. Weeks, tenor; Miss Minnie O. Woodhouse, soprano; Mrs. C. K. Sanborn, contralto, and W. H. Day, bass. Mrs. Rena E. Harri-man is organist.

Rev. Richard L. Swain, Ph. D., present pastor, was born near Ottumwa, Iowa, June 17, 1860, the son of Richard and Sarah (Carr) Swain. His father, who came to this country shortly before Richard's birth, from Leicestershire, England, was reared a Roman Catholic, but became a Protestant when about twenty-one years

of age, and, later, entered the ministry of the Wesleyan church, preaching in Iowa, however, for the United Brethren. He is now deceased, but the mother still lives in that state.

Doctor Swain was educated at Clark College, Toledo, Iowa, and the Union Biblical Seminary at Dayton, Ohio, graduating from the latter in 1887. He entered upon a post-graduate course in philosophy at Yale, but receiving a call to Otterbein College, Columbus, Ohio, as college pas-



Rev. Richard H. Swain, Ph. D.

tor, in 1888, he accepted the same, filling also the position of lecturer on the Evidences of Christianity. Here he continued his philosophical studies and took his doctor's degree. Remaining five and a half years, he then accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at South Hadley Falls, Mass., where he was located six years, coming thence to Laconia.

Doctor Swain was united in marriage, in 1882, with Miss Anna E. Shuey of Toledo, Iowa, who was pro-

fessor of mathematics in the college there. They have four children: Richard Shuey, born July 6, 1887; Philip William, August 25, 1889; Esther Helen, October 20, 1891, and Stuart Frederick, May 9, 1895—all of whom are attending the Laconia schools.

Earnestly devoted to his pastoral work, Doctor Swain has held his church at the front as a moral and religious force in this enterprising community, while by his frank and open manner, unvarying courtesy and zeal in the support of every good work, he has won a high place in the confidence and respect of the people, regardless of all sectarian limitations. Some sixty members have been added

to the church during his service thus far, and as many families to the parish, the total number of church members being now about 220, with an equal number of families in the parish. The church benevolences have also very largely increased during the last five years. The Sunday school has about 230 members, with Dea. John Parker Smith as superintendent. The present deacons of the church, in the order of seniority, are Charles F. Pitman, Harley W. Carey, John Parker Smith and Arthur W. Putnam, the latter being clerk of the church organization. Charles F. Pitman is president of the society, A. J. Dinsmore, clerk, and Ralph B. Gilman, treasurer.

## The Symphony

*By Helen Philbrook Patten*

What dreams and longings are within me stirred!  
All that a ripened life can grasp and hold  
With those suggestive whispers still untold,  
Mingled and blended with compelling word.

A theme of youth,—rich, mellow, promise-filled,  
Which modulates, perplexed with varied scene  
Till the last motive stands full-robed, serene.  
It satisfies: The heart's unrest is stilled.

With dreams fulfilled, and soul diffused with peace,  
Andante wraps the sense in subtle mist.  
Enfold me, luring phantom, close and long—

But let the last slow cadence bring release.  
Thy sweet delirium I would fain resist,  
And dance, clear-visioned, to a joyous song.





Giant Pine, Center Harbor—Distant View

## Old King Saul

*By F. W. Fowler.*

Perchance the reader may have been fortunate enough to have spent some perfect days of a by-gone summertime, few or many it matters not, as a sojourner at the little hamlet of Center Harbor by New Hampshire's fair lake, Winnepesaukee; if so it is but idle for me to recount to you her charms.

Take whichever route you may, leading outward and away from this secluded village by the lake and your feet are sure to stray in pleasant paths. Abounding on every hand are gems of natural scenery, and not the least attractive by far in this respect is the region about Sunset Hill, famous, as its name implies, for its magnificent sunset views.

On the summit of Sunset Hill, just west of the village, stands a giant white pine tree, one of the few remaining remnants of the virgin forest that once covered New England which, wherever found in this the dawn of the twentieth century, are worthy of more than a passing notice.

The great roots of this tree penetrate deeply among the boulders and ledges, while its majestic head is reared nearly two hundred feet sky-

ward. Through the branches of this great pine have murmured the gentle zephyrs and roared and shrieked the tempests of two centuries. So sturdily and well has it withstood the shock of the warring elements that today the only visible scars of battle are a few broken stubs of dismembered limbs and a few gnarled and twisted branches.

The towering trunk has a noticeable lean towards the southeast, marking the effect of the prevailing northwest gales. The location of the tree is a most exposed one, by reason of the altitude of the hill, which is little less than a mountain. On account of this and of the great height of the tree, which towers for more than half its length above all the other trees of the woods about it, it is a most prominent landmark all over that section of the country for miles around.

The oldest residents of the town remember this tree as being practically of the same size as today from their earliest recollection. Sometime prior to 1860 Dea. Ward C. Sturtevant, who lived and died on the somewhat noted Sturtevant farm on Sunset Hill, the summer home of the poet Whit-



*Old King Saul*

tier for many years, gave to the big tree the name of "Old King Saul," which title has clung to it ever since.

Deacon Sturtevant was the grandson of Church Sturtevant, who came from Halifax, Mass., to Center Harbor in 1784 as one of the pioneer settlers of the town, and he was deacon of the little Congregational Church at Center Harbor for over half a cen-



Giant Pine, Center Harbor—Near View

tury. The ancestral pine, a familiar object from his childhood, became one of the most prominent and familiar objects in his rural world. He was a religious man and his familiarity with the Bible led him to liken the great tree to King Saul, who "stood head and shoulders above his brethren," and thus the scriptural title became attached to the pine.

Prior to this and from a time antedating the memory of the oldest inhabitant the giant pine was known as

"the pilot tree," by reason of its serving as a prominent landmark for the guidance of navigators for more than twenty miles down Lake Winnepesaukee.

More than sixty years ago the tract on which this venerable evergreen stands became the property of Rev. Almon Benson, pastor of the little church at Center Harbor, of which Mr. Sturtevant was deacon. Local town history records the fact that at that time the tree stood more than seventy feet to the first limb. Mr. Benson subsequently had a portion of the timber on the land cut, but most carefully preserved the forest giant.

Mr. Benson died many years ago and not long since the land was sold by his heirs and the new owner has made further inroads on the timber there. Still, however, the great pine stands unscathed; in fact, as the most venerable inhabitant of the town the big tree is looked upon with a feeling almost akin to veneration by the townspeople and to put the woodsman's axe to its roots would be considered little short of sacrilege.

Dr. William A. Page, one of the older citizens of the town, can remember this tree for more than fifty years and says that it has looked just the same as it does today from his earliest recollection. Vividly impressed upon his memory he says is a scene which he witnessed some years ago. Driving westward to his home late one summer afternoon, the sun was just sinking behind the ridge of Sunset Hill and directly behind the giant pine which stood out against the fiery background in bold relief.

This tree is not so remarkable for the great girth of its trunk, although it is 11 feet in circumference at a point two feet from the ground, but standing near it one is most strongly impressed with the towering height of the tree, its trunk, smooth, straight, gradually tapering and sound as a bullet.

The poets, John Greenleaf Whit-

tier and Lucy Larcom, both of whom spent many summers at the Sturtevant farm, were both much attached to this immense pine. Both Mr. Whittier and Miss Larcom have visited the tree many times under the blue skies of departed summer days, whose gentle zephyrs whispered in weird cadence through the branches of "Old King Saul."

Mrs. Henry C. Sturtevant, hostess for many years of the Sturtevant farm, told the writer how Miss Larcom and herself visited this great tree

about 1872, when, standing close to its trunk on opposite sides, they were just able to touch the tips of their fingers together by reaching as far around the tree as possible.

The illustrations give a good idea of the size of this forest giant. The distant view shows how it towers above the other large trees of the ridge, while the nearer view well illustrates the great height to the first limb by comparison with the good-sized pine standing near which looks almost like a bush beside its enormous ancestor.



## A Legend of Sunapee Lake

*By C. F. Browne*

Lake Sunapee's waters lay quiet  
And glistening 'neath the moon,  
While the zephyrs played thro' the branches,  
And from far came the cry of a loon.  
We were walking and talking together,  
Listening each to love's fond dream,  
When a form shot out on the water,  
From shadow to moonlit gleam.  
'Twas the form and canoe of Trevaldos,  
The hermit of Indian Cave,  
Of the one time numerous redmen,  
The last remaining brave.

*A Legend of Sunapee Lake*

We stopped to watch the Indian  
 In his glistening birch canoe,  
 And the ripples made by its motion  
 In the silvery moonlight glow.  
 Then I formed the resolution  
 I there my fate would know.  
 We seated ourselves 'neath a hemlock  
 That towered so old and grey,  
 And whose form the waters mirrored  
 In each outline in the bay.  
 I said, do you see yon boatman  
 And the graceful bark he guides?  
 Ah! is it the Indian hermit  
 That thus o'er the water glides?  
 Yes; and that brave is the hero  
 Of a tale as strange as true;  
 And if you wish to hear it, Irene,  
 I'll tell it now to you.

Many years ago Trevaldos  
 Was a warrior young and brave,  
 And yet tho' he was a warrior,  
 He was a woman's slave,  
 For he loved a dusky maiden  
 And besieged her girlish heart,  
 He had wooed her, almost won her,  
 Dreaming not that they must part.  
 'Twas a night like this I fancy,  
 That the Indian lovers strayed;  
 Hand in hand they wandered  
 Thro' this quiet moonlit glade,  
 Till at last they saw the water,  
 Which like polished silver lay;  
 Gazed upon its glassy bosom,

Crossed by shadows swift and gray.  
 "Darling," spoke the dusky wooer,  
 "Your life shall be smooth and bright  
 As the waters dancing yonder  
 In the moonbeams' silvery light.  
 Never shall my darling  
 Be the great Trevaldos' slave;  
 But we'll walk life's path together  
 And at last rest in one grave."  
 Thus they wandered, thus he promised,  
 Till they reached the water's side.  
 In his boat he placed the maiden  
 Chosen for a warrior's bride.  
 Then, as now, his boat sped lightly  
 O'er the surface of the lake,  
 And the noble Indian chieftain  
 Loved all nature for her sake.

Down the mountain swept the whirlwind,  
Sudden as the lightning flashed;  
Made the lake a seething caldron  
As the mad winds on it dashed.  
In a moment all was over  
And Trevaldos was alone,  
For his bride, the dusky maiden,  
Lay beneath the sad waves' moan.

Soon his tribe moved to the westward,  
Toward the setting of the sun,  
But Trevaldos would not leave her,  
To his heart the dearest one.  
Even now he lingers near her  
Who rests 'neath yon glassy lake,  
Giving up his tribe and kindred  
For her cherished memory's sake.

A moment we sat in silence  
As we watched the fading wake  
That the boat left on the bosom  
Of the ever dark'ning lake.  
And listened to mournful dirges  
That the hemlock whispered low.  
Then I spoke thus to my darling,  
As we wandered homeward slow:  
"The love that burns in his bosom  
For his long lost dusky mate,  
Is the same I bear you, Irene;  
Say, dear, do I speak too late?"  
My eyes met those of my darling,  
And those eyes were dimmed by tears,  
But the answer that I read there  
Will bless all my coming years.

## The Rose

*By C. C. Lord*

O she was fair! but yet to eyes  
Of sight unskilled she faded soon,  
Yet he who saw what never dies  
Beheld her still his royal boon.

When others sighed and mourned her fate,  
He smiled and, in triumphant strains,  
Sang, "Lo! the rose of blest estate  
Still lives and twice her bloom regains."

With slight regard they heard his lay,  
Not knowing whence such ardor flows,  
And, grieved, his soul went up the way  
To her—the dead yet living rose.

# Seventy-Five Years Ago and Now

*By Fred Myron Colby*

I have before me a Register of New Hampshire for 1829, lacking its covers, title page and a goodly portion of leaves at each end of it, and so thoroughly tattered and covered with smoke and dust as to make it a fit emblem of the good old times it relates to. Like the generation of office-holders, to whose names and services its pages are devoted, it is nearly obliterated from existence, and its few wrinkled leaves hang loosely from the time worn thread which holds them together, by a tenure as frail as that which binds its gray-haired and venerable contemporaries of the human race to existence.

I say "the good old times it relates to," for are not all times good, in the general estimation, when they are past? We fret at and lament the misfortunes of the present. A cloud of doubt and fear rests ever upon the future. It is the past only—the delightful and romantic past—from which all clouds have been swept away, upon which the sunshine rests with brilliancy and splendor, and which grows greener and more beautiful as it recedes in the distance. We are ever at variance and dissatisfied with what we have; we are ever anxious and unhappy about that which we have lost only, which we regard as excellent and which seems to us without spot or blemish, when it is gone forever.

At the period of which the old, time-defaced relic before us gives us the outline knowledge, the 50 years of our national life had established our institutions upon a firm basis. Party positions were well defined, though politics was not as absolute and partisan as now. One party now for the first time distinctively took the name of "Democratic party." This party supported Gen. Andrew

Jackson for the presidency. The other was popularly called the "Federal party," and it supported John Quincy Adams, who was then president of the United States. It was an exciting campaign, and the fever of excitement ran high. New Hampshire cast her vote for Adams, as she had done in 1824, but the hero of New Orleans carried the national election. The effect of Jackson's election was such, however, that Benjamin Pierce, the Democratic candidate for governor, was triumphantly elected in March, 1829, and took his seat the following June.

John Bell, who had been elected governor in 1828, was the last of the Federal governors of New Hampshire. He was the father of the late Gov. Charles H. Bell, and a brother of former Gov. Samuel Bell. He was a merchant of Chester and a man of some force and character. His council consisted of Langley Boardman of Portsmouth, Andrew Peirce, Dover, Matthew Harvey, Hopkinton, Jotham Lord, Westmoreland, and Caleb Keith of Wentworth. One of them, Matthew Harvey, was subsequently governor of the state. Richard Bartlett of Concord was secretary of state and Samuel Morrill of Concord was state treasurer. The chaplain was Rev. Nathaniel Bouton.

The state Senate was especially strong that year. It consisted of Nahum Parker of Fitzwilliam, who was president, William Plummer, Jr., of Epping, David Steele of Goffstown, Hall Burgin of Allenstown, James Bartlett of Dover, Daniel Hoit of Sandwich, John Wallace of Milford, Bodwell Emerson of Hopkinton, Thomas Woolson of Claremont, and John W. Weeks of Lancaster. Hon. James Poole of Hanover had died the previous year. William H. Y. Hack-

ett of Portsmouth was the efficient clerk of the Senate.

In the House there were such men as Alexander Ladd and John N. Sherburne of Portsmouth, John Peavy of Barnstead, Daniel M. Christie of Dover, Ezekiel Webster and John Farmer of Boscaawen, George Kent and Jacob B. Moore of Concord, Benjamin Evans and Abner B. Kelley of Warner, Anthony Colby of New London, James Wilson and Salma Hale of Keene, Nathaniel S. Berry of Bristol and Stephen Meserve of Bartlett. The speaker was Hon. James Wilson of Keene and the clerk was Samuel D. Bell of Chester. Both these latter men subsequently served the state as members of Congress at Washington.

The Hon. William M. Richardson of Chester was chief justice and his associates were Hon. Samuel Green of Concord and John Harris of Hopkinton. Hon. George Sullivan of Exeter was attorney-general. Our senators in Congress that year were Hon. Samuel Bell and Hon. Levi Woodbury, both former governors of the state, and the latter subsequently sat in the cabinets of two presidents. The six representatives from New Hampshire comprised Daniel Barker, Jr., Ichabod Bartlett, Titus Brown, Jonathan Harvey, Joseph Healy and Thomas Whipple, Jr.

There were 30,000 militia at that time in our state, comprising three divisions, six brigades and 40 regiments. The major generals were Joseph Towle of Epping, Johnson D. Quimby of Sandwich and William Cary of Lempster. Among the brigadiers were James Spofford of Kingston, Jonathan Poole of Haverhill, Solomon McNeil of Hillsborough and Justus Perry of Keene. Samuel D. Bell of Chester, Samuel Demeritt of Lee, Anthony Colby of New London, Hampden Cutts of Portsmouth, James Wilson of Keene and Jonathan Willard of Lancaster were among those who held the title of colonel.

Seventy-five years ago there were

two banks doing business at Concord, the old Concord bank and the Merrimack County Bank. Stephen Ambrose was president of the first, George Kent, cashier, and William A. Kent, Philip Brown, Nathaniel Abbott and John Cogswell constituted the board of trustees. Of the Merrimack County Bank, Hon. Isaac Hill was president and Samuel Sparhawk, cashier, while the directors were John George, Francis W. Fisk, Joseph Low, Samuel Coffin and William Pickering. The postmaster at the Capital city was Joseph Low.

In the flight of 75 years—long years, full of cold days and hot days, and events and vicissitudes every one of them—new fashions and habits have sprung up and with them a new people. The “squires” and “deacons” of three quarters of a century ago, the military chieftains, the parsons jogging along among our hills on horseback, on their routes among the scattered abodes of their parishioners, the physicians and their patients, courts, lawyers and clients, the legislators and those for whose welfare they labored, the men and women of 1829 have well nigh vanished from existence. Three hundred thousand silent graves and a few scattered old people worn down with age alone remain of that which was once so vigorous and full of hope, of that which felt a pleasurable pride as it called itself—the community.

There is much of romance connected with that long dead past. The quiltings, the corn huskings, the paring and sugar bees and the trainings appeal even to our narrow, selfish, utilitarian souls, and their memories are sweet and interesting as summer idyls. The humblest title belonging to the military was then esteemed an invaluable possession, a lasting prefix to the name of the proprietor which at all times certified his claims to an honorable rank in the community. Even the designation of “esquire,” however misapplied it may have been,

was full of pleasant and lofty significance. The Esquire! We can conjure up at once the impersonation of that dignitary, who divided the honors of his village with the regular settled pastor of the parish. We see him with his silver-headed cane, the time-worn watch chain depending from his pocket, and a solemn looking statute book under his arm, plodding with dignified step along the street or sitting in judgment at the court—the terror of evil-doing boys and the inflexible monitor of backward debtors. Hard was his fate who in those days scoffed at the dignities or had the independence to laugh at the person of a squire.

But with all their romance, who would wish us back upon those olden days? With all our selfishness and strife for rank and pelf, we enjoy a thousand advantages which were not known 75 years ago. We enjoy better health, in spite of our physicians; we live longer and better than our grandfathers and grandmothers did. There were no railroads, no electric cars, no telegraphs, no telephones, no labor-saving machinery of any kind in 1829. What an altogether different world it was! What wonderful advances have been made in population, wealth, art, the sciences and literature in those

three quarters of a century. Seventy-five years ago there were but eight counties in New Hampshire, with a population of 220,000 inhabitants, as against our 425,000 of today. Portsmouth was then our largest city with a population of a little over seven thousand. Manchester was only a small village with 761 inhabitants. Concord's population was 2,838, but little larger than that of Hopkinton and Warner, her neighboring boroughs.

In 1829 there were but seven newspapers published in the state and the largest of these was only about two feet square—a mere pigmy compared with the broad, well-filled sheets of today. In that long ago year one could not send a letter to his nearest friend for less than six cents. If it was over thirty miles and less than eighty a single letter cost 10 cents, over eighty and not exceeding one hundred and fifty miles, 12½ cents, over one hundred and fifty and not exceeding four hundred miles, 18¾ cents, and over four hundred miles, 25 cents. Double letters were double, triple letters were triple and quadruple letters were quadruple these rates. Letter writing was really a luxury in those days.

## When the Day is Far Spent

*By Hervey Lucius Woodward*

When the day is far spent  
And the night is at hand;  
When the soul is oppressed,  
As if bound by a band;

When the shades of the night  
Fall refreshingly down,  
And the "whip-poor-will's" cry  
Is heard through the town;

I in rapture then gaze  
On the bright blue above,—  
Then I flee to my sleep  
With the speed of a dove.

# An Unintentional Scare

By Mildred Grant Phillips

In the first fine enthusiasm of his calling, the Rev. Joseph Hadley, recently settled in his first pastorate at "The Bridge," desired to convert all the country side about the little village and very often made long pilgrimages into the mountains for that purpose.

"Ter hear him talk ye'd 'low as we-uns hed never heern tell o' th' Bible," said Mrs. Tate angrily, as she stooped to place the potatoes in the hot ashes to bake. "An' I made my peace an' war baptized in Kewahnee yander, 'fore ever he war born, ef th' truth war knowed."

"An' t'other day down to th' store he 'lowed as I warn't a-goin' ter git ter glory nohow," observed Zerubbabel Hines with flashing eyes, "jes' 'long of my shootin' that thar no-count Peleg Green las' fall. I say, Peleg Green! Shucks."

"He's fair pestered the life out'n old man Baker," put in Jarib Tate, "a-beggin' an' a-wrastlin' fer him ter go down ter Th' Bridge every Sunday ter meetin', sayin' as how he lives th' nearest an' ort ter be a example ter th' rest of we-uns."

"I dunno ef we be a-goin' ter bide sech a interferin' critter round hyar much longer," said Zerubbabel, lightly caressing the rifle lying across his knees. "'Pears like we-uns hed ort ter be let ter tend ter our own consarns in peace ef so minded."

"Law sakes, Z'rub'bel," interposed Delia Tate, a bright-eyed, curly-haired girl, who sat on the opposite side of the hearth, knitting, "th' pa'son don't mean no harm, I reckon."

"What call do he hev ter go ter prophesyin' 'bout my not gittin' ter Heaven, when he never knowed nuthin' 'bout that thar low-lived Peleg Green as stole my bay mare? What

gredge do he hev agin *me* in partic'lar? An' what is he everlastingly comin' hyarabouts ter help ye reel th' yarn an' sech? What war he hyar terday fer?" demanded Zerubbabel wrathfully.

"'Twar mam as he helped wind th' yarn las' week," murmured Delia with flaming cheeks, "An' terday he war a-hankerin' an' a-honin' fer we-all ter go down th' mounting termorrer ter view some contraption as he hev got at th' meetin' house. What war it, Davy?" she asked, turning to her brother, a sturdy boy of 12.

"He 'lowed it war a Chris'mus tree," piped David; "a Chris'mus tree," he repeated half to himself.

"Wall, ye ain't a-goin', Deely," said Zerubbabel, half in questioning, half in dictatorial assertion.

"Mebbe I shall," retorted Delia, resenting his tone of authority. "I 'low I sh'll do as I've a mind ter."

"Thar now, that's 'nough," commanded her father, "Thar ain't nare one of we-uns a-goin' down th' mounting ter view no Chris'mus tree."

But in this he was mistaken. David had listened eagerly to the young minister's glowing account of the Christmas celebration at the church. Something he had called a Christmas tree was to be the center of attraction, blazing with lights, radiant with festoonings, gay with colored tinsel and laden with gifts. It was already in the church and was to be decorated the following day.

No one would have recognized a Christmas tree in the queer image that filled David's mind, for he had never seen one and the lights, tissue-paper, popcorn and packages of the minister's description made a curious jumble that would have much surprised the narrator if he had known.



"I be a-goin' ter view that thar Chris'mus tree," was David's last thought as he fell asleep.

After the early dinner next day, he took his father's rifle from the chimney piece with a vague remark about a "shot at a partridge," and started down the mountain.

Before it seemed possible the distance was accomplished and he found himself in front of the little church in the village. Some people were going in and he slipped quietly in behind them.

The dim interior of the church after the dazzling light outside confused his sight for a time, but presently he made out a wonderful vision at the further end of the long room, which resolved itself into a collection of packages, toys, streamers of white, gilt and colors, and behind and through all the depths of the green of the forest and around all, the symmetry of a mountain spruce.

The young minister flushed with pleasure as he caught sight of the brown jeans in the corner and came quickly toward him.

"I'm so glad—" he began, but David interrupted him, saying, as he pointed to the Christmas tree, "Is that thar a sure 'nough tree?"

"Why, yes," said the minister in surprise, "a spruce."

"I knowed you said 'twas a Chris'mus tree, but somehows I never thunk as how 'twar a real tree."

"Yes, it's a real tree," repeated the minister smiling, "and perhaps it grew up your way. Come up nearer, where you can see better," he added hospitably.

"Naw; I guess I don't want to git no nearer," said David.

The minister left him for a moment to find some one of the younger boys who would talk to David and make him feel at home, but when he returned the corner by the door was empty.

Anxious not to lose this slight headway with the taciturn and seemingly

impressionless mountaineers, the minister hastily slipped on his overcoat and started up the village street to overtake the boy.

Meanwhile David swiftly took his way, rifle on shoulder, through the village and along the road to the mountains. When he reached the timber he walked more slowly and vaguely compared the royal state of these monarchs of the forest with the lonely spruce in the church, decked out and bedizened in what seemed to him ridiculous trappings.

"It air a shame," he said aloud in indignation, "ter take one and trick it out like that an' then throw it away. It air a plumb shame!"

As he looked up into the green, swaying boughs above his head, a large, dark object in one of the tallest pines caught his eye.

"That thar mus' be old Baldy's nest," he cried joyfully, "an' I'm bound ter hev a glimge o' it."

He laid his father's rifle carefully across a stump, propping it securely in place with the thick branches of the low hemlock that grew all about the stump.

"If anything be let ter happen ter that rifle, dad'll take the hide off'n me, sure!" he observed.

Up in the branches of the big pine he paused to look about him from his lofty perch and was surprised to see in the road below the minister whom he had left so short a time before at the church in the village.

"Hope he won't tell dad as I went down thar ter view that thar Chris'mus tree," muttered David.

The minister hurried around a projecting boulder, thinking to overtake David on the other side, when with a start of horror he saw the barrel of a rifle gleaming through some low hemlocks. It was pointed directly at him.

He recalled the warnings and advice of his parishioners to let the mountaineers alone and the vague stories he had heard of men who went up into the mountains and never came

back. His hair rose on his head and icy chills crept down his back. With starting eyes fixed on the protruding muzzle of the gun, he gradually backed around the boulder and then turned and ran as fast as his trembling legs would carry him back to the village, expecting at every step to feel the bite of a rifle ball in his back.

In the tree overhead David rocked to and fro with silent laughter, softly slapping his thighs as he crouched among the green branches; and farther up the slope was another gratified witness of the minister's discomfiture.

Zerubbabel Hines had moodily thrown himself on a rock in sight of the road, wondering if the minister would come up the mountain that day. With a sore and jealous heart he watched the now familiar figure of the minister as he turned around the boulder.

"He be mighty sot fer Deely ter view his Chris'mus tree!" he said angrily, "an' hyar I set an' watch him go thar without so much as movin' a finger! I'll jest stand up an' show my gun ter let him know as I be on th' mounting yit!"

He rose to his feet and as he was about to lift the gun to his shoulder

he caught sight of the minister's horrified face turned in his direction and a moment later saw the flying figure on the road below.

"I sca't th' life haffen out o' him!" he cried jubilantly as he swung the rifle to his shoulder and started back up the mountain.

"Th' pa'son ain't been up th' mounting terday," observed Mrs. Tate that evening.

"His loss air mighty easy ter bear," returned her husband, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "He hev been too much took up with his Chris'mus tree, ter think of we-uns, I reckon."

A chuckle from Zerubbabel Hines, who as usual was one of the party around the hearth, caused Delia to look up quickly.

"Hev you seed anything of him, Zerub'bel?" she asked, accusingly.

"I glimpsed him down th' road a piece this arternoon," replied Zerubbabel serenely. "But he war headed down th' mounting, stidder comin' up."

David cast a knowing smile at the rifle on the chimney piece and as the light of the leaping flames played on the shining barrel it really seemed as if the gun winked back at him.

## Let Grief Go By

*By Laura Garland Carr*

When every grief is entertained,  
What chance has joy to cheer us?  
For grievances—when sought and watched—  
Are always lurking near us,  
And while we weigh and tell them o'er,—  
Noting each shade of sorrow,—  
The joys that slip unheeded by  
Return not with the morrow.  
'Tis better far to seek the best,  
And let the worse be slighted.  
When grief will come, why come it must,  
But need it be invited?  
Then give to joy a cordial face—  
Encourage its abiding—  
And should grief tarry for a space  
We need not seek its hiding.

# Will of Deacon John Blanchard of Dunstable

Dea. John Blanchard was one of the early settlers and founders of Dunstable. He was a son of Thomas Blanchard, the emigrant ancestor of a large and distinguished family, who settled in Charlestown, Mass., in 1639. Dea. John Blanchard, with a wife and several children, removed from Charlestown to Dunstable about 1675. He was one of the foundation members and a deacon of the church over which Rev. Thomas Weld was the pastor. He died early in 1694. Fox's History of Dunstable names two children, Joseph and Thomas, and while there is a mention of Nathaniel there is no assertion that he was a son of Dea. John Blanchard. At the date of his will there were living nine children. The order of age is not known.

I. Elizabeth, married Robert Parris. They had three children, born in Dunstable, Mercy, who married, December 14, 1687, Josiah Richardson; Hannah, who married John Goffe, senior. The parents and one daughter were slain by the Indians about 1696.

II, III, IV. Joseph, Thomas and Nathaniel, whose record is given in Fox's "Dunstable."

V. James, who settled in Groton, Mass. He served from December 28, 1703, to January 25, 1704, under Capt. William Tyng in the first snow shoe company, and died a few days after his discharge, leaving a wife and four children. He was the town clerk of Groton several years.

VI. Hannah, probably married Christopher Reed.

VII, VIII, IX. Benjamin, Sarah and Mary were living in 1694.

Hannah Blanchard, widow of Dea. John, her son Nathaniel, his wife Lydia and their child Susannah, were slain by the Indians, July 8, 1706.

Following is a copy of the last will and testament of Deacon Blanchard:

E. S. S.

I John Blanchard of the Town of Dunstable in the County of Middlesex within ye Maj'tys Province of ye Massachusetts Bay in New-England, being thro Gods mercy, at this present time, of sound Judgmtt & perfect memory, yet apprehensive of my approaching dissolution do make & ordain this my last Will & Testamtt.

Impr: I comitt my Imortall soul into the hands of Jesus Christ my dear Redeemer, & my body when forsaken of yt Soul, to ye. earth by a decent Intermtt. there to rest till ye glorious Day of ye Resurrection. and yt Temporall estate rearl & personall which it hath pleased god of his bounty to bestow upon mee, I do hereby dispose, as hereafter followeth

Imp: I will & ordain yt all Those Debts which shall legally or reasonably appear to be due fro my estate to any person, be in Convenient time, discharged by my executor hereafter named & appointed by mee.

Itt. I give & bequeath to my beloved

sons Benjamin & Joseph Blanchard my home lott in Dunstable which lys next to the lott of Sergt. Cumins, together with the second Division of said lott & which adjoyns to itt, & all the medow belonging to ye said home lott, to the said Benjamin & Joseph I also give one hundred acres more of land lying on the east side of Merrimack River, neer to Danforths meddow as tis comonly called, which severall parcels of lands & meddow above named shall be equally divided between those my two sons: onely tis my will yt if either of my sons see caus to make sale of the above given land & meddow they shall make the first Tender of it each to other. —also to ye above named Benjamin & Joseph I give the one halff of my medow which I purchased of Joseph Parker, lying at the head of Buck Medow, the whole Containing 4 acres & ½ be the same more or less.

Itt. I give & bequeath to my Be-loed Son James Blanchard the one

half of my land lying at mount Gilbo, vid. yt halff which lyeth towards the northwest, to him also I give one hundred acres of land on the east side of Merrimack River, the same being part of the 400. acres laid out to mee as second Division, to the said James I also give halff my meddow lying at the head of Buck meddow which is the remaining part of said medow above mentioned & given to my sons Benjamin & Joseph.

Itt. I give & bequeath to my beloved son Thomas Blanchard one hundred acres of land on the east side of Merrimack River, being part of the above mentioned 400 acres. also to him I give three acres of land upon Huckleberry Hill joyning to the broken up land of Thomas Cumin. to him also I giv Twenty acres of land at the south end of Mount Gilbo.

Itt. To my beloved Daughters, Elizabeth Parrish, Hanna Reed, Sarah Blanchard & Mary Blanchard I give Two hundred acres of land on the east side of Merrimack River equally to be divided between them.

Itt. To my beloved wife Hanna & to my beloved son Nathanel Blanchard I give & bequeath my hous lott joyning to the land of Robert Parish & all my second Division at the head of said lott, which is not before disposed in this my will, together with my dwelling hous & barn. to them also the said Hanna my wife & my son Nathl. I give one hundred acres of land on the east side of Merrimack River, neer Danforths meddow, and it is my will yt after my wife Deceas my son Nathaniell shall Injoy & be for ever possessed of yt part of my houses & lands hereby given to my wife durring her naturall life,—also to my son Nathaniell I give Twenty & five acres (more or less) of my land at Mount Gilbo, & which lys between

the lands of James & Thomas at said Gilbo.

Itt. To my beloved wife Hanna I give all my Cattle Household furniture & all my personall & moveable estate whatsoever to be disposed by her according to her discretion: and the said Hanna my beloved wife & my Beloved son Benjamin Blanchard I constitute & appoint joynt executors of this my last Will & Testament ffor the confirmation of this my last will & Testament. I have hereunto put my hand & seale, This Thirteenth day of March, Anno Dom. 169- $\frac{3}{4}$  after Interelining those words (I give)

Signed sealed & Declared & Read in presenc off

Thos. Clark

John Cummings Senr.

His mark

Thomas x Barrett

His J B mark

John Blanchard (Seal)

Charlestowne April 10th. 1694

By ye Honourable James Russell Esqr.

we Thomas Clark of Chelmsford and Thomas Barrett of said Chelmsford personally appearing made oath that they were personally present and saw ye within mentioned John Blanchard, Sign and Seal, and heard him publish and Declare, the within written to be his last will and Testament, and that when he so did he was of Sound Judgment & of a disposing minde and that they then Saw John Cummings Senr, Sign ye Same together with them Selves as a witness

Juratur Cora

JA. RUSSELL

Exa<sup>e</sup> y Samll: Phipps Reg<sup>e</sup>.

Registry of Probate

Middlesex, ss. }

A true copy. Attest,

W. E. ROGERS

Register.

# The Boy Monarch

*By Samuel Hoyt*

Monarch of seasons is the boy—  
Winter or summer, without alloy;  
Pleasure awaits this fancy-free  
Scion of true autocracy.  
Little it matters at which end  
The year begin, so each day send  
With hour of waking some new-born hint  
To bubbling brain, which knows no stint  
Of boyish feat or mischief rare.  
He's never at loss to do or dare,  
Whether the hill or vale he roam,  
Every wide rood of ground is home,—  
Miles are but feet in boyish tramp,  
Few are the spots where he does not camp.  
Not on the map is the mountain brook  
He fails to vex with his line and hook.  
The nut on the tree is hidden high  
That eludes the search of his wary eye,  
And the orchard path abandoned long  
He has not trod with a cheery song.  
He knows all the woodland birds by name,  
And the haunts of the Southland whence they came,  
Where the squirrels perch and the partridge drums,  
And the busy tapping woodpecker thrums  
The tambourine of the hollow tree,  
And where the frogs make sharp melody,  
As homeward bound from his romp and play  
He wends his steps at the close of day.  
And when the first struggling snowflakes fly  
He hails them all with an eager eye,  
Sees visions galore of the up-piled fort,  
With its snowy scarp and its open port,  
Where pseudo warriors in bold array  
As Russians or "Japs" shall win the day,  
And bastion of strong "Port Arthur" fall,  
'Neath the fusilade of the icy ball.  
And visions he sees of coasting, too,  
With Maud or Bertha or May or Sue;  
Or, when the storm rages out of doors,  
And the firelight shines o'er the burnished floors,  
The games brought out, while the laugh goes round  
'Till all the rafters with cheer resound.  
Monarch of seasons and days is he,  
This merry-faced boy, who owns in fee  
All the wide acres he travels o'er;  
All of their wealth—a goodly store—  
And the months may come, and the months may go,  
It is all the same to him, you know.  
O, for this pleasure, without alloy,  
Who would not be again a boy?

# New Hampshire Necrology

## HARRISON HALEY.

Harrison Haley, long a leading citizen of Dover, died at his residence in that city May 26, 1906.

Mr. Haley was a native of the town of Lee, a son of John and Sally (Butler) Haley, born May 30, 1825. He was educated in the schools of Lee, Newmarket and Portsmouth, and his first employment was as a clerk in the dry goods store of a brother in Lowell. In 1849 he went to Dover and engaged in the dry goods trade for himself, continuing successfully until 1870, when he became cashier of the Cocheco National Bank and treasurer of the Savings Bank, continuing until the suspension of the same in 1895, after which he was actively engaged in insurance and real estate business until his death, which resulted from blood-poisoning occasioned by an accidental injury.

Mr. Haley was a prominent and active member of St. John's M. E. Church of Dover, and for 25 years a member of the board of trustees and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was a member of Strafford Lodge of Free Masons for more than fifty years. Politically he was a Republican and had been a member of the school board and of the city government. He was instrumental in the building of the street railway, the Garrison Hill Observatory and the city water works, as well as in the establishment of the Children's Home and the Wentworth Home for the Aged.

## HON. JOSEPH F. WIGGIN.

Joseph F. Wiggin, born in Exeter, N. H., March 30, 1838, died in Malden, Mass., June 17, 1906.

Educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, from which he graduated in 1858, completing the course in three years, he pursued the study of law at the Harvard Law School, which he attended one year, and in the office of the late Hon. William W. Stickney at Exeter, and was admitted to practice in 1862, locating first at Eppling, when he returned to Exeter in about a year, and there remained in practice till his removal to Malden, Mass., in 1880. He made rapid progress in his profession and gained the confidence and respect of the public in large measure. In 1871 he was appointed by Governor Weston judge of probate for the County of Rockingham, and held the office until

1876. In the following year he was appointed a member of the commission to revise the statutes of the state.

Upon his removal to Malden he established the law firm of Wiggin & Fernald in Boston. He continued, however, for several years, his practice in New Hampshire, being associated with different Exeter lawyers. He took an active interest in public affairs in Malden. In 1885 he was chosen a member of the school board, and subsequently became chairman of that body. In 1888 he was elected mayor of the city on a citizens' ticket and served for four successive years in that capacity with conspicuous ability and fidelity, many public improvements being carried out during his administration. He was a trustee and vice-president of the Malden Hospital, and a trustee of the Malden Savings Bank. He was also a trustee and a zealous friend of the Sanborn Seminary at Kingston, N. H., from its establishment, resigning as trustee only two days before his death, and being succeeded by his son, Joseph, in that position. Politically Judge Wiggin was a Democrat. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and an attendant upon the Methodist Church.

July 6, 1868, he was united in marriage with Miss Ruth H. Hollis of Milton, Mass., by whom he had 10 children, nine of them surviving, five sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Joseph, is now city solicitor of Malden.

## HON. GEORGE A. WASON.

George A. Wason, born in New Boston, September 17, 1831, died in Nashua June 21, 1906.

He was the youngest of nine children of Robert and Nancy (Bachelder) Wason, was educated in the town schools and at Francetown Academy, and followed the occupation of agriculture, to which he was reared, coming ultimately into possession of the homestead, a large farm of nearly five hundred acres. He became prominently identified with the agricultural interests of the state, and was long actively engaged in raising thoroughbred Devon stock. He served for three years as president of the Hillsborough County Agricultural Society, and afterwards, for a similar term, as president of the Piscataquog Valley Fair Association. He took an active interest in the Grange organization at an early date, being the

first master of Joe English Grange of New Boston. He was chosen overseer of the State Grange in 1877 and master in 1879, serving four years in the latter capacity. In 1883 he was appointed a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and served continuously for 21 years in that capacity. He also served for two terms previous to 1895 as a member of the State Board of Agriculture for Hillsborough County.

Politically Mr. Wason was a Republican, and was prominent in public life in Hillsborough County, serving six years as a member of the board of county commissioners, from 1877. In 1883 he was a member of the state Senate from the old Sixteenth District. In 1890 and again in 1892, he was the representative of New Boston in the lower house of the state Legislature; and in 1894 he was again elected to the Senate, representing the new Eighth District. He was active in the promotion of all enterprises for the benefit of his town and community, and largely instrumental in securing the construction of the New Boston railroad, of which he was president from the start until his death.

In September, 1863, he was united in marriage with Clara Louise, daughter of Sidney and Louisa (Trull) Hills of New Boston, an accomplished young woman, who proved a worthy helpmeet and was particularly prominent in musical, social and Grange circles, and who died some four years since, leaving three sons, who still survive: Edward H., now solicitor of Hillsborough County, and Robert S. and George B., of the firm of Wason & Co., of Boston. Since 1885, Mr. Wason has resided most of the time in Nashua, but retained his farm and legal residence in New Boston and continued his interest in the welfare of the town.

#### THADDEUS E. SANGER, M. D.

Dr. Thaddeus E. Sanger, one of the oldest and most prominent homeopathic physicians in New England, born at Troy, Vt., March 12, 1833, died at the Homeopathic Hospital in Boston, Mass., June 6, 1906.

Doctor Sanger was a son of Ezra and Sarah M. (Browne) Sanger, his father being a merchant at Troy. He attended the St. Johnsbury Academy until 18 years of age, and then became clerk in a drug store in Toledo, O., where he remained two years, meanwhile taking up the study of medicine, which he subsequently continued, graduating from the Homeopathic Medical College in Philadelphia in 1856, in which year he commenced practice at Hardwick, Vt., removing, in 1858, to Lit-

tleton, where he ever after remained, attaining the highest success in his profession, his practice extending all through the White Mountain region. He became a member of the N. H. Homeopathic Medical Society in 1865, was a censor of the society for 15 years, its vice-president in 1876 and 1877, and president for the three succeeding years. He was a pension surgeon under the U. S. government for a dozen years or more, from 1871.

In Masonry Doctor Sanger was prominent, and deeply interested. He was initiated in Burns Lodge, Littleton, December 7, 1870, joined Franklin Chapter at Lisbon in 1881 and St. Gerard Comandery of Littleton in 1882. He took the Council degrees at Plymouth and the Scottish Rite degrees to and including the 32d, at Nashua, in 1883. He had been master of Burns Lodge, commander of St. Gerard Comandery, and was grand commander of the state in 1892 and 1893. In politics he was a Republican but was never a prejudiced partisan, and rose above party when the public welfare demanded.

December 22, 1856, he married Ianthie C. Kneeland, of Victory, Vt., by whom he is survived, with two daughters: Lillian E., wife of F. E. Green of Littleton, and Catherine F., who married Charles B. Henry of Lincoln. Another daughter, Ellen L., wife of Dr. E. K. Parker, died some years since.

#### RT. REV. JOHN B. DELANY.

Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester, died at the Sacred Heart Hospital in Manchester, following an operation for appendicitis, on Monday, June 11.

Bishop Delany, one of the eight children of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Delany, was born in Lowell, Mass., where his mother still resides, August 9, 1864. He was educated in the Lowell public schools, and at Holy Cross and Boston colleges, graduating from the latter in 1887. He pursued theological studies at the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, and was ordained a priest by Cardinal Richard, May 23, 1891.

He officiated as assistant priest at St. Anne's Church in Manchester two years; the church of the Immaculate Conception in Portsmouth five years, and later was assigned to Hinsdale. In 1898 he returned to Manchester as chancellor of the diocese and secretary to Bishop Bradley. After the death of the latter he was consecrated bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester on September 8, 1904.

The *Guidon*, a Catholic monthly, was established by Rev. Father Delany in

1898, and has since been published under his editorial supervision. He was at one time a member of the State Conference of Charities and Correction and had also been chaplain of the Knights of Columbus order in New Hampshire.

His mother, who lives in Lowell, Mass., a brother, Rev. Frederick Delany of New York, and five sisters, Mrs. Patrick Gilbride of Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. John O'Hearn of Ashmont, Mass.; Sister Florence Louise, of the Order of Notre Dame, secretary of Trinity College, Washington, D. C.; Miss Clotilda and Miss Grace Delany of Lowell, Mass., survive him.

#### PROF. GEORGE A. WENTWORTH.

George Albert Wentworth, a leading citizen of Exeter, for many years professor of mathematics at Phillips-Exeter Academy, died suddenly Thursday afternoon, May 24, at Dover, on his return from a visit to York Harbor, where he was planning to spend the summer.

Professor Wentworth was a native of the town of Wakefield, born July 21, 1835. In 1852 he entered Phillips-Exeter Academy and in 1858 was graduated from Harvard. In the spring of that year, while still an undergraduate, he returned to the academy as instructor in ancient languages and the next year succeeded Joseph G. Hoyt as professor of mathematics. This chair he filled with consummate ability until his resignation in 1892. In April, 1899, he was again called to the academy's service as a trustee and at his death was still a valued member of the board.

As an author of mathematical textbooks Professor Wentworth's fame is world wide. He was a public-spirited citizen, a director and president of the Exeter Banking Company and a zealous member of the First Parish Church.

#### DANIEL WADSWORTH COE.

Mr. Coe was born in Center Harbor, April 28, 1838, and passed to the life beyond, May 9, 1906. He was the son of the late John Coe and Lavinia Towle Senter, distinguished for two score years as leaders in church and public affairs in Center Harbor, and noted throughout the country for their hospitality as landlord and landlady of the old Senter House.

Daniel Wadsworth Coe's life was spent in this little village overlooking the beautiful waters of Lake Winnepesaukee and he was always an ardent lover of this wonderful region, whose charming surroundings have made it attractive to the

summer tourist for many years. He received his education in the schools of this place, New Hampton and Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. He has always been identified in all the leading interests of the town and prominent in church and grange affairs. He was a charter member of Winnepesaukee Grange of Meredith, also of Garnet Hill Grange of Center Harbor, having held the position of master in each.

He never aspired to political honors, but served the town for several years as treasurer and town clerk. He was a member of the corporation and a trustee in the Meredith Village Savings Bank. He was president of the Center Harbor Old Home Week Association and it was a proud day for him when Independence Hall was crowded with citizens and guests from far and near to observe Old Home Day. On that occasion Mr. Coe was very much alive with reminiscences of bygone years as he talked to former residents. It was a pleasure to him to welcome all who came, residents or guests, to this beautiful region, and he was never tired of relating the many items of early history of the town, with which he was well supplied.

Mr. Coe was descended from the family of Senters who settled here before the Revolutionary War. His grandfather was the founder of the Senter House, one of the favorite hotels in this beautiful "gateway to the White Mountains," and famous for its hospitality nearly a hundred years ago.

Among his paternal grandparents was Judge Ebenezer Thompson of Durham, who played an important part in the early history of New Hampshire, his name having the signal honor of being connected with the very last act of the royal government in New Hampshire in June, 1775. He also took part in the seizure of Fort William and Mary at New-castle, December 14, 1774.

Mr. Coe will be sadly missed from the home where, with his wife, daughter of the late Seneca A. Ladd of Meredith, he was wont, from year to year, to greet friends from all parts of the country.

A tribute from an old friend testifies to his sterling worth of character in these words: "He was a dear, good boy, a faithful, loving son and brother, and absolutely true to all his relations in life." His wife and many friends and relatives remain to mourn their great loss. His funeral services were from his late home on Sunday, May 13, Revs. John Thorpe of Center Harbor and George I. Bard of Meredith officiating, with a large circle of friends in attendance. \* \* \*



## Editor and Publisher's Notes

With the present month comes the real opening of the "season" for the summer hotel and boarding-house keepers of the state, and all those who depend directly or indirectly upon the presence and patronage of that large and yearly increasing number of people, including statesmen, politicians, lawyers, ministers, teachers, authors, artists, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, men of business and men of leisure, who pass the summer months in our midst, for a substantial part of their annual income. New Hampshire is always beautiful at this time of the year, and, on the whole, was never more so than now; and the indications are that more vacationists—pleasure-seekers and rest and recreation hunters—will be found within her borders during the coming two months than ever before. These people will be welcomed by the public at large, as well as by those who expect to profit directly by their presence, since it is realized that what contributes to the advantage of one class in the community benefits all in greater or less degree. Moreover the financial advantage which comes from the presence of these summer guests is by no means the only advantage derived therefrom. The social and intellectual uplift which comes to many of our rural communities from contact with these visitors during the season contributes in no small measure to the elevation of the general tone and character of society at large throughout the state.

More pupils graduated from the high schools of the state last month than in any previous year. More of these pupils will enter college next autumn than ever went to college from New Hampshire in any year before, just as there have also been more grammar school graduates in this than in any former year, a larger propor-

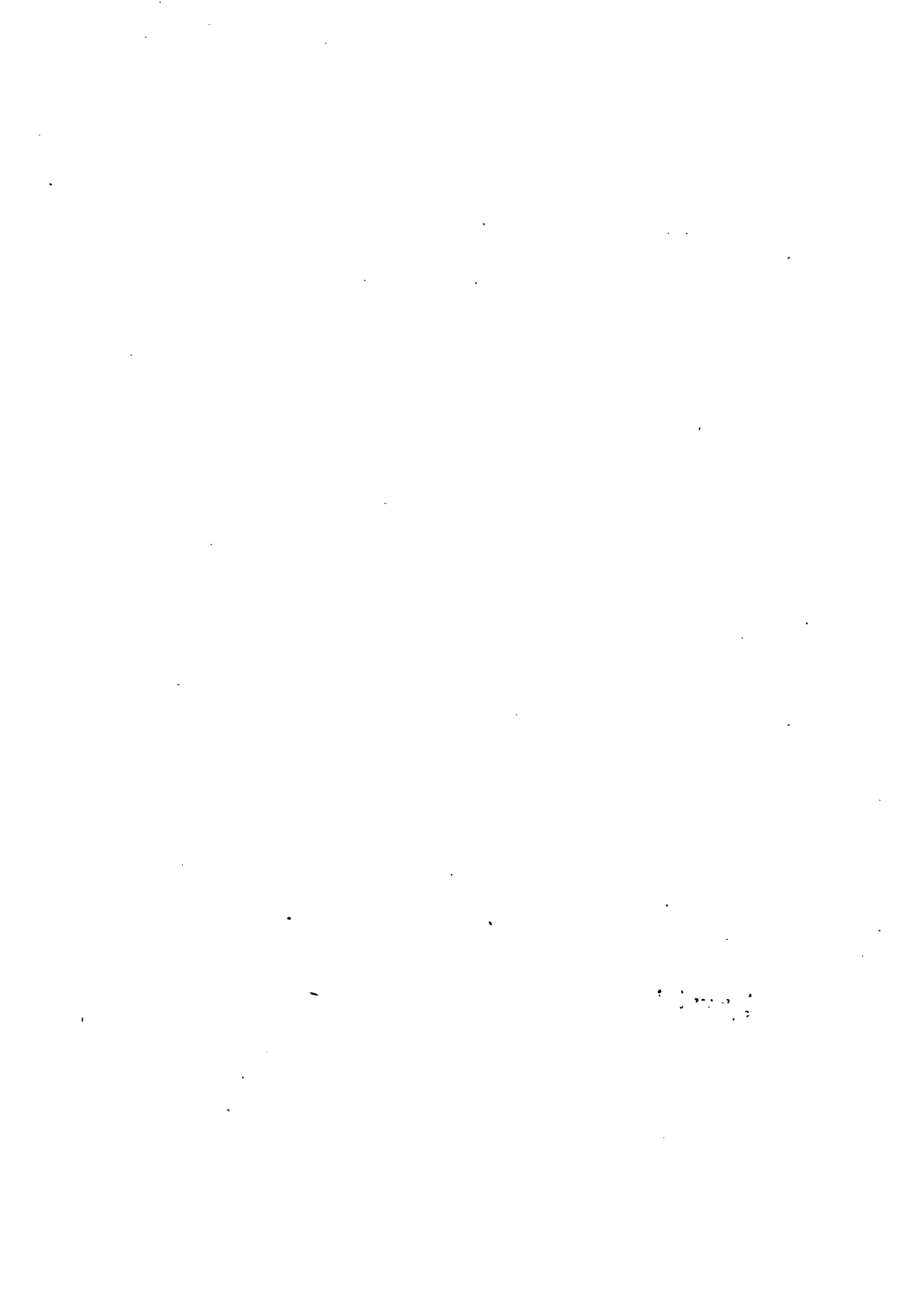
tion of whom than heretofore will step up into the high schools with the beginning of the new school year. This constant increase in the proportionate number of our young people who secure the benefits of advanced intellectual training, necessarily insures a corresponding increase in the average intelligence of the people as a whole.

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A new novel, which has but just appeared from the press, "Coniston," by our New Hampshire author-politician, Winston Churchill of Cornish, has already attracted wide attention and is commanding an almost unprecedented sale. It deals, incidentally, with some of the salient features of our political and legislative life, especially that which has come to be known as "bossism"; while the story itself is one of intense interest. The book promises to be the most successful yet produced by this gifted writer, and as it is essentially a New Hampshire novel, New Hampshire people will naturally take pride in its success.

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Mr. R. W. Allen, 118 Miami Avenue, Detroit, Mich., desires information in regard to the nine young men who settled in the town of Newport in this state in 1765. They were Samuel Hurd, Jesse Wilcox, Isaac Kelsey, Benjamin Gile, Robert Lane, John Crane, Nathan Hurd, Benjamin Bragg and Ezra Parmelee. They were appointed a committee at Killingworth, Conn., December 25, 1764, to lay off the lots in Newport, and met at the house of John Hastings, Jr., in Charlestown (Number 4), July 6, 1765, and proceeded to the work assigned. They were all from Killingworth and Saybrook, Conn. Samuel Hurd was an ancestor of Mr. Allen.





**GEN. STEPHEN H. GALE**

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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AUGUST, 1906

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, No. 8

## Gen. Stephen H. Gale

*By Thomas J. Walker.*

One of the most perplexing problems in modern political economy is that presented by the tendency of the times towards concentration of industrial enterprises in the cities and the consequent depletion of industrial opportunities throughout the towns and villages, especially those of New England, where agricultural possibilities are not so favorable as in many other sections of our country.

He whose life's work results not only in arresting the city's draft upon his own community but also wins for it an influx of self-supporting people, performs a public service not to be reckoned lightly, nor dismissed from thoughtful appreciation because of personal benefits he may have derived therefrom.

In Exeter, this state, a town of approximately five thousand inhabitants, there is a manufacturing establishment giving direct employment to from six to seven hundred persons, and indirectly contributing towards the employment of many others; to the general business prosperity of the town and to the material welfare of the surrounding agricultural population. Its pay roll disbursements are approximately three hundred thousand dollars a year, all from revenue drawn into Exeter by sales of product in outside markets, principally in the West and Southwest. The average wages paid are better than those

earned in other occupations near by and the personnel of the employés compares favorably with that of persons otherwise engaged in that vicinity. The policy of the management of this establishment towards the employés is free from many of the restrictive features found in city factories which, while perhaps necessary there, tend towards sapping away that consciousness of personal independence so requisite to good citizenship. The *esprit de corps* among the employés calls for self-respecting manhood and womanhood and is sustained as well as is the general tone of the community at large.

This, then, is the principal accomplishment of Gen. Stephen H. Gale, and it is one of which he is justly proud; toward which he has devoted the best years of his life and in which he has found that rare enjoyment which one experiences in the realization that while building well for himself he has also built well for others, and all this near the scenes of his early childhood, within six miles of where he was born.

Stephen Henry Gale was born in East Kingston, N. H., March 23, 1846, and is of the fifth generation from Jacob Gale, the first of the name to settle in that town nearly two hundred years ago, and whose descendants have been prominently identified with local history from that time to

this. Jacob was the fourth in line of direct descent from Edmond Gale of Cambridge, Mass., the pioneer of the family to America. He came here early in 1600 from England, where the name is found recorded as among the "landed gentry" from before the time of William the Conqueror. It is supposed to be of Scotch-Irish origin.

A son of Jacob, also named Jacob, who was General Gale's great-grandfather, acquired considerable property in and around East Kingston. He was one of those strong, rugged men, thoroughly imbued with the "spirit of '76," to whose patriotic services both before and during the war, the independence of America is due. He was a delegate to the First Provincial Congress of New Hampshire, which met in Exeter, July 21, 1774, to take steps toward declaring New Hampshire free from British sovereignty and to provide for a constitutional form of government. Afterwards he was lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of state troops under the command of the famous Josiah Bart-

mother was Ann Maria Barnes of Boscawen, N. H., to whom his father was married in 1837. She was the daughter of Josiah Barnes, a popular hotel keeper of New Hampshire, whose son, Amos, following in his father's footsteps, became the well-known proprietor of the Hotel Brunswick of Boston, which he managed for many years, until his death a short time ago.

General Gale's father was a farmer of moderate circumstances, mainly dependent upon his own exertions for the support of his family. He died in 1847, when Stephen was but 16 months old. Besides Stephen, he left a widow and two other children: Mary Ann, not then nine years of age, and John Elbridge, a boy between six and seven. The problem confronting the mother was a difficult one; but she met it bravely by selling the farm, retaining only the house with a little land around it, and devoting herself to the rearing of her children upon a very small income, supplemented by her own efforts. She so managed that each of them had such educational advantages as the schools of East Kingston provided and some instruction beyond; but hard as it was for her and for them, stern necessity compelled them to forego many of the pleasurable experiences incidental to their years and devote such time as could be spared from their studies to work that would contribute towards the family support.

Money was scarce in rural New England in those days and opportunities for acquiring it were few and far between; but the introduction of shoemaking into farming communities offered a chance to the more energetic, which several of the East Kingston farmers accepted during the winter months and at such other times as they could devote to it. This work was brought to them from Haverhill, Mass., by "freighters," who gathered it up from shops about that city,



House in which General Gale was Born, Tricking Falls, East Kingston, N. H.

lett, and later succeeded him as colonel.

Colonel Jacob's son, Henry, married Mary Atkinson of Newburyport, Mass., and their son, Elbridge Gerry Gale, was the father of Stephen H., the subject of this sketch. His

where all parts of the shoe were cut and fitted ready to be sewn up and pegged by persons in the country districts, to whom they were distributed. The work was exacting and not especially remunerative, but it brought money in return and was a welcomed source of additional revenue.

It was at this work that John E. and Stephen began to earn money after school and in vacations, as soon as they were old enough to be of any assistance to those engaged in it near their home. They became interested in the work, and there learned the rudimentary principles of a business which since then, under entirely different conditions, has grown to be one of New England's greatest industries and in which they have both become singularly successful.

John E. left home when he was 14 years old and went to Portsmouth, N. H., where he attended the grammar school and had three years' instruction in the high school. He was clerk in a store there for a short time and then went to Haverhill, Mass., where, after working a while in a grocery store, he found employment in a shoe factory and in 1862, started in the shoe manufacturing business for himself.

Stephen remained at home until nearly seventeen years old, attending the village schools and Kingston Academy. He also took a course in the Boston Commercial College, traveling to Boston and back daily. All this time he was working diligently at shoemaking, before and after school hours and in vacation periods. In 1863 he went to Haverhill, Mass., and secured employment in William M. Chase's shoe factory as an assistant bookkeeper. What time could be spared from his regular duties was devoted to other work around the factory and in acquiring further knowledge of the different processes employed in the manufacture of shoes. About a year later he went to work in his brother's factory, who before long

assisted him to start in business upon his own account, which he did by working early in the mornings and until late in the evenings before and after his regular day's work for his brother. He commenced in the basement of the building occupied by his



Old Mill, Tricking Falls

brother, on a cash capital of \$200, which he had managed to save. With that he bought small lots of leather at a time, cut them into the various parts of shoes himself, sent them into the country to be put together and sold the shoes when finished. Before long he was able to rent a small room upstairs and devote his entire time to a growing business, which soon was greater than he could attend to alone. He then began to employ others, working with them as assiduously as before.

Requiring more capital as his business expanded he formed a partnership with Capt. Samuel L. Blaisdell, a former resident of East Kingston and a close friend of his father and mother. The captain gave no personal attention to the business, so in about a year's time the firm was dissolved, and Mr. Gale continued on

alone. He allowed nothing to interfere with a steadfast determination to mount the ladder of industrial success, and, therefore, concentrated his whole attention upon his business, without allowing himself to be diverted from it by the many forms of recreation or amusement so attractive to young men of his age.

As a reward for such continued application he became sufficiently well established in the industrial world to warrant a partnership with his brother, John E., when their interests were consolidated in 1869, under the

there. At that time the sales of Gale Brothers amounted to about one million dollars annually, principally of medium-grade women's shoes.

Upon opening their branch factory in Exeter, part of the women's and all of the men's shoes were made there, the men's work being carried on under the name of the Exeter Boot and Shoe Company, for which all of the capital was supplied by Gale Brothers. Six years later the Exeter factory was enlarged by the extension of the building at the same height and width for 260 feet.



Shoe Factory of Gale Bros., Inc., Exeter

firm name of Gale Brothers. Their business continued growing until in 1884 there was not room enough in their Haverhill factory to meet its increasing requirements and they decided to start a branch factory in Exeter. By November of that year a four-story brick building, 150 x 40 feet, had been erected in that town, in which a modern plant was installed and Stephen went there to take charge of and develop that part of the business, while John E., and John H. Sanborn, a cousin, who had been admitted to the firm, remained in Haverhill in charge of the business

When completed, the Haverhill business was transferred to Exeter, and John E. Gale practically retired from active participation in it in order to devote himself to banking matters in which he had become largely interested, and incidentally to the founding of a new shoe manufacturing enterprise, the Gale Shoe Manufacturing Company, for his son, Herbert E. John E. Gale is now president of the Haverhill National Bank and the Gale Shoe Manufacturing Company has two factories in operation, one in Haverhill, Mass., and another at Portsmouth, N. H. General Gale has

no financial interest in this company, and is not concerned in it except as one brother may be in the fortunes of another.

In 1902 the Exeter business was converted into a stock company under the name of Gale Brothers, Incorporated, and so it stands today. The stockholders and officers in 1902, were: Stephen H. Gale, president and treasurer; John E. Gale, vice-president; John H. Sanborn, general manager; Charles A. McGreggor, secretary; and John A. Towle, selling agent. Messrs. McGreggor and Towle—the latter another cousin of the Messrs. Gale—were young men who had been with the firm for some time and had practically “grown up to the business.” With the exception of Mr. Sanborn, who retired in May, 1901, the personnel of the company is the same today, for upon his retirement his stock was taken over by General Gale, Mr. McGreggor and Mr. Towle, and his duties divided between them.

The annual product of this factory amounts to approximately two million pairs of women's shoes; the manufacture of men's shoes having been discontinued several years ago. There has not been a time since its establishment in Exeter when it has been idle for lack of sufficient business to keep it in operation. It has an enviable reputation in shoe manufacturing circles for furnishing steady work to its employes and keeping them for years. Upon the company's books are the names of active customers who have been dealing with Gale Brothers ever since they started in business in Haverhill, nearly forty years ago. The company's credit, resting on the reputation of its founders, and its own record, is unimpeachable in the financial world, for ever since John E. and Stephen began to do business they have discounted all their bills and, even in periods of financial and industrial depression, have never sought or received finan-

cial assistance to enable them to carry out this policy.' This is to them one of the most cherished recollections of an active business life of nearly half a century's duration.

In 1866 Stephen H. Gale married Anna M. Brown of Haverhill, Mass., a daughter of Addison Brown, a prosperous shoe manufacturer of that place. She is a woman of charming personality and admirable poise, well fitted by education and cultivation to preside over their handsome home, or to grace any social gathering, wherever it may be. General Gale owes much to her and fully appreciates it. They have had three children, two sons and one daughter. The sons both died in infancy. The daughter, Alice C., is married to Arthur L. Hobson and they have a delightful home in Boston, near the Brookline line, and a summer place at Little Boar's Head, Rye Beach. Mr. Hobson is a son of John L. Hobson of Haverhill, Mass., who was a large owner in the Glenn Manufacturing Company of Berlin, N. H., before it was merged into the International Paper Company. Mr. Arthur L. Hobson is treasurer of the St. Croix Paper Company, which is building a very large paper plant at Woodlands, near Calais, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson have had five children, two of whom were born in Berlin, where they lived for several years; one at Little Boar's Head and two in Boston. One died in infancy and of those remaining, two are boys and two are girls, all bright and lovable and exceedingly fond of “Grandpa Gale,” who in turn finds in their companionship and happy lives much to recompense him for the privations of his younger days.

General Gale's first introduction to political life was in 1874, when he was elected a member of the Haverhill city council, and was upon the Republican city committee; but not enjoying political position he only served one term in the council and de-



clined to entertain suggestions for further political advancement at that time.

After going to Exeter, in 1884, he became interested in local and state politics of New Hampshire, but for several years sought no place of political preferment, as the development of his business required so much of his attention that he could give no time to official duties and responsibilities. In 1892, however, the business being then well established, he entered heartily into campaign work and assisted considerably in the redemption of Rockingham County from Democratic control. The following year he was elected by the Legislature commissary-general of New Hampshire, and as such served upon the staff of Gov. John B. Smith.

In 1894 he was elected to the state Senate from District No. 21, receiving a larger plurality than had been given to a candidate for the Senate in that district for a number of years. In the Senate he was chairman of the committee on finance and a member of the judiciary committee. He was one of the most active members of that body in favor of the law then enacted establishing a state board of charities and providing for the support of dependent orphans under its direction. Another measure which had his hearty support passed the Senate, but failed of passage in the House of Representatives. It was to confer upon justices discretionary power to dismiss or suspend action under trustee process whenever satisfied that the defendant had been remiss because of illness or unfortunate circumstances, and that to enforce payment would prove undue hardship upon those dependent upon him for support.

In 1896 General Gale was elected an alternate delegate to the Republican National Convention held in St. Louis, at which McKinley was nominated for president. In 1898 he was elected from District No. 2, a mem-

ber of Governor Rollins' council, receiving the largest plurality given any councilor at that election and running ahead of the state and congressional ticket at home and in the City of Manchester, which comprises more than half the district. In the council he was a member of the finance committee and as such left a good record for economy and business sagacity in several important matters of state expenditure which were entrusted to his charge.

In 1902 he made a short but spirited campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination; but declined to allow his name to go before the convention, because the resolution of that body upon the liquor question was not consistent with his position during the campaign, in which he had advocated a straight-out declaration in favor of the stringent enforcement of the prohibitory law or, as an alternative, pledging the enactment of a local option license law of such character as would restrict the liquor traffic, so far as public sentiment would permit, and thus end the disgraceful evasions and defiance of the prohibitory law, then prevalent all over the state.

He was elected a representative to the Legislature in 1905, having been unanimously nominated by the Republican caucus and afterwards endorsed by the Democrats. At the polls he received the largest vote ever given a candidate for that office in the history of the town of Exeter, and what pleased him especially was the loyalty of the employes in his factory who were entitled to vote at that election. Practically all of them voted for him without solicitation or suggestion on his part, and with the knowledge from past experience that he would not attempt to influence their political action.

The line of public activity in which General Gale has become best known relates to the solution of the liquor problem in New Hampshire. Until a

few years ago he believed in statutory prohibition, but became convinced that to cling to hopes of that ever proving efficacious in restraint of the liquor traffic, while public sentiment in the state continues as it has been for many years, was to sacrifice best results to an illusory phantom of pure sentimentality. He, therefore, became a convert to local option, or at least believed it was time to turn to

where the vote has been against them, or to refuse licenses in places where the vote has been for them. It confers extraordinary discretionary powers upon a state board and denies to local authorities any voice in the naming of licensees or in the regulation of traffic carried on by them. The local communities are helpless under this law, and prohibition is impossible anywhere, even if public sen-



**Residence of Gen. Stephen H. Gale, Lincoln Street, Exeter**

it as a possible remedy for many of the evils that had been engendered during 50 years' non-enforcement of the prohibitory laws. The present license law, enacted in 1903, does not meet his views because, while it recognizes local option sufficiently to masquerade under the name, it does not carry the principle to consistent completion. It permits cities and towns to vote for or against license, but empowers a board of state commissioners to grant licenses in towns

timent strongly favors it, unless the state commissioners so ordain.

When this law was being considered General Gale was one of its most active opponents, because under it no fair test can be made of the relative merits of statutory prohibition and local option, and also because he did not believe the whole power over all the liquor traffic in the state should be entrusted to any three men who might, if so disposed, inaugurate a system of corruption or political dom-

ination as menacing to public morality and political integrity as were the evils existing under the prohibitory laws.

In the Legislature of 1905 he introduced a bill for the repeal of the law of 1903 and the substitution of one which would, in his opinion, be more appropriate to the New Hampshire situation. It placed the responsibility for, and the control of, the liquor traffic directly upon the voters in each city or town. They could elect to have absolute prohibition, or to permit liquor to be sold in such manner as they deemed best for the community and public sentiment would approve. In voting for or against license a ballot similar in form to the Australian ballot was to be used, on which the names of each kind of license would be designated, as are the names of candidates for office on the regular ticket, so that each person could vote for or against any particular form of license and thus have a voice in determining not only whether or not licenses should be issued, but also in what manner liquor should be sold, if sold at all. Local license commissioners were to be elected by secret ballot, who were to issue licenses and direct in writing upon each the terms under which it could be exercised. The votes on license and for commissioners were to be in special meetings held for that purpose only, to prevent entanglement with local affairs. If the commissioners proved recreant to the trust imposed upon them, they could be dismissed and their successors

elected at a special meeting which could be called for that purpose. State supervision was to be entirely eliminated except for police purposes. Inspectors were to be appointed by the governor and council and travel about the state to see that licensees obeyed the conditions of their licenses, and that no illegal sales of liquor were made. Where violations of law were discovered they were to act as complainants, press the cases to trial, and report to the attorney-general any failure to act or unreasonable delay on the part of any public prosecuting officer.

As may be inferred from the preceding sketch, General Gale is a man of strong personal characteristics. He is forceful, energetic and persistent to an unusual degree; always mentally alert, analytical and resourceful. Independence of thought and action are especially predominating traits, and yet he is ever ready to receive advice and act upon it if convinced that it is sound. It would be practically useless to attempt to swerve him from a course of action after he is satisfied that it is the proper one to pursue, but he will often yield his own opinions in deference to others whose title to consideration may not be equal to his own.

He is a member of the Congregational Church, a Knight Templar, vice-president of the Republican Town Club of Exeter, director in the Haverhill National Bank, member of the Derryfield Club of Manchester, and of the New Hampshire Club of Boston.

## WHO BUILDS THE BEST?

*By Charles Henry Chesley.*

Who builds the best? He who with gold and art  
Rears battlemented castles to the sky?  
Nay; he who heeds the mandates of his heart  
And builds a humble cot where Love may fly.

# A Meritorious Institution---The New Hampshire Orphans' Home

*By H. H. Metcalf.*

Nothing has more strikingly characterized the progress of the last 50 years, in our own state, as well as in the nation and the world at large, than the organization, establishment and remarkable growth of these charitable and benevolent institutions, originating in the generous impulses of large-hearted men and women who have realized the needs of the sick and suffering, orphaned and aged, homeless and helpless among their fellow-mortals, and have instituted measures to provide therefor. Time was, within the memory of many now living, when the "poor-house" was the sole refuge of all unable to properly care for themselves, and whose friends were unable or indisposed to care for them; and there all classes and conditions—old and young, intelligent and feeble-minded, weak, vicious, demented, criminally disposed and insane—were practically herded together, as so many "town charges," regardless of the individual well-being of any among them. Fortunately this condition no longer exists; though much yet remains to be accomplished before every need and requirement of those incapable of fully caring for themselves can be properly met, either through public provision or private benevolence.

We have now, in New Hampshire, hospitals for the insane, and feeble-minded, and those suffering from accident and disease; and homes for the unfortunate of various classes and conditions, including a number of orphans' homes, all generally meritorious in character and management; some under sectarian auspices, and others, the scope of whose beneficence is untrammelled by such limitations,

all of which, however, have been instituted and maintained through private charity alone, though conducted under charters granted by the state Legislature. Conspicuous among these is the New Hampshire Orphans' Home at "Webster Place," within the corporate limits of the city of Franklin, near the line of the Concord Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, some two miles below the Franklin station, and now occupying an imposing group of buildings, commanding the daily attention of large numbers of passing people, most of whom, like the majority of the people throughout the state, have a most imperfect conception of the nature, work and merit of this institution.

The New Hampshire Orphans' Home was established through the active agency of Rev. Daniel A. Mack, a Methodist Episcopal clergyman, born in Vermont and educated for the ministry at the Methodist Biblical Institute in Concord, who had served as chaplain of the Third Vermont Infantry during the War of the Rebellion, and had become deeply interested in the welfare of soldiers' orphan children. His original purpose was the establishment of an orphans' home somewhere in the valley of the Connecticut, and in pursuance of his object he visited the town of Newport in this state, in the autumn of 1870, where he was invited to the home of Rev. Charles W. Millen, then the Methodist pastor there, and was permitted to occupy the church pulpit and present his cause to the congregation on the following Sunday. Present in the congregation was the late Hon. George W. Nesmith of Franklin, then one of the Supreme Court judges,



**New Hampshire Orphans' Home, Franklin—General View**

who was holding the fall term of court in Newport, and who became deeply interested, as did the Hon. Dexter Richards of that town, who heard him at a meeting in the Congregational Chapel on the evening following, and who offered to donate a liberal sum if the institution were located in New Hampshire. After further consultation with Judge Nesmith and Mr. Richards, the eligibility and availability of the celebrated Daniel Webster farm having been called to his attention by the former, Mr. Mack was led

Mack, superintendent. At the session of the Legislature in June, following, a charter was secured, which, on July 25, was accepted by the grantees, and the temporary organization made permanent. Subsequently a board of directors was chosen, by-laws adopted, and a committee on location appointed, which committee, at a meeting of the directors in August, made a majority report in favor of the Webster farm, at Franklin, which magnificent farm of 180 acres, purchased by Judge Ebenezer Webster



**The Webster Mansion**

to change his proposed location from the Connecticut to the Merrimack Valley, and went actively to work to raise the sum of \$10,000 by subscription—the amount deemed necessary for launching the enterprise.

This he accomplished in a few months, and on February 21, following (1871), the subscribers to the fund held a meeting in Concord and effected a temporary organization, with Judge Nesmith, president; Hon. Horton D. Walker of Portsmouth, vice-president; Rev. C. W. Millen, secretary; Hon. John Kimball of Concord, treasurer; and Rev. Daniel A.

in 1784, when his son Daniel was two years of age, subsequently occupied by him as a homestead, and afterwards owned by the latter up to the time of his death in 1852, was purchased for the site of the institution, from Joseph Eastman and John C. Morrison, then the owners, August 28, 1871, for the sum of \$10,000, Messrs. Eastman and Morrison each donating \$400, making the amount actually paid, \$9,200.

The grantees named in the charter were Oscar F. Fowler, Dexter Richards, F. B. Ayer, Cyrus Wallace, Levi Lyman, Nathaniel White, William O.

White, Daniel Gilchrist, J. Gardner Davis, Horton D. Walker, Adoniram Smalley, Phineas Adams, George A. Pillsbury, John S. Elliott, C. W. Milten, Moses Sawyer, George B. Spalding, George W. Nesmith, Aurin M. Chase, John W. Sanborn, Joel Eastman, Frank Jones, George L. Day and Ebenezer Stevens, all prominent and influential citizens of the state, most, if not all of whom, are now deceased. The main object or purpose of the corporation, as set forth in the charter, was "to provide a home for the destitute orphan and homeless children of this state, to furnish substantial aid

best promote the essential objects of the association.

Commencing work immediately, the old Webster mansion was adapted to the purposes of the association, and the "Home" was duly opened, and dedicated with appropriate exercises, October 19, 1871, Prof. E. D. Sanborn of Dartmouth College and Hon. James W. Patterson being among the speakers. One week later the first orphan was admitted, and the total number received into the Home during the first two years was 62. A new three-story brick building was added to the plant in 1873, at a cost of \$8,000, and others have since been added from time to time, as the needs of the institution demanded and its means permitted, including a nursery building; Creighton Hall, so-called, containing dining room, dormitories, etc.; school building, chapel, heating plant and laundry, so that the total value of the real estate and furnishings today reaches nearly \$100,000. The institution has now an invested permanent fund, acquired entirely through individual donations and bequests, amounting to over \$140,000, the largest contributor being Mrs. Susan E. W. Creighton of Newmarket, by whose will the institution was made the residuary legatee of her estate, and received therefrom funds amounting altogether to nearly \$40,000. In her honor "Creighton Hall," above mentioned, was named.

Judge Nesmith served as president of the association until his death in 1890. At the annual election of that year ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth, previously vice-president, was chosen to succeed him, and served until his death, nine years later. Hon. John Kimball succeeded for two years, but declined further election, believing that this office and that of treasurer, which he had filled from the organization (and still holds, and in which he has rendered faithful and efficient service), should not be holden by the same person. Hon. Virgil C. Gilman



John Kimball Chapel

for a time by feeding and clothing them, by teaching them habits of industry, by giving them moral and intellectual improvement, and, finally, so far as may be possible, to seek out for the objects of our charity suitable permanent places of residence, where they may receive wages for their labor, and ultimately become useful members of society, and consequently be saved from pauperism, vice and crime." The corporation is authorized by the charter to receive, hold and manage donations or trusts, not exceeding in amount at any one time \$300,000, and to invest and expend such funds in such manner as will

of Nashua was elected in 1901, dying in office before the close of his second year. In 1903, Hon. Isaac N. Blodgett of Franklin, ex-chief justice of the Supreme Court, was elected. Judge Blodgett deceased during his third year, when Dr. Orlando B. Douglas of Concord, vice-president, became acting president and was duly chosen to the office at the last election. Rev. C. W. Millen served as secretary till 1877, when he was succeeded by

1901 by Rev. Rufus P. Gardner, the present incumbent.

Pages might be written upon the excellent work of the institution, but the purpose of this brief mention is simply to call the attention of the people of the state, especially men and women of ample means and generous spirit, to its merits, with the hope that many among them may be led to add their names to the already numerous and notable list of benefactors



**Creighton Hall**

Isaac K. Gage of Penacook, who held the office till his death in 1895, when he was succeeded by Hon. W. G. Buxton, also of Penacook, the present incumbent. Rev. Daniel A. Mack was the faithful superintendent from the start till his death, December 1, 1883, and Mrs. Mack continued in charge of the home, under direction of the president, until October, 1887, when the Rev. James Noyes took charge as superintendent, he being succeeded in

of the institution, which, having at present nearly one hundred and fifty inmates, has received over 1,250 children during the 35 years since its foundation, placing between five and six hundred in permanent homes, and contributing in greater or less degree to the physical, mental and moral welfare of all. Certainly no more deserving charity than that involved in this "Home" and its work, appeals to the loyal generosity of the New Hampshire public.





# The Old Home Week Festal Day

*By Rev. N. F. Carter.*

Blow fresh from the mountains, ye North winds, blow,  
To temper the heat of the noontide glow;  
Blow, winds of the South, from the orange grove's shade  
Full laden with odors their blossoms have made;  
Blow, winds of the East, for ye blow not in vain,  
Though bringing so often the cloud and the rain;  
Blow gently, O winds that come from the West;—  
The wind that blows home is the wind that blows best.  
No blast of the bugle, nor beating of drum,  
No thunder of cannon sends signals afar;  
But heart calls to heart and the children will come,  
Led home by the light of some beckoning star;—  
Led home for the welcome as hearty and warm  
As the loved ones of old still loyal can give,—  
A welcome to homes giving shelter from storms,  
Giving joy, till we feel it is blessed to live.

So the old-time children are with you again,  
Now beautiful women and sturdy old men;  
They call for a blessing with merriest shout,  
Glad to enter your doors—for the latch-string is out.  
They come for the joy of your presence awhile,  
The hand-clasp, the greeting, and rosiest smile;  
They come for renewal of friendships long past,  
Live over their childhood too blissful to last.  
O the sights and the songs of this dear old town,  
As beautiful now as in days long gone,  
Its jubilant river still winding down  
Through the valley so lovely, and evermore on:  
We listen with joy to the honey bees' hum,  
The anthem of birds in the evening gloam,—  
Ever sweeter than sound of the trumpet or drum;—  
That music is sweetest that blesses the home.

Sweet music comes up from the ripple of rills;  
So grandly still stand the sentinel hills:  
The forests are waving their banners of green;  
The meadows lie smiling in billowy sheen;  
Forgetting all care and the troubles of life,  
Forgetting the folly and evils of strife,  
Let Love in its glory, revealing its power,  
With heart-songs of joy make blessed the hour.  
The stories and games we remember so well,  
With the nuts and apples that vanished so fast,  
And the long days of learning to cipher and spell,  
In the old red schoolhouse, now lost in the past.

The bonfires and skatings on meadows so glare,—  
The old-time athletics we happily took,—  
The coastings down hill in the crisp winter air,  
The fishing for trout in the spring-swollen brook.

We remember the beechnuts and chestnuts so brown,  
Which the winds of the autumn shook merrily down  
For the children to gather with passionate greed,  
In plentiful store for their winter of need;  
And butternuts also, which splendidly crack  
Under hammer of one understanding the knack;—  
So royally toothsome the meat of them all,  
The glad days are days when in plenty they fall.  
Not the hurry and rush of the present then,  
So simple, so frugal, so restful the days,  
How blessed to live them over again,  
In the peace and contentment that merits our praise.  
Oh, gladsome those days of the olden time,  
When fathers and mothers made happy the home,  
Wrought wisely and well, with a faith sublime,  
Content with the home-life, nor caring to roam.

In finishing their work they have left us a name,  
Not blazoned, indeed, on the scrolls of fame,  
But remembered for virtues, if homely, as grand  
As the picturesque mountains that girdle the land.  
Heroic and patient when burdened and tried,  
Enduring the hardship of pleasures denied;—  
We honor them for duties so faithfully done,  
And cherish their memories every one.  
Are we, in the life we are living today,  
As faithful to trusts, with hearts tender and warm?  
Do we bear as bravely the storms of the way,  
As cheerfully, gladly, life's duties perform?  
In the full of life's pressure, the full of its strain,  
Whatever we do, and wherever we roam,  
In the wail of the wind, in the thick of the rain,—  
Let us labor to make a glad Heaven of home.

## Sunset

*By Harry B. Metcalf*

The tints of purple and of pearl combine  
With amber and with amethyst,  
While golden traces softly interline  
A picture by Heaven's roses kissed,—  
With glint and gleam of wonderland bedight.  
Blent by a touch that is divine,  
Its glories carry to enraptured height,  
On radiant wing, thy soul and mine.  
Ah, holy thrill of even's ebbing light  
As morrow's promises, benignant, shine  
In God's sweet smile—the world's Goodnight!

# New Hampshire Night at the Exile Club

*By Isabel Ambler Gilman*

From the direction of the hotel parlor came sounds of mirth, snatches of song and laughter, and the buzz of many voices. The gentleman in the gray suit looked up from his evening paper and noticed that he and the clerk were the only occupants of the office.

"How long is that racket liable to keep up?" he asked, frowningly.

"Oh, they'll be quiet in a few moments, sir. The meeting begins at eight," answered the clerk, as he locked up the money in the safe.

"What sort of a meeting is it?" asked the gentleman, polishing his eyeglasses with a snowy handkerchief.

"It's the Exiles, sir."

"And who are they?"

"Tramps, chiefly," said the clerk with a grin. "The Exiles are a little social fraternity for the cultivation of friendship and the promotion of homesickness. Won't you go in, sir? All transients are welcome."

"Young man, I am long past the age for tomfoolery, and not afflicted with the disease known as homesickness. Why, I only left home yesterday, and expect to return there tomorrow."

"Well, some of us are not so fortunate."

"But why promote such an undesirable thing?"

"It's this way, sir," said the clerk. "When a fellow's been away from home for years and years, and no show of getting back there, he's apt to grow careless in his correspondence and forget that he has a mother or a sister expecting a letter. These club meetings are literary entertainments and memory joggers, too, and if a fellow's got any folks back at the old place he usually writes to them when

the meeting is out. Sometimes we have good speakers. Got one to-night."

"Who is it?"

"Dick Peters of New Hampshire. This is New Hampshire Night."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, taking off his glasses again. "Professional?"

"Oh, no, sir, he's only a consumptive out here for his health, but he happens to be a good talker, and the boys like to hear him."

"What town does he come from?"

"I forget the name, but it's somewhere in the lake region. You see, all his folks are dead, and he don't get any mail from his home."

"How old a man is he?"

"'Bout thirty, I should say. I believe his father was a minister from some other part who went to New Hampshire and got married, and died soon after Dick was born. He lived with his mother and her father on a farm. They both died a while ago, and he sold the place and came west, thinking the climate might help him."

"Has it?"

"Well, at first it did, and he went to work on the newspaper; but about a year ago he caught cold and has failed rapidly. You see, sir, he has n't any folks to help him, and I guess his money is most done, so he's made up his mind to go back to New Hampshire and die."

"Does the club pay him for speaking?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly, but he's so bent on going back that the members are going to see to his ticket. There, they begin. That's Miss Jones of Kansas City, the school teacher. It was her state last month."

As the young man ceased speaking a woman's voice was heard reciting: "Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, Make me a child again, just for tonight."

It was more than a recitation; it was an appeal that brought a wistful expression into the old gentleman's eyes and the frown of disapproval melted away. The recitation was followed by a song, and as the familiar refrain of "My Old New Hampshire Home" reached his listening ears something tugged at his memory; his fingers relaxed and the paper slid unheeded to the floor. The home he had left yesterday was forgotten, and his thoughts went back through the past to another home in the far-away long ago.

"I'm going in now, sir. Will you come?" whispered the clerk.

The old gentleman in the gray suit soon found himself seated in a corner of a darkened room where about a dozen persons were quietly listening to a young man near the piano. Of about medium height, pale, delicate, though handsome features, dark moustache, dreamy eyes and a voice of peculiar sweetness.

"If you've no objection I will take the piano stool as I am rather tired tonight," he was saying, and in the confused buzz of replies the old gentleman discerned more than a touch of friendship for the invalid.

"That's sensible, Mr. Peters. Make yourself comfortable. We are," said a lady on the sofa.

"And Peters, just understand that we're all confoundedly glad to have the privilege of listening to you anyway," said a man in the corner of the room.

"You bet we are," echoed another.

"Only chance some of us will ever have of visiting the graves of the Pilgrim Fathers, or of being rocked in the cradle of liberty," said a voice in the darkest corner.

"Fire away, old fellow! Time

the caravan was moving; it's three thousand miles by turnpike."

"Stop at St. Louis, if you're thirsty, Peters," drawled the Missourian.

"Not on your life, this is a prohibition trip," exclaimed another.

"Mr. Peters," said the sweet voice from the sofa, "Is it true that rocks grow in nearly every furrow in New Hampshire?"

"Yes, I believe they do, madam," answered Peters with an amused smile.

"The Granite State is famous for its rocks, and the greatest rock of them all is one carved by the Almighty in the image of man."

"My friends," said Peters, "you have asked me to paint for you a picture of the Granite State, with my own home as the center of attraction. Our clubroom walls are covered with memory pictures. Close your eyes for a moment and look at that mansion crowning the San Francisco hill, with the beautiful bay on one side and the blue Pacific on the other; surely one of the fairest sights that ever charmed the eye of an artist. See that little cabin up there among the giant Rockies, a tiny dwelling-place amid the awful solitude and the terrible grandeur of those monster heights which once were the Indian's stepladder to his spirit land. See that solitary house on the vast prairie, with nothing in sight but two shining rails of steel, stretching east and west, and an unbroken realm of space. There is a picture of far-famed Boston's crooked streets. Here is one of an adobe hut on the cactus desert. The pride of Missouri looks down upon us, side by side with the suburb of the Windy City and that tenement house in King Edward's capital. They are all beautiful pictures, but the one treasured most is the one we call our own.

"Home is a magical word. Even as I speak, the pictures on our club canvas fade away and your thoughts

fly back to the homes of your childhood, the spot round which fond memories love to dwell.

"Some people tell us they have forgotten childhood's home, some boast of being immune from homesickness. Friends, if we could peep within their mental picture galleries we might find the poor, despised and faded home picture completely hidden behind a larger, brighter painting in massive frame of guilt. In some cases the home view is obscured by many coverings of dust and cobwebs, and in others it is lost among a confusion of lime light, flash light and snap shot negatives, or, sad to say, it hangs with its face turned toward the wall.

"In the hurry and bustle of modern city life there is little time for looking backward. In the race for success one must look straight ahead, with eye and mind concentrated on the desired goal. Work brings forgetfulness. New ties of affection efface the old ones and the leaven of bitterness and resentment forces the one tender memory into oblivion. But there comes a moment in nearly all lives when something touches the inner consciousness and sets the chain of memory in motion. It may be a word spoken at random, a chance meeting, a familiar scene, a breakdown of overwrought nerves, enforced rest, or the final call of the Master. Our feet may have wandered long and far, but when the mind gets started on the homeward journey the body must needs follow. How impatient we are! With one sweep the accumulated rubbish in our memory chamber is cleared away, the fine painting in the gilded frame loses its value and its place of importance, and tenderly we wipe away the dust from the face of the dear old home picture. My friends, you know it is true.

"This is New Hampshire Night. In a little while hundreds of her children will be turning their faces

homeward, making their annual pilgrimage back to the old homesteads. The farms which grew rocks in every furrow and drove the best of her sons and daughters westward, are now the very means of bringing them home again. With the wealth of other states in their pockets they come back for the peace and health and beauty of the Granite Hills, and the curse of the state is now its blessing.

"Come with me for a little while across the cactus desert and the big ranges, over the Continental divide, the foothills, prairies, plains, rivers and rich valleys; past the big lakes, the teeming cities and away from all the vastness and greatness we hear so much about; back to the rural, the picturesque and the beautiful in nature, the paradise of the summer boarder.

"Yonder lies a country road shaded by maple trees and fenced with walls of stone. In and out it winds; up and down; over breezy hills and rocky knolls; through wooded vales and pleasant clearings; past white farm houses, big barns, green meadows, fields of corn and grain; past dark woods of pine and fir and hemlock, through groves of maple whose branches touch o'erhead in a canopy of leaves; past acres and acres of brush-grown, rocky pastureland, where the view on either side is obscured by gray birch, oak, willow and sumach, the walls hidden by thick raspberry and blackberry vines, the road narrowed by a tangle of over-reaching bushes and rank undergrowth of ferns and flowers and weeds, and here and there in the open, great banks of feathery golden-rod, white caraway and yellow daisies.

"There stand the blackened remains of an old, abandoned homestead, half buried in a forest of young saplings; and here, in this hidden enclosure, whose boundary walls are marked by four branching maples, sleep the former guardians of the land, the brave pioneers of another century, forgot-

ten now in their lonely graves beneath this interlacing of brier and luxuriant array of worthless weeds.

"A little red schoolhouse once crowned the hill before us where, in my mother's girlhood, 40 children answered the roll call. On this side of the road, facing the school, stood a famous road house where the old stagecoaches stopped for dinner and a change of horses.

"Those crumbling rocks among the old rose bushes were the foundations of a beautiful house where 10 children first saw the light of day; six sturdy sons and four fair daughters, I have heard my mother tell, and they all attended the little red schoolhouse on the hill. Where are they now? All gone, all dead but one. Some in the war, some in other cities, one at sea; some sleep in the village cemetery, and one, the youngest of them all, lives out by the Pacific. Weary of a farmer's life where rocks were more plentiful than anything else, he went west to the land of golden opportunity and never came back. 'Tis said his mother died of a broken heart, but perhaps the hearts of mothers are easily broken."

The musical voice grew very tender and gentle. The old gentleman in the gray suit stirred uneasily in his chair and the clerk noticed that his face looked drawn and white in the dim light of the corner.

"After passing that old foundation where the squirrels and the woodchucks play," continued the speaker, "the road makes a bend to the right, and at this point strangers always pause to admire the view. Over the wall to the left, green meadows slope gently downward to the shore of a big, beautiful lake, whose blue surface is dotted with thickly wooded islands, and the fringe of foliage encircling its arms and bays is mirrored in its limpid waters. Here and there along the shore pretty white cottages peep from out the green foliage which embowers them,

and on the tiny islands fishing camps are seen. Beyond the lake and the islands and the necks of land reaching out into its silvery surface, rise the wooded hills, and, farther away still, the dim outlines of distant mountains whose peaks and domes are lost to view among masses of fleecy whiteness, floating across the blue arch of Heaven.

"Over the wall to the right is an old apple orchard. Ah, what a sight that was in the early fall. Those fruit-laden branches, heavy with Northern Spies, and sun-kissed Baldwins, would hang far over into the road to tempt the passing boys. A few steps further and we come to a neat lawn, enclosed by a picket fence and shaded by tall elm trees; and there before us, perched on the steep hillside, a little one-story house, with wood shed, barn and stable, all painted white. And that was home, —the home of my childhood,—my mother's home. Only a little, old-fashioned cottage on a lonely hillside, a relic of the past, that has seen its stately neighbors rise and flourish—and decay.

"A blaze of many colored dwarf nasturtiums on either side the gray door-rock, zinnias and geraniums under the windows, whose tiny panes of glass gleam in the morning sunlight; phlox, hollyhocks and sweet peas divide the lawn from the orchard on one side, a grape arbor and fruit trees bound it on the other.

"Many and many a time, as I lay in the hammock under those tall elm trees, have I gazed at the glorious summer scene with feelings of wonder almost akin to awe. That lake was to me the mirror of the Almighty. When He frowned its surface became dark and leaden; but when it reflected the smile of the Great Spirit the leaden hue changed to shimmering silver and deep, deep blue, and I could almost hear its joyous laugh as the sparkling ripples chased each other to the shore. The trees nodded

in delight and bird voices among the branches burst forth in thrilling chorus. Little red squirrels and striped chipmunks chattered merrily as they darted up and down the trunks and in and out of the stone walls. The big white rooster stretched his neck and crowed in concert; the insect world caught up the melody and hummed its glad refrain. And this to me was nature's morning worship of the Creator, the grand spontaneous anthem of glory unto God.

"When, at the first touch of frost, nature donned her autumn gown, I was in despair because I could not find fitting words in which to express her marvelous beauties. As I watched the tinted leaves take on a deeper tone I used to fancy a rainbow had dropped from Heaven upon the woodlands down below, and my eyes grew dizzy with watching the gorgeous foliage. Streaks and splashes of rich crimson, orange, buff, brown, purple, yellow and pinky red, mingled with all the lighter shades of green, topped and fringed with dark pine and hemlock. Brilliant masses of solid color, great bunches of bewildering tints and shades, patches of silvery blue lake. Millions and millions of trembling, fluttering, vivid specks and the dark misty hills beyond.

"Another frost, another, a brisk wind, and nature's magnificent autumnal ball gown lies crumpled on the brown earth, soon to be hidden beneath winter's robe of white. The bare arms of the trees stretch up toward the chilly sky as if imploring mercy. The distant peaks are crowned with snow, and rich, ripe, beautiful autumn sinks to sleep.

"From the old-fashioned windows of the living room I used to watch the storms of winter. Great clouds of snow whirled down the hill, over the wood shed, and formed drifts from five to 10 feet deep on the lawn. The north wind sang among the bare elm boughs a wild, fierce song of strife.

Sometimes it moaned and wailed as though 10,000 souls wept in agony outside. Sometimes it whistled and laughed and shouted in diabolic glee, or hissed and roared in furious wrath and shook the very foundations of the house. Sometimes the wild spirits of the storm called to me in the darkness of the night and I knew that death waited for me just outside.

"Then the wind blew itself away and intense quietness settled down over the white landscape, a quietness that penetrated every nook and corner of the house and gripped each member in a chilly vice. Grandfather piled huge logs on the andirons in the open fireplace and the flames crackled and roared up the big chimney as though bidding defiance to the cold outside.

"But by and by there came a change in the atmosphere. Nature grew sweet and gentle once again. The snow melted, the sap filled the buckets on the hillside, and presently the first robin sang at the window. Nature called to her children. The sleepy earth shook off its winter robes and burst forth in myriad forms of life. Then would I go out into the fields and stretch my arms to Heaven and pray for strength. I could have died gladly when the north wind called me in the winter, but spring was too joyous, too promising, and the glory of summer lay just beyond.

"Alas! How many will struggle through the winter to yield up their spirits in the glorious spring. Grandfather died when the trees were budding, and mother lived but a few weeks longer; while I, the last of my race and name, was smitten with the curse of my father's ancestors and came here in a forlorn hope. You know the rest of the story. That little white cottage on the hillside is home no more. A man in white flannels swings in my hammock now, and a dainty lady from the city sits in

mother's rocker, in her hand a fan, on her knee a novel. All through New Hampshire you will find them, the city people, in stately homes, summer cottages, remodeled homesteads, portable camps and tents; in the resort hotels, the private boarding houses, and on nearly all the farms. The lawns are covered with their tennis nets and croquet hoops; the sylvan paths are full of them; the woodlands echo with their merry voices and the country roads are bright with their colored gowns. The toot of their horns, the whirr of their automobiles and the clatter of their horses' hoofs are heard on every side, and the lake is alive with their launches and boats.

"They come by the hundreds of thousands from the cities around; from the sweltering homes, the stifling flats, the crowded tenements; from workshop, factory, store and kitchen, from office and schoolroom; for a breath of pure country air and a glimpse of nature. New Hampshire bids them welcome. They are her source of income now. God bless them, the summer boarders.

"Last night in my dreams I heard the wind singing among the pine trees and its song was 'Home, Sweet Home.' New Hampshire has been calling me home for many months. Tomorrow I shall leave you all, for I start on my journey home, for one last look at the beauteous hills and lakes ere the Master calls me to my home beyond the sky.

"I want to thank you all, friends, for your love and fellowship and many little acts of kindness, and now I will say goodnight."

As Peters quietly left the room the old gentleman in the gray suit followed him.

"My boy," he said gently, as he

touched the invalid on the arm. "Come and sit down a moment. I have something important to say."

The eyes of the two men met and suddenly Peters held out his hand.

"You are from New Hampshire, too?"

"I went to school with your mother in that little red schoolhouse on the hill."

"Then you are—"

"The youngest of the ten, the young man who went west and never returned. But I'm going back, now, Dick, my boy. You've knocked down that gilt-framed picture and cleaned the dust from the other one; yes, and I'm going to wire Los Angeles tonight and start for the old home tomorrow. It's 40 years since I set foot in my native state."

"Then we can journey together," said Peters, with a happy smile.

"We can, and we will, my boy. And that gilt frame we've just discarded shall pay for the tickets. Why, boy, if I'd only known, but,—Dick, did your mother ever tell you the real reason of my leaving the old farm?"

When the clerk came out of the parlor he met Peters on his way to bed, and noticed his happy smile and the star-like brightness of his eyes. The old gentleman was busy ordering Pullman berths reserved over the telephone.

When the old gentleman in the gray suit entered the office the following morning he noticed little groups of people whispering and talking in subdued tones. There was a peculiar air of sadness visible and Miss Jones of Kansas City was crying outright.

"What's happened?" he asked softly, as he caught the clerk's eye.

"Dick Peters died last night, sir."





# The First Marathon Race

*By Fred Myron Colby*

The roar of battle sank, where, full in the west'ring sun  
In its ruddy splendor stood the victor of Marathon.  
His cohorts mustered near him, laden with spoils of the foe;  
While Athens' banner proudly waved o'er all the brilliant show.  
The chief called for a messenger to bear eight leagues away  
To Athens' waiting, anxious homes, the tidings of the fray.  
Before him stood Phidippides, as loud the Polemarch cried,  
The swiftest runner in all Greece, the stadium's joy and pride.  
Twice winner of the laurel at Olympia was he,  
His name was known from east to west, from Phocis to the sea.  
His figure, tall and sinewy, with rich blood mantling clear,  
He looked the breathing model of Apollo Belvidere.  
In hoplite's heavy armor he had fought upon the field;  
The blood was trickling down his thighs, sore dinted was his shield.  
But what were wounds and weariness when he could serve the state?  
It mattered not his bleeding side, nor if the hour were late.  
No man in Hellas lived who could that journey make, he knew,  
So quick as he whose feet were light as sunshine on the dew.  
He was the matchless courier who had to Sparta borne  
The tidings of the coming fray, and, anguished, sore and worn,  
Had hastened back in four days' time to fight for weal or woe  
The tinselled, turbaned legions of the Mede and Persian foe.  
And now another glorious race for Freedom he would run,  
To bear to Athens the glad news by setting of the sun.  
He threw his shield and cuirass by, all red and splashed with gore;  
And started on his gallant race, unheeding wounds he bore.  
For brave and fearless was his heart; he knew he could not fail;  
But staunch and true and tireless bear home the welcome tale,  
Perchance, as running o'er the hills, he saw, in pictured dream,  
The vision of the mighty Pan beside the forest stream;  
And heard once more the whispered words as sweet as love can be,  
"The greatest of all earthly gifts I give and promise thee."  
And so with swift and sturdy pace Phidippides dashed on;  
Mile after mile he covered, as slowly sank the sun.  
But slower soon his progress grew as gray the shadows fell,  
And, stretching through the woodlands lay the road he knew so well.  
Behind him, red stains on the sand betrayed the runner's plight;  
When would the hill-side city dawn upon his straining sight?  
A wild and desperate venture was this race he ran with Death,  
As heavy grew his weary feet and strained his heaving breath.  
With sobbing cry he stumbled on, "Athena! Help, O Pan!"  
And struggling, panting, reeling still, and praying, faint he ran.  
At last—at last—the Parthenon! He saw it rising fair,  
Its marble columns gleaming white through soft, translucent air.  
There lay the city that he loved, the goal of all his hopes;  
He saw the glorious temples and the stream of city folks.  
Through blurring vision dimly seen there rose his goddess dear,  
Athena's towering statue with its shining shield and spear.

And 'neath the frowning temples grand he saw a humble home  
With clustering rosevines round it, hard by the Illissus' foam;  
And, waiting there with tear-dimmed eyes, he saw a lovely face,  
The dearest maid in Hellas with her fair and winning grace.  
And now new courage braced his heart, his breath came strong and free;  
His reeling steps grew firm once more, he bounded on with glee.  
Never before had runner shown a greater burst of speed;  
No horseman could have matched him, backed upon Thessalian steed.  
On, on, like swiftest deer he sped, or like an arrow's flight;  
That sinewy form immortal seemed against the rosy light.  
He felt no rankle in his wounds, no fever in his veins,  
As nearing now the city's gates he ran through shadowy lanes.  
Right on amid the surging crowd he sped with flying feet,  
Then straightening up his supple form he paused 'mid throbbing street.  
His eyes flashed o'er the darkening town and o'er the templed hill,  
And while the people waited, all with voices hushed and still,  
One word he shouted, "Victory!" that made the welkin ring.  
Triumphantly it echoed like a pæon of the Spring.  
The women as they heard it then gave way to joyous tears,  
While old men crowded round him and the children hushed their fears.  
One moment thus he stood there with his proud, uplifted head,  
And, reeling then, with gasping breath, the hero fell back—dead.  
Great Pan his promise had fulfilled, his life work had been done;  
For Hellas would he strive no more, his last great race was won.

\* \* \* \* \*

Today great crowds are gathered wide from city and from town,  
Where famous athletes struggle hard to win the laurel crown;  
And silken banners flutter gay, and Beauty shows its face,  
And many deeply-voiced huzzas greet him who wins the race.  
But never yet has champion gained honor true and brave  
Like him who won at Marathon and winning found a grave.  
And in the Violet City still they venerate his name,  
Phidippides, the runner, who achieved immortal fame.

NOTE.—The hero of the first Marathon race was Phidippides, an Athenian and the most famous runner of ancient Greece. After the battle of Marathon, Miltiades selected Phidippides to bear the news of the victory to the anxious Athenians. He made the distance in remarkable time, but died immediately after announcing the victory, death being due to his wounds and exertions. Previous to the battle he had made a journey to Sparta and back—a distance of 300 miles—in four days, and claimed to have been visited by the god Pan in a vision, who foretold to him the success of the Greeks and marked favor to himself from the gods.

## The Proof of Excellence

*By Willis Edwin Hurd*

Ah! dear old grandeur of the Granite Hills!  
That long has stood Time's wears, and all his ills;  
What more need we to prove thy wondrous wealth,  
Than thy green, rock-ribbed beauty strong in health?  
What more can frame the mind to meet the test?  
For that which liveth long—that is the best.  
Still, we the proof of excellence may find,  
By merely knowing there's a human mind.

# Vice-President George M. Dallas

*By Charles S. Spaulding*

Vice-President George M. Dallas was the son of Alexander J. Dallas, born in Philadelphia, July 10, 1792; graduated at Princeton in 1810 and was admitted to the bar in 1813. The same year he went to Russia as private secretary to the Hon. Albert Gallatin, the American commissioner at St. Petersburg. In 1817 he was appointed deputy to the attorney-general of Philadelphia County and soon acquired a high reputation as a pleader.

In 1825 Mr. Dallas was elected mayor of Philadelphia and in 1829 he was appointed district attorney of Pennsylvania by President Jackson. In 1831 he was elected to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania. In 1837 President Van Buren appointed him minister to Russia.

Politically the Hon. George M. Dallas was a consistent, conservative and unwavering Democrat of the Jefferson and Jackson school. In May, 1844, the Democratic national convention, assembled at Baltimore, nominated him as candidate for vice-president on the ticket with James K. Folk of Tennessee and he was elected to that office the November following, receiving 170 electoral votes to 105 for Theodore Frelinghuysen, the Whig candidate.

That he discharged his duties as presiding officer of the Senate in a satisfactory and conciliatory manner and with a firm adherence to principle, is evinced by his casting vote on the revenue tariff bill, known as the tariff of 1846, wherein he assumed the responsibility of the passage of that act.

At the expiration of his term, March 4, 1849, Mr. Dallas retired to his home in Philadelphia and remained a private citizen until the spring of 1856, when he was appointed minister to the court of St. James by President Franklin Pierce,

to succeed the Hon. James Buchanan, who had resigned that position, which office he held until a change of administration in the spring of 1861, when he returned to Philadelphia, where he died May 19, 1864, aged 72 years.

The following story, taken from the *Philadelphia Times*, will disclose the manner in which the Hon. George M. Dallas received notice of his nomination for the vice-presidency at the hands of the Baltimore Democratic convention of May, 1844, the only telegraph line then in this country being the one from Baltimore to Washington:

"The nomination of Mr. Dallas was conveyed to him in a singular manner. It was arranged by the committee who had the matter in charge that the eastern delegates, on their way home, should notify him of his nomination. Accompanied by Senator Robert J. Walker of Mississippi, a personal friend of Mr. Dallas, the delegates, 60 in number, arrived in Philadelphia on Friday, the 30th day of May, at about half-past five o'clock in the morning. The party soon reached Mr. Dallas' house, in Walnut, below Tenth Street. Mr. Walker, ascending the steps, rang the bell. After a pause Mrs. Dallas put her head out of a window and seeing Mr. Walker, conjectured that some misfortune had happened to her daughter residing in Washington. Mr. Walker's remark, 'I wish to see Mr. Dallas,' immediately confirmed her suspicions. She hastily awakened her husband and communicated her sad conjectures to him.

"Mr. Dallas ran downstairs, half dressed and barefooted, opened the door, when, to his utter amazement in walked sixty or more gentlemen, two by two, with tread of soldiers, passing by him and entering his front parlor. Not having the slightest conception of their object, he stood, thun-

derstruck at the scene. Mr. Walker led him into the back parlor. 'My dear Mr. Walker,' said he in amazement, 'what is the matter?' 'Wait one moment, if you please.' The folding doors were thrown open and the whole delegation, stepping forward, gave three hearty cheers for Polk and Dallas. Mr. Dallas stood paralyzed. Mr. Walker enjoyed his discomfiture. Governor Fairfield of Maine, then stepping forward, in the name of the delegation, solved the mystery in a brief speech.

"Mr. Dallas, having by this time

collected himself, made a very short reply. Mr. Walker and several delegates then spoke, after which they gave 26 cheers for Polk, Dallas, Muhlenberg and Texas, which effectually awoke not only the family but all the neighborhood, the street being by that time alive with a crowd of anxious enquirers. The facts were soon known and when the delegation departed three cheers from the crowd greeted them."

How unlike the intrigue and manipulation of recent years was the nomination of Mr. Dallas effected!

## Antrim

*By Emily A. Wilder*

Like an eagle in it's eirie  
Nesting high above the vale,  
Yet with many hills still higher  
Round which often roars a gale,  
Lies a village calm and peaceful,  
Which I'd like to show to you:  
Antrim, in our old New Hampshire,  
State far-famed for beauteous view.

Toward the west lies rugged Patten;  
From the top you oft may see  
Far to north the well-known Kearsarge  
And southwest Skatootakee;  
While beyond, our loved Monadnock,  
Lonely sentinel, he'll stand,  
With no rival summit near him,  
Lofty watchtower in the land.

Near us rises lovely Crotchet,  
With a vale and stream between.  
Far away the bold Wachusett,  
On a clear day can be seen;  
While midway the twin Monadnocks  
Add their glories to the view.  
'Tis a wondrous panorama,  
Stately, grand, but ever new.

Now to thee, belovéd Antrim,  
We must bid a long farewell.  
Never more we'll climb thy hilltops,  
But forevermore will tell  
Of the mighty power and goodness  
Of the One who rules on high.  
Since thy silent hills exalt Him,  
"Praise the Lord," should be our cry.

# A Natural Barometer

*By Effie E. Dunbar*

Picture a most tempting woodsy road, such as are found in out-of-the-way places in New Hampshire. Such beautiful white birches on either side as dapple the roadside with their shadows! How restful it all seems! Even the babbling brook on the right seems only to whisper to the granite stones.

All this is incomplete without the barefooted boy with his pail of raspberries in his hand and the telltale stains on his merry face. He informs you that it is going to rain.

You offer him a ride as far as the watering trough, where he goes "cross lots" through the field, where the August sweetings grow.

"My boy, how do you know it is going to rain?"

"Oh! the tree toads have been 'holloving' all day for all they are worth and that's a sure sign."

A bit of golden-rod jabbed in the boy's hat-band prompts us to ask if it is n't about time for school to begin. Our young naturalist assents and also announces that he is glad of it, too, because he says they learn so much about birds and animals with this teacher.

Remembering the tree toad once more, he warms up to his subject.

"Why, last year we went on lots of bird hunts with the teacher. We used to plan to meet at the bridge at six o'clock. I got there first the last morning we went and I guess you'd laugh'd if you could see some of them come running for fear they would get left, and rubbing their eyes. Some had been up since four. I had, to be sure."

He laughed again; then said, "Did

look awful funny to see the teacher coming along munching a doughnut. Some of the children tho' came along eating apples and sandwiches and some had pie. Well, I started to tell you 'bout the tree toad we saw that day. It's great going birding and we saw lots of them, but, do you know, a gravestone man had sent the teacher a tree toad that he found on a piece of marble.

"Well, do you know, that tree toad was white, with a tiny grayish line over it, just like the marble. You know they always get to be the color of the thing they are on. Sometimes you see them just the color of a maple tree. That is for protection.

"I used to wonder how they could stick on to smooth places like marble. The teacher says their toes are sort of round and sticky like a fly's. You know they can go up the glass on a window. Just the same thing when a tree toad goes up a smooth place on a tree or a stone. The boys covered a box with a wire for the white tree toad and some way he got cut so we had to let him go. We were going to put him on a piece of red flannel to see him change to red. They say they will, though I did n't believe it then, but I guess it's true, though."

We were nearing the trough, but he hastened to tell me that today, while raspberrying where they were unusually thick, a red tree toad had jumped out from the bushes near his hand, hit him and fell to the ground.

"It got red like the berries, see! I'll uncheck your horse for you. Guess that flannel story was about right. Good-bye."

# New Hampshire Necrology

## PROF. CHRISTOPHER C. LANGDELL.

Christopher Columbus Langdell, Dane professor of law, emeritus, in Harvard University, died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., July 6, 1906.

Professor Langdell was born in New Boston, N. H., May 22, 1826. He fitted for college and entered Harvard in 1848, but remained only a year, leaving to engage in teaching. Subsequently he returned and entered the law school, from which he graduated in 1853, having in the meantime served as assistant librarian and assisted Professor Parsons in the preparation of his notes for his famous work on "Contracts." After graduation he located, in practice, in New York, where he attained great success, remaining till 1870, when he was chosen Dane professor in the law school to succeed Professor Story, who had just resigned, and a short time later was made the first dean of the faculty. He immediately set to work to revolutionize the entire system of law teaching, discarding the use of text books, illustrated by oral lectures, and establishing the system of teaching law by adjudicated cases. He adopted the inductive method of reasoning from cases, and made up his own compends and analyses of case law, many of which have been published, such as selections of cases on the Law of Contracts, on Sales, in Equity pleading, and so on. The value of his method was doubted for a time; but eventually came to be admitted, and it has since been adopted in the Columbia and many other great law schools of the country.

Upon the completion of 25 years of service in the law school, Professor Langdell was honored by a special anniversary celebration, at which Hon. James C. Carter of New York presided, and Chief Justice Fuller, Sir Frederick Pollock of England, Baron Komura, the Japanese minister, Joseph H. Choate and Charles J. Bonaparte were among the distinguished men assembled to do him honor. He retired from active service in 1900, his eyesight having failed him, though he had confined himself to equity courses only for some years previous.

## BARRON SHIRLEY.

Barron Shirley, born in Andover, December 14, 1870, died in Franklin, July 1, 1906.

Mr. Shirley was the eldest son of the late Hon. John M. and Emroy E. (Barron) Shirley, his father having been one

of the ablest members of the Merrimack County bar, while his mother—eldest daughter of the late Rev. Thompson Barron, a prominent Universalist clergyman—was a highly cultivated woman of rare attainments and refined sensibilities. He fitted for college at Proctor Academy, Andover, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1892, having been active and prominent in his college life.

After graduation he taught for a time at Bridgeport, Conn., but soon entered the Boston University Law School, from which he graduated and, after his admission to the bar, engaged in practice in Chattanooga, Tenn. He remained but a short time, however, returning to his old home in Andover, where he located and was immediately elected to the Legislature from that town, taking an active part in the proceedings of the session of 1897. In 1898 he removed to Franklin and established himself in practice there, in the office of the late Hon. E. B. S. Sanborn, continuing until his decease. He was city solicitor of Franklin in 1904 and a member of the last Legislature from Ward Two of that city, taking high rank among the active members of the House and participating prominently in debate. Politically he was an unwavering and uncompromising Democrat. In religion he was broadly liberal. He was prominent in Masonry and was high priest of St. Omer Chapter of the Royal Arch at Franklin at the time of his death. He married, March 5, 1894, Hattiebel Smith of Andover, who survives him, with three children.

## HON. CHARLES J. SMITH.

Charles James Smith, born at Hillsborough Bridge, September 13, 1820, died in Mont Vernon, July 12, 1906.

He was a son of Dr. Luther and Mary (Carleton) Smith, and a first cousin of the late President Asa D. Smith of Dartmouth College. He attended the public schools and Hopkinton and Milford academies, and studied law with Albert Baker and George Barstow of Hillsborough, but never entered upon the practice of the profession. He taught school for several years, was register of deeds for Hillsborough County in 1846 and from 1849 to 1851 was a clerk in the United States military engineers' office in Boston. In 1853 he was appointed as an inspector in the Boston custom house by President Pierce, who was his warm friend, serving till 1857. Subsequently he spent a num-

ber of years at home in Mont Vernon, caring for his aged mother. From 1873 to 1878 he was engaged in the office of the North American Fire Insurance Co., in Boston; but for many years past had spent his time at the old home in Mont Vernon, in which town he had always maintained his legal residence. Politically he was a staunch Democrat, and was for many years prominent in the councils of his party in the state. He represented Mont Vernon in the Legislature in 1860 and 1861, and his district in the state Senate in 1863 and 1864. He also served in the constitutional conventions of 1876 and 1889. He was a member of the Congregational church.

June 6, 1878, he married Mrs. Margarette (Haymand) Burt of Plymouth, Mass., who survives him with two sons and two daughters, Charles J. of Somerville, Mass.; Edward L. of Bangor, Me.; Mary E. R. of Mont Vernon; Lelia E. of Boston.

#### EUGENE F. McQUESTEN, M. D.

Dr. Eugene F. McQuesten, long a leading physician of Nashua, a prominent citizen and active Democrat, died at Squirrel Island, Me., where he had gone for health and rest, July 18, 1906.

Doctor McQuesten was a native of Litchfield, born October 11, 1842, a son of Isaac and Margaret Ann (Chase) McQuesten, and a representative of one of the old families of the town. He was educated in the Nashua High School, Blanchard Academy, Pembroke, and the Chandler Scientific School at Dartmouth College. He studied medicine with Dr. Josiah G. Graves of Nashua, and attended lectures at the Dartmouth and Jefferson Medical colleges, graduating M. D. at the latter institution in 1866, and in the following year commenced practice in Nashua, where he continued through life with eminent success. He was particularly noted as a surgeon and was called long distances to perform difficult operations. He served as city physician in 1871-'72 and as a representative in the state Legislature in 1873-'74. He was twice the Democratic candidate for mayor of Nashua. He was also secretary of the board of pension examiners from 1893 to 1897.

He was a member of the American Medical Association, the American Association of Railway Surgeons, the New York Medico-Legal Society, and of the New Hampshire and Nashua Medical societies, of each of which latter he had been president, and it was due to his efforts that the Nashua Hospital Association was organized and the hospital established. He was a member of the Unitarian Church,

and was a Mason and an Odd Fellow. He was a director of the Indian Head National Bank and the Nashua Trust Company, and was a trustee of the New Hampshire Banking Company. He was three times married, and is survived by a widow, two sons and a daughter.

#### REV. PATRICK J. FINNIGAN.

Rev. Patrick J. Finnigan, a prominent member of the Roman Catholic clergy of the state, and rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Portsmouth, died in that city July 14, 1906.

Father Finnigan was born in Ireland, March 4, 1843, and was brought to this country in childhood by his parents. His early education was obtained in Boston, and he completed his studies at Georgetown University, where he was fitted for the priesthood, his first assignment being as curate at St. Dominick's Church, Portland, Me., where he remained two years, being then transferred to the pastorate at Lebanon, which included Littleton and the Grafton County missions, where he remained for four years, and was then assigned as pastor of St. Mary's Church at Claremont, having also jurisdiction in the neighboring towns of Newport and Charlestown. There he remained for 21 years and by his untiring efforts his parish became one of the most prosperous and influential in the diocese. On the appointment of the Rev. Fr. E. M. O'Callaghan to the pastorate of St. John's Church in Concord, and to the position of vicar-general of the diocese, the Rev. Fr. Finnigan was made rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Portsmouth, and assumed the duties in February, 1901, continuing with great success, a feature of his ministry being the building of a fine parochial school, at a cost of \$40,000. He was a member of the bishop's council, and his advice was greatly valued in church matters.

#### MARTIN H. COCHRAN.

Martin Head Cochran, long one of the most prominent citizens of Pembroke and of Merrimack County, died at his residence in that town, July 17, 1906. He was a native of Pembroke, born December 4, 1821, his ancestors being among the early settlers of the town. He was a farmer and auctioneer and had been conspicuous in public affairs, serving as selectman, superintending school committee, supervisor, deputy sheriff, census enumerator and special police justice. He was a member of the Pembroke town history committee, first president of the Old Home Week Association, a charter member of Pembroke Grange, a member of

Jewell Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and was for many years a trustee of Pembroke Academy, serving as both treasurer and president of the board. No resident of Pembroke was better known or more universally esteemed. He is survived by a wife, who was Mariam M. Rowell of Albany, Vt., and whom he married July 4, 1844; one son, John M. Cochran, a prominent lawyer of Southbridge, Mass.; and a daughter, Sarah E. W. Cochran of Pembroke.

**DR. SOPHRONIA FLETCHER.**

Sophronia Fletcher, M. D., one of the first female physicians of the country, and one of the oldest living members of the medical profession in the country, died at her home in Cambridge, Mass., July 17, 1906.

Doctor Fletcher was born in Alstead, N. H., September 14, 1806, and was the daughter of Peter Fletcher, who was born in Lancaster, Mass., in 1762, and died in Bennington, N. H., in 1843. He was a private in the regiment of guards in Boston, from July 15 to 30, 1778. Doctor Fletcher's grandfather was Joshua Fletcher of Lancaster, who was one of the committee of safety and left his plow in the field at the Lexington alarm.

She was educated in the academies at Milford and Hancock, and was a teacher for several years in this state and in New York. In 1845 she went to South Boston, where the condition of certain insane people, with whom she came in contact, prompted her to study medicine in the hope of helping women. She entered the Boston Female Medical College, which afterwards became a part of Boston University, and was graduated in its first class of 1854. Soon after her graduation, Doctor Fletcher took to the State House a bill asking for the appointment of women as physicians to females confined in asylums and prisons. After a long discussion it was finally passed through the influence of Wendell Phillips, a life-long friend, whose wife had been a patient of Doctor Fletcher for many years.

She was the first woman physician at Mt. Holyoke College, then a seminary, and held the chair of physiology in that institution for over fifty years. She was physician of the New England Moral Reform Association for a period of nine years. She was a woman of rare intelligence, and kept in touch with all reform movements in educational and philanthropic lines during her long and eventful life.

**DR. JULIA WALLACE RUSSELL.**

Julia Wallace Russell one of the oldest female medical practitioners in this state,

died at her residence in Concord, Monday, July 2, 1906.

She was a native of the town of Hill, born March 24, 1844. At the age of 33 she graduated from the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, and commenced practice in Concord in 1878, where she ever after continued, establishing a successful practice and commanding a recognized position in the profession. Her greatest work, however, and her life monument, was the establishment of the New Hampshire Memorial Hospital for Women and Children, to the accomplishment of which object she gave years of earnest effort, and to the successful management of which institution she gave the best energies of her later years.

**DAVID M. THOMPSON.**

David M. Thompson, born in Somersworth, April 10, 1839, died in Providence, R. I., June 28, 1906.

Mr. Thompson was the son of Joseph H. and Lydia B. (Moulton) Thompson. He graduated from the Somersworth High School at the age of 16 years, and then engaged for four years in the employ of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company. He subsequently learned the carpenter's trade. In 1863 he went to Whitinsville, Mass., and was employed in the machine works for three years, when he went to Portland, Me., and organized a building and contracting firm and was extensively engaged till 1870, when he removed his business to Boston. In 1871, when engaged as architect, engineer and builder of a factory at Manville, R. I., he decided to take up the business of mill engineering. He traveled and studied extensively in Europe, and on his return was extensively engaged in that line. Subsequently he became manager of the extensive mills of the B. B. & R. Knight Company, continuing for a dozen years, during which the business more than doubled, the number of employees exceeding seven thousand, the operations extending into 17 villages in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and occupying 21 mills. In 1895 Mr. Thompson resigned his position and became president and treasurer of the Corliss Steam Engine Company of Providence, in which city he also took a deep interest in public affairs, and the promotion of municipal improvements.

January 16, 1858, Mr. Thompson married Anna J. Hanners of Somersworth, daughter of the late Thomas and Jane Hanners. Two children were born to them: Lydia Ella (deceased), and Emma Frances, who married Daniel J. Sully of Providence, in 1885.



## Editor and Publisher's Notes

August brings to New Hampshire a larger number of summer visitors than any other month of the season, and it is safe to say there will be more of them here this month than in any previous year. The automobile, as a means of travel, has contributed in no small measure to promote this increase, and it has been instrumental, too, in effecting a more general distribution through the state; while, at the same time railroad patronage was never better. The institution of "Old Home Week," and its observance by a constantly increasing number of towns, has operated to largely increase the temporary population of the state during a portion of this month at least; and, during the week following the third Saturday—August 18—there will be from ten to twenty thousand natives or former residents, now having homes elsewhere, engaged in revisiting their former homes in the various towns throughout the state, and renewing old friendships and associations. Nothing has done so much toward bringing back to New Hampshire for a brief visit, or more extended sojourn (sometimes made permanent), the absent sons and daughters of New Hampshire, as this "Old Home Week" institution, which all the other states in the Union are hastening to copy.

It will have to be conceded that the "sky-scraper" is uncalled for and out of place for business purposes in our New Hampshire cities. Only two six-story structures, even, have ever been erected in the state—"The Kennard" in Manchester and the Masonic Temple in Dover. The former was destroyed by fire a few years since and when the owners came to rebuild, it was deemed advisable to erect a three-

story structure on the site. Last winter the Masonic Temple at Dover was burned, and at a recent meeting of the stockholders it was voted to rebuild, but to limit the new building to four stories. For some time after the latter building was destroyed there was doubt about rebuilding at all. It is gratifying to the public generally that it has finally been decided to replace the burned structure with another, which, although somewhat less imposing, will still be one of the finest buildings of the kind in the state.

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The New Hampshire Board of Trade, which for several years past has held its summer outing in conjunction with the Associated Boards of the Merrimack Valley, and for the last two years at Canobie Lake, will change the programme this year, and in acceptance of the invitation of the Laconia board, of which George B. Cox, Esq., is president, will visit charming Lake Winnepesaukee, enjoy a steamer ride over its glassy waters and a banquet at the "Lakeside" on the return, the ladies, also, it is understood, being privileged to accompany their "lords." The State Old Home Week Association is also invited, the day of the outing being set for Monday of "Old Home Week"—August 20.

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The "Great Reaper" takes no "vacations," and is never found at rest, neither is he any respecter of persons. An unusual number of prominent New Hampshire people, native or resident, have been gathered in the eternal harvest during the last few weeks, as reference to the preceding pages of "Necrology" demonstrates in some measure.





**First Universalist (White Memorial) Church, Concord, N. H., Erected 1856**

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## The Universalist Society of Concord

*By H. H. Metcalf*

The First Universalist Society of Concord has planned, and is arranging for, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of its present house of worship, on Sunday, the 23d day of the present month, the observance having been deferred from the precise day—July 2—on account of the absence in Europe of the pastor, Rev. John Vannevar, D. D., and his family, the earliest practicable date after their expected return being selected, and appropriate services projected for the occasion.

There are no records of this society extant, so far as is known, previous to January, 1842, but it is known that there had been a Universalist society in existence for a number of years, and that preaching services were held under its auspices about half the time during the years 1834 and 1835, the Rev. John G. Adams, father of the Rev. J. Coleman Adams, D. D., now of Hartford, Conn., officiating, and preaching the other half in the town of Rumney. This engagement followed, and was doubtless inspired by, the holding of a Universalist state convention in the city, in 1833, the use of the First Baptist Church having been given for the same, through a kindly feeling entertained by the Baptists toward certain Universalists who had materially assisted them on various occasions. Previous to this there had been only occasional preach-

ing of Universalism in the Capital city, by such pioneers of the faith as Hosea Ballou, Thomas Whittemore, their compeers and followers, the services at all times being held in the county court room. After these years there were no regular services until 1841, in which year there was a revival of interest, and for the first time regular preaching each Sabbath for a year was contracted for, the Rev. Nathan R. Wright, father of Col. Carroll D. Wright, the noted statistician and president of Clark College, then residing in Dunbarton, engaging to supply the same for the sum of \$300, Mr. Wright himself preaching one half the time, and Rev. William G. Anderson most of the other half, though other supplies were occasionally sent.

On January 5, 1842, during the term of service for which Mr. Wright was engaged, the society was reorganized, and, under its auspices, the work of the denomination has continued uninterruptedly to the present time. The meeting for reorganization was held in the court room. Stephen S. Swett was chosen moderator and Joel C. Danforth, clerk. A constitution, reported by a committee previously appointed, of which Amos B. Currier, one of the active leaders in the cause, was chairman, was reported and adopted, and signed by those present, who included Stephen S. Swett, Chase

Hill, Amos B. Currier, Joel C. Danforth, Aaron Carter, Joseph B. Smart, William Page, John Taylor, John Fox, Philip P. Grant, Philip Sargent, James Simpson, William Wyman and Isaiah Merrill. (At the next meeting,



**Rev. Nathan R. Wright**

Nathaniel White, Mitchel Gilmore, Lyman Dearborn, Jeremiah Noyes, David Watson, Joseph Lund, David Neal, William Coffin, Thomas Coffin and Aaron W. Baker, who were unable to be present at the first, also signed the constitution.)

In article two of the constitution it is set forth that "The object of this society shall be the promotion of truth and morality among its members, and also in the world at large; and, as the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is calculated above all truth to inspire the heart with the emotions of benevolence and virtue, this society shall deem it one of its main objects to support the preaching of the gospel according to the society's ability, and to aid in any other practicable way in spreading a knowledge of it among men."

After the signing of the constitution, the society proceeded to organize permanently, electing John Taylor, clerk; Joel C. Danforth, treasurer and collector, and Amos B. Currier, Chase Hill and Aaron Carter prudential committee. A building committee was also chosen at the same meeting, consisting of Stephen S. Swett, Joseph Lund, Nathan Call, Chase Hill, David Neal, Joel C. Danforth, Albert Foster, Philip Sargent and A. B. Currier, of which commit-



**Nathaniel White**

tee Messrs. Swett, Call and Hill were made a sub-committee, authorized to contract for and superintend the erection of a house of worship for the society. A lot was secured at the corner of State and School streets, which is included in the site of the present church edifice, and a substantial wooden church building erected thereon at a cost of about \$4,000, the committee proceeding with such expedition that the house was completed and dedicated on October 6, following, the dedicatory sermon being preached by Rev. Otis A. Skinner of

Boston, one of the ablest clergymen of the denomination.

This building was occupied by the society for its house of worship until 1855, when, the need of a larger house having been for some time manifest, it was determined that a more spacious and substantial structure should be erected. A committee of 12 was appointed to take charge of the work, the burden of which, however, fell mainly upon the chairman, Mr. Nathaniel White, the pastor, Rev. John Harvey Moore, and Mr. N. B. Walker. The old church building was sold to the Free Will Baptist soci-

building, by the sale of pews, over half of the same being taken by Mr. White, who thus contributed more than \$10,000 toward the cost of the church.

The church was completed and dedicated on Wednesday, July 2, 1856. The following notice of the dedication is copied from the *New Hampshire Statesman* of Saturday, July 5:

DEDICATION. The new, expensive and very beautiful House of Worship, erected for the use of the Universalist Society in Concord, was on Wednesday afternoon last dedicated to the public worship and service of Almighty God. The exercises took place in connection with those of the State Convention of Universalists, and were as follows:

1. Voluntary.—2. Introductory Statement by the Pastor.—3. Chant.—4. Invocation.—5. Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. N. R. Wright.—6. Select Piece, by the Choir.—7. Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev.



Mrs. Nathaniel White

ety and removed to a site at the corner of South State and Cross (now Concord) streets, where it was occupied by that society as its place of worship until the erection of its present new brick Curtis Memorial Church building, on South Street, after which it was transformed into a tenement block and thus remains. An addition to the site, on the south, was secured, and the present edifice erected, at a cost of over \$20,000, the expense being met, as in the case of the former



Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D.

B. M. Tillotson.—8. Hymn, written by W. Cullen Bryant.—9. Sermon by Rev. A. A. Miner.—10. Anthem.—11. Benediction.

This Church is one of the largest in the State; is constructed of brick, stuccoed in imitation of marble, elegantly but suitably frescoed, and is provided with an organ of greater power than any other in

the city. This organ cost \$2,500, and the architecture of its case corresponds with that of the edifice itself.

We have in Concord no more substantial token of the liberality and energy of a few men in behalf of the religious cause with which they are connected, than the



**Rev. John Moore**

leading members of the Universalist Society afford in the erection, completion and adornment of this beautiful house of worship.

From the above notice it appears that the annual session of the Universalist state convention was being held in Concord at the time of the dedication, yet no other mention of the convention or its proceedings was printed in the *Statesman*, or either of the other Concord papers—the *Patriot* and the *Independent Democrat*. This shows how little attention was paid by the press to the matter of local or state news half a century ago.

The new edifice met the wants of the society without alteration for 20 years; but in 1876 the interior was remodelled and material changes effected, including the removal of the organ from the north to the south end of the church to a recess in the rear

of the pulpit, for which an addition was constructed, thereby also providing for an addition to the seating capacity of the church, the total cost of the improvements exceeding \$3,000. At the conclusion of the work, which occupied several months, during which time the services were held in White's opera house, whose use was freely tendered by Mr. White, the church was rededicated, Wednesday evening, December 6, an historical address being given by the pastor, Rev. E. L. Conger, and the sermon by the Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., of Boston, who had preached the original dedicatory sermon 20 years before.

Again, nine years later, in 1885, the need of further change and im-



**Hon. Moses Humphrey**

provement was realized, and action taken to that end, a primary object being to adapt the edifice to the demands of modern church life, with special reference to the social features. The interior was extensively remodelled, so as to provide a kitchen, dining room, parlor, vestry or Sun-

day school room, dressing rooms, etc., was elegantly refrescoed throughout, and many new furnishings procured, all at a cost of between five and six thousand dollars, a large share of which amount was contributed by



**James H. Chase**

Mrs. Armenia S. White, in consideration of whose generosity at this time, and her unceasing labors for the society from its organization, as well as the unbounded liberality and ever zealous service of her late husband, Nathaniel White, who had been the main pillar of strength in the organization for nearly forty years, the church was rededicated as the "White Memorial" Church. At this time, also, the building was conveyed by the society to the New Hampshire Universalist convention, and reconveyed, in trust, to the society.

The service of rededication occurred on Thursday evening, October 8, at 7.30 o'clock. The sermon, as at the original dedication and the former rededication, was given by the Rev. Dr. Miner, and the prayer of consecration by Rev. Dr. S. H. McCollester, then of Dover, now living

in Marlborough. Indicative of the growth of fraternity and Christian good fellowship among the various denominations may be noted the fact that at this service the invocation was given by Rev. Cephas B. Crane, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. F. D. Ayer, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church. This rededication occurred, also, in connection with, or rather at the close of, a session of the Universalist state convention, holden in the church.

During the 21 years since the work of reconstruction in 1885, there have been no changes or improvements in the edifice, aside from the addition of the pastor's room in the rear, completed last year by the Y. P. C. U., at an expense of some \$350, though



**Rev. Everett L. Conger, D. D.**

there have been some expenditures for repairs, recarpeting, etc.

After the completion of his engagement for a year's preaching, by Rev. N. R. Wright, in 1842, the services of Rev. Ezekiel Dow were engaged, commencing with June of that year, but he continued only a few months, and



was followed by Rev. J. F. Witherell, whose service was also of short duration. September 4, 1843, Rev. W. H. Ryder, a young clergyman of brilliant promise, who had completed his stud-



**Daniel Holden**

ies at the Clinton Liberal Institute, in New York, and who had preached his first sermon, by the way, for this society, in the old court house, when a student at Pembroke Academy, was called to the pastorate, with a salary of \$400, and served most acceptably and successfully for two years, when he resigned to accept the pastorate of the church at Nashua, subsequently holding pastorates in Roxbury, Mass., and in Chicago, continuing many years in the latter city and attaining high rank among the preachers of the denomination. January following, the Rev. Thompson Barron of Winchester was called to the pastorate, continuing therein something over four years. His successor was the Rev. John Moore, whose service commenced in June, 1850, and continued till his sudden death, February 5, 1855. "Father Moore," as he was

generally known, was an able and popular preacher, and the society flourished greatly under his ministry. His death was mourned as a serious loss, not only by this society, but the community at large. He it was who received the first nomination of the so-called "American," or "Know Nothing," party for governor of the state, but the subsequent discovery of the fact that he had not been a resident of the state for the period of seven years requisite to eligibility, rendered another nomination necessary.

"Father Moore" was succeeded in the pastorate by his son, Rev. John Harvey Moore, in May following his decease, who continued until his resignation which took effect January 1, 1862. In March following, the Rev. A. J. Canfield was called to the pastorate, and continued till January, 1865. He was a brilliant young man,



**Rev. Augustus P. Rein**

and subsequently attained great distinction in the ministry in Brooklyn and Chicago. Brief pastorates were next held by Rev. Rowland Connor, from May, 1865, till December, 1866,

when he resigned to become Doctor Miner's assistant in the Columbus Avenue Church in Boston; and by Rev. F. E. Kittredge, from March, 1867, till January 1, 1869; also by Rev. E. R. Sanborn, who served from April, 1869, till December, 1871.

During the first half of the year 1872, as during former intervals between pastorates, the pulpit was supplied by different clergymen, engaged by the committee, from Sunday to Sunday, the Rev. Everett L. Conger of Taunton, Mass., officiating on Sunday, June 16, as a candidate, with such acceptance that, a week later, he was formally called by vote of the society, and subsequently accepted, at a salary of \$2,000 per annum, his service to commence the first Sunday in September. His formal installation occurred on Thursday evening, October 8, the installation sermon being given by the Rev. Dr. E. C. Bowles of Salem, Mass. This pastorate, which was a most successful one, continued for eight years—a longer period than that of any previous pastor—concluding at the opening of the summer vacation in July, 1880. Doctor Conger removed to Galesburg, Ill., where he was for several years connected with Lombard University, going thence to Pasadena, Cal., where he still resides, having held a pastorate for some time, and being largely instrumental in furthering the interests of the Universalist denomination on the Pacific coast.

On December 5, 1880, the society extended a call to Rev. Augustus P. Rein of Scituate, Mass., to the pastorate, which was accepted, service to commence January 1, 1881. Mr. Rein occupied the position for eight years and three months, resigning January 1, 1889, the same to take effect March 31, his pastorate thus slightly exceeding in length that of his predecessor. It was during his term of service that the last remodeling of the church edifice was effected, as the first had been during the term

of Doctor Conger. Mr. Rein engaged in business life, after his resignation, first in the city and subsequently at Claremont, and is now connected with an insurance firm in St. Louis.



Miss Ella R. Holden

Various candidates for the vacancy in the pastorate having been heard, the society voted unanimously, at a meeting held after service, on Sunday, June 2, to extend a call to the Rev. Thomas W. Illman of Brattleboro, Vt., at a salary of \$2,200, which call was accepted by Mr. Illman June 10, to commence on the first Sunday in September. Mr. Illman was a preacher of unusual power and brilliancy, and the congregation was largely increased during the first two or three years of his pastorate, which continued five and a half years, his resignation having been tendered in February, 1895, and ultimately accepted, though with great regret by a large portion of the society. Mr. Illman accepted a pastorate in Grand Rapids, Mich., upon leaving Concord, and was subsequently located at Bay City in that state. He served as

president of the Michigan Universalist convention at one time during his residence in the state. Later he was pastor of the church at Wakefield, Mass., and for the last three years has been settled with the church at Taunton, Mass.

After hearing various candidates, following Mr. Illman's removal, the society, July 14, 1895, extended a hearty call to the Rev. John Vannevar, of East Concord, who, having resigned as pastor of the Universalist Church at Canton, Mass., had engaged in farming in that locality as a means of recuperating his impaired health, in which object he had succeeded, as well as in gaining the confidence and esteem of the entire society, of which he became an interested member upon his settlement in the city. This call was accepted, service to commence with the close of the summer vacation, on the first Sunday in September. This pastorate still con-



Rev. Thomas W. Illman

tinues, having extended over a period of 11 years—the longest in the history of the society—with the most cordial and satisfactory relations between pastor and people throughout.

The Rev. John Vannevar, D. D., is a native of Malden, Mass., born June 23, 1857. He is a graduate of the Malden High School, and of Tufts College Divinity School of the class



Rev. John Vannevar, D. D.

of 1881. His first pastorate was at Amesbury, Mass., whence he went to Canton, where he remained as pastor until his resignation, previously mentioned, in 1892. He married, September 13, 1882, Gertrude F. Swasey of Malden, a lady admirably adapted for all the delicate and responsible duties of a clergyman's wife, and who has thoroughly endeared herself to the hearts of the people whom she and her husband have jointly served. They have two daughters, Dorothy and Elizabeth, 14 and 10 years of age, respectively. Mr. Vannevar received his doctor's degree from Tufts College in June, 1904. He is a prominent and active Free Mason, having received the Knight Templar and the Scottish Rite degrees to and including the 32d. He has been for several years chaplain of the Second Regiment, N. H. N. G., and also president

of the Concord Ministerial Union, as well as an active member of the board of education and chairman of the high school committee. Impaired health from overwork has compelled a cessation of labor on his part for the last few months, during which time, up to the summer vacation, his pulpit has been supplied by others, mainly by Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D. D., of Boston. In the latter part of June he sailed, with his family, for a tour of Europe, his return being expected September 15, when it is hoped that he will come back to his people fully restored in health and strength.

Many of the pioneers of the society, heretofore named, continued to labor in its interest through life, with greater or less earnestness and fidelity,—though some, as in all organizations, lost their interest or dropped out entirely, others coming into their places. Among faithful and devoted

Daniel Holden, all of whom are now passed away, but are held in grateful remembrance by their surviving co-workers. Mr. Humphrey was particularly earnest in his devotion to



B. B. ("Uncle Ben") Davis



Prof. J. H. Morey

workers for a long series of years, who came in some time after the organization of the society, were the late Hon. Moses Humphrey, Benjamin F. Caldwell, James H. Chase and

the cause of Universalism and was prominent in its counsels in the state and the country at large. Mr. Chase was an energetic worker, and gave much time to the business affairs of the society. Mr. Holden was a liberal supporter and a constant attendant upon the services until the weakness of age prevented. His family, also, were strongly devoted to the work of the society, Mrs. Holden and their daughter, Ella R., being especially active in church and society work, and their removal by death a few years since being deeply lamented. Ex-Governor Walter Harri- man was for a time a member of this society; while Col. William E. Stevens, for some time editor of the Concord *Monitor* and *Statesman*, and subsequently United States consul to Smyrna, was one of its most zealous working members during his residence in the city, as was also Col.

James E. Larkin, at one time postmaster of Concord, now a resident of Everett, Mass.

A Sunday school was organized in connection with the society in 1841, starting with six scholars, and Joel C. Danforth, father of the late Col. Charles C. Danforth, as superintendent, which school has continued to the present time, with a membership varying in recent years from 60 to 100. It may be noted that Col. Charles H. Greenleaf, the well-known manager of the Profile House, now somewhat



**Mrs. Josephine A. Hicks**

conspicuously before the public, was for some time in his boyhood a member of this Sunday school, and here received his first religious instruction, his father and mother, during their residence in the city, being actively identified with the Universalist cause, though he subsequently became a member of the Baptist Church. A church organization was effected later, and has since been maintained, though the membership has never been large. A local branch of the Young People's Christian Union was also organized some years since, and

is still maintained in connection with the society.

Although at the time when this society was organized women were not admitted to membership—probably because they had never thought of such an innovation upon established custom—by a vote of the society nearly forty years ago, passed through the persistent efforts of the late Nathaniel White, they were made eligible and a goodly number joined immediately, followed by others from year to year, so that the membership at the present time is largely composed of women. This was the first religious society in Concord to admit women to membership, but the example was promptly followed by the other societies, nearly all of which have now a large female membership, many of the offices being also frequently held by the women. The fact that they were not members of the society in the start, however, did not preclude the ladies from working in the interest of the cause for which it stood, and they were efficient laborers for its success from the first. Early in the history of the society the "Murray Circle" was organized by the ladies for coöperation in the work, Mrs. Stephen S. Swett being the first president, and the membership including such women as Mrs. Nathaniel White, Mrs. Joseph Lund, Mrs. J. C. Danforth, Mrs. M. Gilmore, Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. J. S. Noyes, Mrs. Daniel Watson, Mrs. William Coffin, Mrs. Lyman Dearborn, Mrs. P. Grant, Mrs. W. Wyman, Mrs. A. B. Currier, Mrs. J. Simpson, Mrs. T. Merrill, Mrs. Chase Hill, Mrs. Ira Abbott and Mrs. J. G. Wyatt. Among the young lady workers were Julia Austin, Savala Mason, Emeline Duke, Sarah Hill, Sarah Merrill, Mary Call, Mary Watson, Charlotte Upham and Mary Woodman—the latter afterward Mrs. R. N. Corning, mother of the present mayor of Concord, Hon. Charles R. Corning.

From the first the women took upon themselves the responsibility of pro-

viding for the music, and their first important work in this line was in raising the money to pay for the organ in the new church, which they accomplished in due season, Mr. White, who had advanced the funds in the outset; presenting them, however, with their last note, for \$500, cancelled, when the rest had been paid. About the time when the new church was built, the Murray Circle gave way for the Ladies' Social Aid Society, which has continued to the present day, Mrs. White having been made president at the organization and continuing to the present time, with the exception of one or two years, when she insisted upon the choice of another, and Mrs. Walter Harriman, then a member, served in that position. In recent years, however, she has necessarily been relieved of the burden of routine duty by the service of an active vice-president.

The Ladies' Social Aid Society still provides for the church music, raising funds by suppers, socials, entertainments of various kinds, Christmas and Easter sales, etc., and has also done a vast amount of charitable work. There is no more devoted band of women workers connected with any society in the city or state, and its entertainments of every description are eminently popular.

The music which has been furnished in connection with the church services, like the preaching, has almost invariably been of a high order, comparing most favorably with that of other Concord churches. In the early days, when the old court room was occupied for services, and later, the trombone, violin and bass viol were used for instrumental accompaniment, the former being played for many years by Chase Hill. The bass viol used in the early days, made by Abraham Prescott, the pioneer manufacturer, was subsequently purchased by Mr. Nathaniel White, and is still preserved by Mrs. White as a cherished relic of those days. Subsequently a seraphine took the place of

the other instruments, the same being played for some years by John Fox; but after the late J. H. Morey came to town as a young man to study music, he took the place of accompanist, playing the seraphine for some two years before the completion of the present church and the installation of its fine organ, when he became the organist, which position he held continuously till 1880, when he was succeeded by the late Mrs. Josephine A. Hicks of East Concord. Mrs. Hicks served faithfully nine



Miss Ada M. Aspinwall

years, during which time she was also an earnest worker in the society and Sunday school. Two years after the close of Mrs. Hicks' service, Prof. W. K. Day having served temporarily in the meantime, Miss Ada M. Aspinwall became the organist and is now completing her fifteenth year of continuous service, during most of which time she has also been director. The singing has generally been furnished by a quartette choir, though in the earlier years there was often a larger choir, and at times congregational singing was resorted to. Scarcely less notable than Mr. Morey's long

term of service as organist, was that of the late B. B. Davis, familiarly known as "Uncle Ben," as leader of the choir, or musical director, in which capacity he served for nearly a quarter of a century, his service being nearly contemporaneous with that of Mr. Morey.

It would require many pages to give a complete list of all the names of officers who have served the First Universalist Society of Concord since

its organization, not to mention the equally faithful workers in the ranks, but the present official board is constituted as follows: Moderator, Justin E. Robinson; clerk, Mrs. Mary G. Bean; collector, Miss Ermina Ward; treasurer, Will D. Hutchinson; prudential committee, Isaac M. Savage, Adam P. Holden, Justin E. Robinson, Mrs. Nan A. Johnson, Miss Ermina Ward. The superintendent of the Sunday school is Dr. C. H. Dolloff.



## The Home of My Childhood

*By C. Jennie Swaine*

Sweet home of my childhood's summer hours,  
 Thou art dearest wherever I stray,  
 Though the time-worn bowers drop blighted flowers,  
 On the shadowy paths of today;  
 The passing footsteps have left thee alone,  
 Thy doors are barred in gloom;  
 The birds have flown, and the low winds moan  
 Where the roses used to bloom.

The skeleton boughs of the elm tree sway  
 O'er the green of the dear old lawn;  
 I remember the lay of the thrush in May,  
 In the lush green boughs of morn.  
 Dear household tree, we have both grown old  
 In the glint of a golden past;  
 The dream is told, and the shadows fold  
 Like a pall, around us at last.

This pictured home, how dear it seems,  
As its outline softly lies  
In the roseate beams of life's sweetest dreams,  
In the days of the cloudless skies.  
The loved old hill still gladdens the eye,  
And the air is soft and bland;  
But the elm tree and I, seem wandering by,  
Drifting down to the sunset land.

I hold a picture that is fairer than this,  
Folded in with rose perfumes,  
And the tender bliss, in the thrill of a kiss  
When I roamed 'mid these dear old rooms  
My heart and the elm tree then were young,  
And the wind through the lilacs strayed;  
While glad birds sung, the trees among,  
As I roamed beneath their shade.

I place the two pictures side by side,  
And lilies around them twine;  
Though time may hide the joy and pride  
Of the home I once called mine;  
Some day I'll question the precious twain  
And ask them which is best—  
The one with the bane of loss and pain,  
Or the one where the sunbeams rest?

One has passed the sorrowing days that glide  
Into returnless nights;  
One seems to abide where the roses hide,  
To fade in the changing lights.  
I never may sing the old songs o'er,  
Be they of dirge or lay,  
But evermore, as they were before,  
May the sweet notes with me stay.

Ah! there is a picture sweeter than all  
Beneath glad sunlight or star;  
There no shadows fall, and no lost ones call,  
From the wilds of storms afar.  
Beyond the sky of summer blue,  
None die and none ever roam;  
There in dreams that are true, our lives anew,  
May bloom in a fadeless home.

Oh, endless days of the summer time,  
When all things are made new,  
Will the joyous chime of bloom and rhyme  
Make the old house beautiful too?  
Will the leal and true come back to me  
From the changeful, faded past?  
'Neath the old elm tree will the summer be  
An Eden of love at last?



Oh, would I might find my home once more,  
 Beyond the parting and pain,  
 With the vine at the door, and the pink in the moor,  
 And the wild rose in the lane.  
 Oh, would we could come to the dear old home,  
 To the dear old home on the hill,  
 From the death-night of gloom, to forever roam  
 'Mid the sweet old flowers at will!

## The Return Home

*By Nancy Morey Paul*

We had been for a drive—Jack and I—and were hastening homeward with all possible speed, for the distant peals of thunder were giving us a fair warning that the day which had been unusually fine was to close with a severe storm, even though nothing worse should follow. The night closed in with a darkness that could almost be felt, by reason of heavy clouds that seemed to lay very low all around us, and the absence of any moonlight. Suddenly there came a vivid flash of lightning, whose glare caused Belmont, our horse, to rear up on his haunches, at the same time almost blinding us; nevertheless it revealed in the darkness an old man, slowly wending his way along the country road. Jack immediately reined up our steed and called for the stranger to take a seat with us, as we feared he would be overtaken by the storm, as he certainly must be if he had far to go.

The man willingly accepted Jack's invitation, saying, "Mister, this lift come jest in the nick o' time; most likely you're goin' right by my door. I'm late home ternight; I'd oughter been home long 'fore this time."

Driving on for nearly another mile, we discerned through the darkness a beacon light in a window, and soon after the man said, "Well, here we be; guess my wife will be wonderin' what's become of me."

Jack had recognized the voice and said, "This is Mr. Knowlton, if I am not mistaken."

"Yes, sir; that's my name, Asa Knowlton, sir; but I could n't call ye by name if 'twas ter save me."

"My name is Jack Hastings, and we live a few miles further on over the west side of the next town." As we stopped for our friend to alight, great drops of rain and hail pelted us on every side and the wind blew a regular hurricane. "Tillie" stood at the door, anxiously awaiting her husband's return, and advised us by all means to "drive inter the barn an' come in an' wait for the storm ter pass over." There seemed no alternative, and with the team under shelter we were ourselves soon seated in the cozy farmhouse.

"Tillie" stepped into the kitchen, which her husband had just entered, and addressing him said, "Well, Asa, seems ter me yer uncommon late ternight; where ye been all this while? Supper's most cold."

"Well, Tillie," replied the man, "I thought I'd jest go over to see Sam Bushnell once more, an' find out if we've got to move this fall."

"Got ter move! Land sakes, what under the sun are ye talkin' about? Got ter move! I don't understand ye. Aint this our home? Don't we own it? Man alive, what under the sun do ye mean? You don't expect Sam

Bushnell is goin' to foreclose, do ye?"

"That 's jest it, Tillie. Ye know his note against me is secured by mortgage an' he insists that the note (which you know was a time note) was due last spring and must be paid, an' I can't see how we are to settle it unless we sell, an' I 've been a thinkin' that mebbe he 'd take one o' the pastures as settlement."

"Well, yes, perhaps so; but 'twould be a measly piece o' business. I wish we could raise the money in some other way. If the boys had only known how things was goin' I guess they 'd tried a little harder ter save this old home. Well, taint no use lookin' back an' thinkin' what might a been. 'Tis as 'tis, an' can't be no 'tizzer,' so we must try to think what 's best ter do now."

"Well, 'taint best to be too much in a hurry. I 've dreamed twice lately that Harry was comin' back an' mebbe he 'll be here afore we expect—an' he 'll fix matters some way."

All this conversation was held apparently with no thought of our presence. The storm having spent its force in the space of a half hour, we resumed our journey and the incident had left little impression on our minds, when, a few weeks later on, the following headlines appeared in a local paper: "Great rejoicing over the return of a long absent son." The article went on with detail and gave a description of the wandering of said son. Being of a roving disposition, he left home when quite young. For years he wandered hither and thither, finally enlisting before the mast. He made several long sea voyages. Fortune, however, seemed like the famous "bag of gold at the end of the rainbow"—always beyond his grasp. He had been gone from home so long that he declared he could not return entirely empty handed. Yet the desire to look once more upon the old familiar scenes was overwhelming. Writing home only at long intervals, he

knew very little about the lives and changes at his old boyhood's home. He had seen in occasional papers that drifted all through those far away places where he had sojourned, the announcement of a special effort on the part of New Englanders to call their wandering children back for a real home gathering sometime in the late summer. He had for several years been in the great mining districts, and as fortune had smiled on his labors, he had accumulated enough so that he felt that all the past years had not been entirely fruitless and he would waste no more time away from home.

Learning that an effort was being made for a grand homecoming of the absent ones, he made due preparations and was one of a large company who journeyed as fast as the great engines could speed them on their homeward way. Reaching the little home station at night, he stepped from the cars and having so many years been absent nothing seemed familiar save the little station, which had been completed a short time before he left home. Making a few hurried inquiries, he begged a ride of one of the drivers whom he had learned was going over the "pike."

Well remembering the exact location of the dear old home he had left so many years ago, and wishing to go *incognito*, he got off the seat just before reaching home, and, grip in hand, stepped to the door. In answer to his knock, his father appeared at the door. "Excuse me, sir, I came to your town late tonight, and as it is so exceedingly dark, I would like to stop over night with you if convenient, and I 'll finish my trip in the morning."

"Well, come in and I 'll see what mother says. Do you live hereabouts?"

"Well, no; still my home is not so very far away; but I am too tired to care to go farther tonight, unless obliged to."

Going to the sitting-room, Asa said to his wife, "Here 's a traveller as would like to stop over night if agreeable." Looking up over her spectacles, she said, "Well, yes; I guess we can keep ye all right, though we don't often keep strangers; but 'tis a horrid black night, an' so hot, too; guess we 'll get showers afore long."

"Well, jest lay yer hat on that stand an' I 'll set a bite on the table an' git ye a cup o' tea, an' it 'll rest ye. I don't like ter say no, for I 've got a boy 'bout your age somewhere in this wide world, though the Lord only knows where; I 'm sure I don't; but I hope nobody would refuse him a lodging and somethin' to eat such a night as this."

Harry (for he it was) seated himself at the table, but his thoughts overcame him. He sipped the tea, but could swallow nothing. He took his handkerchief and, wiping his forehead and his eyes, said, "Well, it is more than twenty-five years since I 've

tasted a mouthful in this old kitchen."

Father and mother both jumped from their seats and stared into the man's face, while he left his place at the table and straightening himself up to his full height, and reaching out both hands, cried, "Father! Mother! don't you know your boy, your long absent son, Harry?"

Words fail to describe the scene. All were laughing and crying together. Harry, observing the thin silvery locks of his mother (which the last time he saw her were a crown of dark brown), laid his face on her loving shoulders and wept like a child. Turning toward his father, the old man said, "The Lord be praised, my boy, that we can look into your face once more!"

"Well," said Tillie, "I always said the boy would surely be spared an' come back to us. Say, Harry, this is Old Home Week, did you know it?"

"Yes, Mother, I did."

## Moonlight on the Sands

*By Charles Henry Chesley*

Love, when you pass, the pure white night  
Puts on a rarer tinting;  
The silver wavelets beat, retreat,  
And murmur praise unstinting.

Dear, where you sit the strand, pale sand,  
Becomes a pavement golden;  
The moon around you throws its glows  
Like passements rare and olden.

Heart, here with you content, far spent  
By storms and fouling weather:  
We ask no better bliss than this—  
To dream love's dream together.

# Captain Samuel Demerit of the Provincial Period

By Lucien Thompson

Elie or Ely de Merit was a Huguenot refugee, who came to this country from the Isle of Jersey shortly after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This was Helier or Elie de Merest, or de Merit, who had a grant of land in that part of Dover now called Madbury, April 11, 1694. His name, like most names of French emigrants, was doubtless modified to suit English ears, so that its original orthography is somewhat uncertain. The Rev. Hugh Adams of Oyster River, who lived in the time of said Ely, or Eli, Demerit, as he was generally called, and apparently was his pastor, writes the name "De Merit" in his church records. The Rev. Jeremy Belknap, the historian, gives it the same form, and as they were both men of education their authority seems conclusive as to the right of using the particule *de*. And from time to time to the present day the name has been written so, as in a deed of 1756 from "John De Merit," Jr., of Madbury of land in Rochester. And I have in my possession a deed of June 12, 1760, in which Samuel DeMerett pays £170, old tenor, for a pew in Madbury meeting-house. "Eli," the first emigrant, seems to have signed his name on one occasion (to a petition in 1695) as "Ele Merit," as if inclined to drop the particule, as is so often done by the French when among the English, instead of incorporating it with the surname. I find his name also written "Ely" de Merest, which was, perhaps, the original name. Mr. Baird, in his "History of the Huguenot Settlements in America," mentions a DeMerest and De Maree, and Merie, names not dissimilar to De Merit in English ears. But the name has generally been written by Eli's descendants *Demeritt*, *Demeret* and

*Demeritt*, with a tendency of late to separate the particule, which it would seem they have the right to do.

Elie, or Eli, de Merit married, as early as 1695, Hopestill —, perhaps the same person who was admitted into the church at Oyster River, May 24, 1724, under the name of "Hopeful De Merit." He died about 1747, in which year his son Eli ceases to add "junior" to his name.

Eli Demerit<sup>2</sup> was born March 1, 1696; died May 5, 1774; married, as early as 1722, Tabitha Pitman, who was baptized, together with her infant son Samuel, by the Rev. H. Adams, April 12, 1724.

He was one of the selectmen of Dover for 13 years, if no more, between 1736 and 1753; and of Madbury for three years (1756-'58), after its incorporation in 1755. It was to him that the town of Peeling was originally granted, September 23, 1763, but the charter being forfeited by non-settlement, it was regranted to Ebenezer Thompson of Durham and others, among whom was John Demerit, nephew of Eli, who had at least nine hundred acres.

From the time Madbury was incorporated as a town till the early part of the present century, a Demerit was the parish and town clerk, and *one* of the family, frequently *two*, and sometimes *three*, were selectmen at once, for more than fifty years. Of these Maj. John Demerit was perhaps the most prominent. He was a delegate to the Revolutionary Congress at Exeter and member of the assembly in 1776 and 1777. He represented the town of Madbury in the taking of Fort William and Mary, going down the Oyster and Piscataqua rivers with General Sullivan's party, December 13, 1774. It was he who

removed the gunpowder from beneath the Durham meeting-house, where it had been first concealed, to an underground magazine he built for it, leading from his own cellar, whence it was afterwards taken to Exeter and Bunker Hill. In recognition of his services he was appointed first major of the Second Regiment of Militia, November 13, 1775, by the Fourth Provincial Congress at Exeter.

Joseph Demerit was lieutenant in Colonel Wingate's regiment in Rhode Island in 1778, and several of the family served as privates. "John Demerit, Captain of the Parish," is the first signature in the list on the Association Test in Northwood in 1776.

Capt. Samuel Demerit, the oldest son of Eli<sup>2</sup>, was born May 8, 1723. He married, first, Elizabeth Randall, baptized, when an infant, by Rev. H. Adams, April 21, 1728, daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Randall of that part of Durham now called Lee, where he erected mills, was extensively engaged in lumber business and built a garrison which served as a refuge for the neighborhood in times of danger from the Indians.

Samuel Demerit settled in Durham on land which is still owned by his great-grandchildren. He received from Gov. Benning Wentworth, September 29, 1755, the commission of quartermaster in Col. John Downing's regiment of troopers, and was efficient in raising and equipping men for the Seven Years' War, as shown by the accompanying papers, as well as by others still extant.

April 5, 1765, in view of his services, he received the commission of captain from Gov. B. Wentworth in the Seventh Troop of Horse, Col. Clement March's regiment, and raised a company of gentlemen troopers in Durham and vicinity. His silver-hilted sword and other relics of his military services, are owned by Lucien Thompson, his great great-grandson.

Captain Demerit had 10 children by his first wife, of whom Samuel served as a private in Capt. Winborne Adams' company, that went from Durham in 1775. Nathaniel, the oldest son who lived to maturity, received the commission of first lieutenant, July 28, 1786, from his fellow-townsmen, Gen. John Sullivan, while president of New Hampshire.

Captain Demerit married, second, Bridget Williams, by whom he had two children. He died, October 22, 1770, nearly three years before his father, Eli, second of the name.

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MILITARY COMMISSIONS, OFFICIAL ORDERS TO  
SAMUEL DEMERITT AS QUARTERMASTER  
AND CAPTAIN, ETC.—1755-1768.

Commission of Samuel Demerit as Quar-  
ter Master 1755.

Province of } Benning Wentworth,  
New-Hampshire } Esq., Captain-General  
(Seal) and Governor in  
Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province  
of New-Hampshire in New England, &c.

to Samuel Demerit Gentleman Greeting.

By Virtue of the Power and Authority, in and by His Majesty's Royal Commission to Me granted, to be Captain-General, &c. over this His Majesty's Province of New-Hampshire, aforesaid: I do (by these Presents) reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, constitute and appoint You the said Samuel Demerit— to be Quartermaster of the Troop of Horse (in the Stead of James Drisco who has resigned in y<sup>e</sup> regiment of Horse of which regiment the Honble John Downing Esqr is Colonel.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Quartermaster in leading, ordering and exercising said Troop in Arms, both inferiour Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Quartermaster and your self to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions, as you shall from Time to Time receive from Me, or the Commander in Chief for the Time being, or other your superior Officers for His Majesty's Service, according to military Rule and Discipline, pursuant to the Trust in You.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms, at Portsmouth, the 8<sup>th</sup> Day of September in the 29<sup>th</sup> Year of the Reign of

His Majesty King George the Second,  
Annoq; Domini, 1755  
By His Excellency's  
Command. B. Wentworth  
Theodore Atkinson Secty.

1765.

[Commission of Samuel Demerit Esq. as  
Captain.]

Province of } Benning Wentworth,  
New-Hampshire } Esq; Captain-General  
(Seal) and Governour in  
Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province  
of New-Hampshire in New England, &c.  
To Samuel Demerit Esq— Greeting.

By Virtue of the Power and Authority,  
in and by His Majesty's Royal Commis-  
sion to Me granted, to be Captain-General,  
&c. over this His Majesty's Province of  
New-Hampshire, aforesaid; I do (by these  
Presents) reposing especial Trust and  
Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage, and  
good Conduct, constitute and appoint You  
the said Samuel Demerit to be Captain of  
the Seventh Troop in the Regiment of  
Horse in the Province aforesaid of which  
Regiment the Honourable Clement March  
Esq is Colonel.

You are therefore carefully and dili-  
gently to discharge the Duty of a Captain  
in leading, ordering and exercising said  
Troops in Arms both inferiour Officers and  
Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order  
and Discipline; hereby commanding them  
to obey you as their Captain—and your-  
self to observe and follow such Orders  
and Instructions, as you shall from Time  
to Time receive from Me, or the Com-  
mander in Chief for the Time being, or  
other your superior Officers for His Maj-  
esty's Service, according to Military Rules  
and Discipline, pursuant to the Trust re-  
posed in You.

Given under my Hand and Seal at  
Arms, at Portsmouth, the 11<sup>th</sup> Day of  
April in the Year of the Reign of His  
Majesty King George the Third, Annoq;  
Domini, 1765

By His Excellency's  
Command, B. Wentworth.  
T. Atkinson Jun Secr.

(Commission of Nathaniel Demerit as  
First Lieutenant—1786.)

State of The State of New-  
New-Hampshire Hampshire  
(State Seal)

To Nathaniel Demerit Gentleman  
Greeting.

We reposing especial Trust and Confi-

dence in your Fidelity and good Conduct,  
Do, by these Presents, constitute and ap-  
point you the said Nathaniel Demerit  
first Lieutenant of the fifth Company in  
the Second—

Regiment of Militia, in the said State of  
New-Hampshire. You are therefore care-  
fully and diligently to discharge the Duty  
of a first Lieutenant in leading, ordering,  
and exercising said Company in Arms,  
both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to  
keep them in good Order and Discipline;  
hereby commanding them to obey you as  
their first lieutenant and yourself to ob-  
serve and follow such Orders and Instruc-  
tions as you shall from Time to Time  
receive from the Commander in Chief of  
the Army, Navy, and Military Forces of  
said State for the Time being, or any your  
Superior Officers for the Service of said  
State, according to Military Rules and  
Discipline, pursuant to the Trust reposed  
in you, and to hold said Office during  
good Behaviour. In Testimony whereof,  
we have caused the Seal of said State to  
be hereunto affixed.

Witness John Sullivan Esq. President  
of our said State, at Durham the 20<sup>th</sup> Day  
of July Anno Domini 1786 and of the Sov-  
ereignty and Independence of the United  
States of America, the Eleventh.

\*Jno Sullivan

By His Excellency's Command,  
Joseph Pearson Secretary

On the back is the following endorse-  
ment:

State of August 7<sup>th</sup> 1786.

New Hampshire

Strafford. ss. Then the within named  
Lieut. Nathaniel Demerret subscribed the  
Declaration & took the oath of office be-  
fore me

John Smith 3<sup>d</sup> Jus peace.

Gentellm, Troopers that have Elisted  
your selves as Troopers under my Com-  
mand: By vertue of the governors orders  
to me in his majesty's name you are or-  
dered to meett me att my Dwelling house  
in Durham on fryday next the 19<sup>th</sup> In-  
stant att ten of the Cloock in the forenoon.  
Exeactly att that time and then aten  
further orders.

fall nott or you will answer your fine  
and that is £25—0—0 new tenor

Dated att Durham  
this 16<sup>th</sup> of September 1755

Daniel Rogers Capt.

Note.—This order is dated eight days  
after Samuel Demeritt's appointment as

\*The autograph of M. Weare, above the name of John Sullivan, was partly erased and crossed  
out by the secretary. Evidently a blank form a former president used.

*Capt. Samuel Demerit of the Provincial Period*

Quarter-master in Col. John Downing's regiment.

Province of New Hampshire } In pursuant of his Excellency the Governor Command to me Expressly that twenty of our Troop is to be Immediately Rais'd in order and well acquit to go on Duty at any place where we are Call'd therefore in his Majesties Name You are Required to Raise twelve men and to be Effective and well Acquit'd as the Law Directs & to be Ready at a Quarter of an hours warning hereof fail not & when Ready to Acquaint Your humble Sarvt

Daniel Rogers Capt  
P. S To Samuel Demerit  
Quarter Master—  
of ye 6th Troops of horse  
of the Province of New  
Hampshire  
Durham August ye 12th Day 1757.

Province of New Hampshire } To Quarter  
In his Majstys name you are Required to See that the men that are apinted to go on Duty are fited as the Law Directs Emeadately to march att a quartr of an ouer notis heare of fail not and you will oblige your Humble Servant

Daniel Rogers Capt.  
the men apinted are  
Stephen Wille 9 men under your  
Joseph wormwood Junr command from  
Edward Hill Durham are  
Stephen Sweet  
Stephen Leathers Stephen Wille Junr  
Thomas Leathers Benjam Buzell  
Jonathan Langly Stephen Leathers  
Benjamin Buzell Edward Hill  
Jonathan Rendal Joseph Wormwood Jun  
to march according to order

The above document has no date, but from the names in this and the following order it was evidently written before September 9, 1757.

The signature of Captain Rogers is lacking in the above order, but it bears evidence of the writer, as well as the accompanying orders.

Pro of Newhamps  
To Quater master  
Saml Demerrett

In Pursuance of the gouverner, orders to me Commanding me to Sea that Euery man that Belong to my Troop that was ordered to number 4 that has com hom thay Return to thair Duty or they will Be Delt with as Deserters—

Therefore In his Majestys name I comand you forth' with to notefy Thomas

Leathers Ben Buzell or aney other that you know of that has Returned to appar att my hous in Durham and thair to attend further orders hearof fall nott att your perill

Daiteted att Durham this 9th Day of September 1757.

province of Newhampshire }

this is to notify all the troopers in the parish of Madbery that Inlisted under Cap Daniel Rogers to appear at his house at Durham falls on tuesday at ten of the Clock in the forenoon with all your livery and Ammunition arms According to Law. fail not upon your peril— And I should be glad If you would Come by my house.

Samuel Demerit.  
Quarter master.

Durham October ye 11 Day 1760.

We the Subscribers Do hereby Signify our Consent & Desire to Join in a Company of horse that may be Raised in the Town of Durham & Parish of Madbury under Such officers as may be Appointed by the Honourable Benning wentworth Esqr Governor & Commander in and Over the province of newhampshire & Do hereby manifest our Desire that Such a Company may be Raised & that we will be properly Equipt in a Reasonable Time Time to Join in Such a Company in witness whereof we hereunto Subscribe our names this 27th Day of Sept 1764.

Daniel Meserve Jun  
Robert Hill.  
Beniamjn Gerrish.  
Jonathan meserve  
Samuel Jones  
John Emerson  
John Roberts Junr  
Timothy Moses Junr  
John Hill  
Beniam Chesla Junr  
Job Demerit Junr  
Samuel Emerson  
Joseph Demerit  
Solomon Demerit  
Zachariah Boodey  
Robert Hill  
John Demerit  
Clemet Meserve Jun  
Ebenezer Miserue.  
Abednego Leathers.

(The above were all autograph signatures.)

Durham March 20th 1765  
Sr: I understand Colonel March has sent

for you to Come down but I have seen Mooney and my advice is and also mooneys oppinion is that you may not goe until next Tuesday for some Reasons I will give you when I see you also I shall desire the favour of you and your wife and Daughter to favour me with your Company tomorrow at Mr. Daniel Missharveys.

I am Sr. your Humble Servt.

Nicholas Duda

Mooney is going Down with you to Colonel Marchs.

Note.—This letter is written in good handwriting, black ink, probably to Samuel Demeritt, who was promoted to captain in Colonel March's regiment and commissioned April 11, 1765, less than a month after the above letter was written. "Mooney" was Capt. Hercules Mooney, a neighbor of Captain DeMeritt. Captain Mooney was a colonel in the Revolutionary army.

Durham April 17. 1765

We the under Named Subscribers do hereby Inlist our Selves under the Command of Captain Samuel Demerit Esqr. in a Troop of horse in the Province of New Hampshire to Ride as Troopers under his Command of which Troop the Honourable Clement March Esqr. is Colonel.

Solomon Demerit  
Samuel Clark  
Joseph Jackson.  
Stephen Wille Junr  
Giordon Mathes  
hezekiah randel.  
Robert Hill  
David Davis sd  
Edward hill  
Thomas Lathers  
James Davis Junr  
Mason Rendel  
Joseph Lebbey  
Jonathan Meserve  
william Rendel Junr  
Job Demeret Junr  
John Ring  
Phillip yeaton  
Benning Brackett.  
Samuel Emerson.  
Timothy Moses Junr  
John Emerson Trumpeter of this Trope  
Richard Hull  
James Bonely  
Alpheas Chesley  
Joseph Wormwood  
Vollintine Mathes Junr  
Nathe Daniels  
Clement Meserve.  
Ichabod Bussell  
John Edgerley

Joshua Wiggin  
thomas gorge  
John Williams  
David Daniels  
Jonathan Williams  
Samuel Snell  
Josiah Burley  
George tute.

Gentleman Troopers.

(These also were autograph signatures.)

(A list of the company written by the same hand on same kind of paper; no date.)

Corprel Thomas Leathers.

Corprel Adward Hill

Corprel David Davis

Solomon Demerit

Samuel Clark

Joseph Jackson

Hezekiah Rendel

Robert Hill

Jonathan Meservie

William Rendal, Juner

John Rines

Philip Yeaton

Benning Bracket

Samuel Emerson

Timothy Moses, Juner

John Emerson

Richard Hull

Vollinton Mathas, Juner

Clement Mesarvee, Juner.

Stephen Willey

John Edgeley

Joseph Wormwood

Joshua Wiggins

Thomas Georg

John Williams, Juner

David Daniels

Samuel Hide, Juner

Jonathan Williams

Samuel Snell

Zachariah Boodey

William McDaniel

Moses Randel, Juner

Clement Daniels

For Capt Demerit  
at Durham

Greenland May 17<sup>th</sup> 1768.

Sir.

I have it in Command from His Excellency the Governor that he Requires & Expects that without Delay you Return me your Name & the names of your Officers & the Number of Troopers in your Troop &c.

NB. Expect it immediately without delay.

Clemt March.

Capt. Demeret.



# The Old New England Farm

*By Cyrus A. Stone*

Alone amidst the rugged lands  
Far from the traveled way,  
An old neglected farmhouse stands  
With its crumbling walls of gray.  
Its ample grounds where now are seen  
Rude thistle, brier and thorn,  
Once shone in loveliest robes of green,  
With fields of waving corn.

The flowers that bloomed by the farmyard gate,  
With fragrance filled the hall,  
And the robin sung to his answering mate  
In the trees by the orchard wall.  
All sweet home fancies clustered there  
And many a tender tie  
Was linked around those scenes most fair,  
As the fitting years went by.

Then Love appeared at the quiet farm  
And wrought his wondrous spells,  
With a nameless grace and an added charm  
And the sound of bridal bells.  
And Grief, alas! has tarried there,  
Bowing his sable plumes,  
And climbed with noiseless step the stair  
To the hushed and darkened rooms.

But faith affirmed, in every night  
Of parting and of pain,  
That somewhere in a world more bright  
They all would meet again.  
Such was the faith our fathers knew,  
Founded, as on a rock,  
It well became the tried and true  
Of the sturdy Pilgrim stock.

The old church stood on a ridge of land  
O'erlooking hill and vale,  
Like a beacon perched on a stormy strand  
Whose light must never fail.  
But from its fold, the grave, the gay,  
The bridegroom and the bride,  
Have turned with weary steps away  
To slumber side by side.

The pastor sleeps in a low, green grave  
By the river's winding shore,  
Where towering pines their branches wave  
High over the greensward floor.  
There, year by year, the light breeze thrills  
The air with breath of balm  
From the daisied fields and the wooded hills  
Of the old New England farm.

Now memory comes with a magic power  
That over my spirit steals,  
As the bell still rings in the lofty tower  
Its merry or mournful peals.  
Dreaming, there fall on my listening ear  
In accents soft and low,  
The same sweet strains that I loved to hear  
So many years ago.

Again I hear the grand old hymn  
Ring out its clarion call,  
"Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him Lord of all."  
Those voices hushed to our broken lyres  
Far over the golden sands,  
Are mingling now with the angel choirs  
In temples not made with hands.

There came a time in the years gone by,  
When war's wild notes were heard,  
When the startling shock of the battle cry  
All patriot hearts had stirred.  
Then the farmer boys their offerings gave  
To the cause of truth and right,  
And fought, with the bravest of the brave,  
In the foremost of the fight.

In shot-thinned ranks they took their stand  
Where bloody fields were won,  
But they never came back from the summer land  
When the terrible war was done.  
True to the flag, to their country true,  
In groves of Southern palm  
Are the soldier graves of the boys in blue  
From the old New England farm.

A stranger stands at the old farm gate,  
Strange voices fill the hall;  
The robin still calls to his wandering mate  
In the trees by the orchard wall;  
But never again in this life so brief,  
Those hearts once true and warm  
Will thrill with joy or throb with grief  
On the old New England farm.

# The Human Countenance

By George Bancroft Griffith

Philosophers declare that the body is adapted to the habits and uses of the species, and of the individual soul with which it is connected; and by close trains of reasoning, they prove this adaptation to be so manifold and complete as to indicate that the agent that forms and moulds these peculiarities is the same that uses and applies them. As the body is moulded by the soul, the body in return manifests the soul to those who have eyes to see spiritual things. Yet, despite the faithfulness of Nature to law in all her workings, what are all other mysteries to us compared to the mystery written on *human faces*?

As no one is able to sound to its wondrous depths in his own heart, it need not surprise that little thought is given to the riddles that we are unceasingly offered to solve. We are, day after day, confronted with the presence of an aggregate life, and the teachings of the spiritual nature are like dreams filled with confused meetings and undeterminable shapes.

There are faces which we meet in the streets into which has passed a subtler mystery than the mind can think on. They belong to that highest type of face of which the standard is thought. They are of the order of face that provokes speculation while it repels it. We would give something to know whence comes that subtle thing which has so marvelously incorporated itself with the physical lineaments. It may be born of trouble, a trouble that has fastened upon the face and teased it into beauty, as the wind makes beautiful the snowflake. Trouble there surely has been, for there is no mystery without sadness; and the sad mystery of these faces must have been wrought by the vexing of years.

The specially Chinese form of politeness is what, for want of a better

phrase, we must call "Face,"—the exact translation of the Chinese word. Every Chinaman has enveloping him a delicate structure of mental and moral rights and privileges which he calls "Face." It is his object in life to preserve his face intact—to save his face and to save the face of those with whom he comes in contact. We, in part, acknowledge the existence of "face" when we say that we did not mention such a thing to a friend because we were afraid of putting him *out of countenance*. Again, we say of any humiliation suffered by a neighbor, that the poor man was thoroughly put out of countenance. The Chinese have developed this line of mental sensitiveness to the utmost. It is as important to save a man's face in the course of any transaction as to avoid calling him bad names, or kicking him down stairs. To destroy a man's face is the worst of all injuries, and would only be resorted to under extreme provocation. No doubt the highland chieftain, or the knight of the Middle Ages, often thought of his honor as a Chinaman thinks of his face. When the Black Prince waited on his prisoners at table, he probably did so with the kindly intention of saving their face and of increasing his own. Again, Francis I's "All is lost but honor" was doubtless intended as a proclamation to his subjects that he had not lost face.

European nations, as well as our own, might learn something in this matter from the Chinese. If people in general were more careful about saving their neighbor's face, they would find the world an easier place to live in. Those whom we call *par excellence* men of the world—meaning thereby not worldlings, but "men of the world who know the world like men"—unconsciously make great efforts to save the face of those they

have to do with. If a really astute man of business has to do or say something disagreeable to a subordinate, to show him that he has made a fool of himself, or to reprove him for a breach of duty, he takes care to do so in such a way as not to utterly humiliate the subordinate. He saves the subordinate's *face* even while he is reprimanding him, knowing that the lesson will be as great, and that he will have built up rather than injured the man's *amour-propre*. A subordinate, once thoroughly humiliated, will never be of much good again; he will be like a dog that has been cruelly beaten—cowed and hand-shy for the rest of his life.

We sometimes meet faces that seem wanting in depth, albeit they are full-fraught. Such faces are falsehoods. Yet they are false unknowingly. They cannot speak the mind; the lineaments are of the hardest marble. Nature's chisel has worked dexterously enough its part; but life has failed to penetrate the granite front. It has avenged its incapacity by certain deep seams; but all delicacy is wanting. We miss the luminous effect, the shining of the soul behind. Such faces come upon us rudely, but not with the disappointment of immaturity. The full fruition of a divine art is there; only its coarseness blunts our sympathetic perception. Yet we need not forget that to the cunning eye God is as visible in the rude root as in the rose. Nay, he symbolizes his workmanship by what is false and fair. The scowl of the murderer, the greeting of lover's eyes, are the productions of the same art, each exquisitely perfect in its kind.

There are faces that haunt the memory, where met, when encountered, may not be recalled. They stand out from the darkness of night and fade and faint along the dreams of sleep. You have seen them in the streets, but did not pause to consider them at the time. There was nothing, indeed, so it seemed, about them to

startle you into attention. It is only when they re-appear that they surprise, or alarm, or terrify.

There are faces to be encountered all dispassionate, save in the eyes which burn with the passions that deny their intelligence to the face. When the wearers of such fleshy masks die, their souls escape through their eyes. They would find them the only outlet. With other men the spirit might depart as the perfume departs from the flower. The soul seems to chafe at being pent up within such narrow limits as the eyes. You can see it dilating and contracting upon the keen retina, as one who approaches a window to find egress and retires, and returns again and again.

There are faces which all men meet, which all men know, which all men love. When they re-appear unto the eye they do not haunt, they soothe. They are ministering faces, faces which seem crowned, like a saint, with a halo of light of whose subtle irradiation the heart is alone sensible. In such faces is to be found no personification of the darker emotions of life. The lips and the eyes are genial with a tenderness to which wisdom has imparted the exquisite refinement of a faint sadness. Such faces cannot offend, neither in their rejections or in their beseechings; neither in their gladness when confronting despair, nor in their peacefulness when opposing anger, nor in their love when facing hate. Upon them humanity has stamped its fairest impress. They are not more describable than faces which are weird, or cunning, or intellectual, or haughty, or depraved. But they embody the idealism all thinkers on the Madonna, all painters of Charity, all dreamers of some sweetest achievement of God, strive to realize.

Returning briefly to the practical side of our subject, we note that the successful schoolmaster, though he may be exceedingly strict, yet in effect remembers that boys are all face, and

acts accordingly. He does not break and destroy their *amour-propre*, even when most severe. If men would make it their rule in life always to consider that their neighbors have a right to have their face saved, a great deal of useless humiliation—humiliation, remember, is one of the keenest

miseries there is—would be got rid of, and the world would go far easier. In this one respect, China, the most ancient of civilized peoples, may teach us a lesson. "Face" is a human quality which we ought never to ignore.

## A Song of Songs

*By C. C. Lord*

Oh, once a tiny stranger came!  
 Stars feebly burn. A tender arm  
 Upheld the life that, like a flame,  
 Beamed softly. Pleasure bides with calm.  
     In rhythmic flow,  
     A voice sang low,  
 With words to soothe and tones to charm:  
     Time, bye away!  
     Time, bye away!  
 The bud will turn to bloom for aye:  
     Let sighs away!  
     Let cries away!  
 The morn is bursting into day.

Oh, two stood up and, hand in hand,  
 Pledged something sweet! How rare is light  
 When sunshine blesses all the land!  
 Fair youth exalted, robed in white;  
     And then, for gain  
     Of joy, a strain  
 Of rapture rang with all its might:  
     Care, hie away!  
     Care, hie away!  
 The bud will turn to bloom for aye:  
     Let sighs away!  
     Let cries away!  
 The morn is bursting into day.

Oh, one lay still, and cold, and pale;  
 The couch was low and wet with tears.  
 Sad woe comes lisp'ing on the gale  
 That haunts the wan and faded years.  
     But still a song,  
     With fervor strong,  
 Breathed hope triumphant over fears:  
     Soul fly away!  
     Soul fly away!  
 The bud will turn to bloom for aye:  
     Let sighs away!  
     Let cries away!  
 The morn is bursting into day.

# Released

*By L. J. H. Frost*

With slow, uncertain steps he walked the streets  
Of the great city. Neither home nor friends  
Had he. But yesterday a prison's doors  
Opened to give him exit, for justice  
Had in full been meted out to him. For  
Ten long, weary years he labored, praying  
That he might live to see the day that he  
Could feel himself a free man, who could have  
A lawful right to God's fresh air and stand  
Unchallenged in His glorious sunshine.

And this day his prayer was answered; yet his  
Heart was heavy, for he felt the leaden  
Weight of loneliness pressing upon him.  
All faces were averted. No friendly  
Hand reached out to him in kindly sympathy.  
Some evil wind, it seemed to him, had told  
His history and said—"You must not trust him  
For was he not convicted of a crime?"  
What if it was another who had done  
The deed? He would not prove it; so he went  
Out silently to bear the penalty  
Of his brother's sin. And deep within his  
Heart the secret will be hidden, until  
Revealed by the unsealed records of the  
Great hereafter.

To shield his young and only  
Brother, the idol of his mother, he  
Had branded his own name with shame and made  
A sacrifice of love and liberty.  
But long ere this that erring brother had  
Been called to stand before God's tribunal;  
And the broken-hearted, widowed mother  
Had folded her hands and closed her tear-dimmed  
Eyes in death's sweet slumber.  
And so today the freed man walked alone;  
With a great hopeless weight upon his heart,  
Praying the good Creator to take back  
The life He gave.

The world is wide; and yet  
No door opened to give him entrance. If  
But one, whose heart was full of love to God  
And man, would reach a hand to him and call  
Him brother, he the fallen one, could rise  
Again. Must he, because condemned  
By law, be trodden under feet of men?  
Alas! for the dearth of Christian charity!

O Father of Angels! look down  
In pity upon this soul of Thine own  
Creating. Guide Thou his footsteps; shield him  
In the hour of fierce temptation from the  
Snares of sin and send some human friend  
To comfort him.

# New Hampshire Necrology

## WILLIAM J. BELLOWES.

William J. Bellows, one of the oldest members of the New Hampshire bar, died at his home in Littleton, August 29.

He was a son of Maj. Joseph Bellows, born in Rockingham, Vt., July 3, 1817, and was, therefore, in his ninetieth year at his decease. He was educated in the schools of Bellows Falls, Vt., and Walpole, N. H., and at the Waterford (Vt.) Academy. He was a traveling salesman for a while in early life, but in 1842 entered the office of his brother, the late Hon. Henry A. Bellows, subsequently chief justice of the Supreme Court, at Littleton, as a student at law. He was subsequently admitted to the bar and practiced in partnership with his brother until the removal of the latter to Concord in 1850. He continued the practice alone until 1854, when John Farr was associated with him, the firm of Bellows & Farr continuing till 1859. In 1861 Mr. Bellows was made postmaster of Littleton, holding the office for seven years; meanwhile for several years also editing the *People's Journal*, a Republican weekly newspaper.

After his service as postmaster he was for a time a member of the hardware firm of H. L. Tilton & Co., and later was associated with his son, William H. Bellows, in general trade. Mr. Bellows served for several years on the Littleton board of education, being one of the original members, and was for a time president of the board. He was a Whig in politics, originally, and a Republican from the organization of the party. In religion he was a Unitarian. August 12, 1847, he married Caroline Bullard, a daughter, Mary, and a son, William H., of the firm of Bellows & Baldwin, survive.

## REV. CLEOPHAS DEMERS.

Rev. Cleophas Demers, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Martin, at Somersworth, died August 13, 1906.

Father Demers was born at Levis, Quebec, November 7, 1847. He studied at Levis College and the seminary at Quebec, pursued his theological course at Memramcook, N. B., and was ordained a priest at St. John, N. B., March 4, 1872, for the diocese of Portland. He began his work as vicar of St. Anne's Church, Manchester, N. H. He was then made curate at Frenchville, Me., and two years later, February 6, 1875, was appointed by Very Rev. J. E. Barry, then administrator of the Portland diocese, to the parish

work of St. David's, Madawaska, Me. Subsequently he was for several years engaged in mission work in Aroostook County, but was called by Bishop Healy to Somersworth, October 7, 1882, where he ever after remained. Occupying a hall for masses, at first he immediately set about the erection of a church, which was fully completed in 1889. Subsequently he established a parochial school and convent. He was eminently successful as a parish administrator and popular with the general public.

## CHARLES E. PLUMER.

Charles E. Plumer, born in that part of Gilmanton now Belmont, October 29, 1831, died in Gilmanton July 27, 1906.

He was the son of Joseph and Sally (Lamprey) Plumer, with whom, in his infancy, he went, upon the death of Levi Hutchinson, whom Elizabeth Plumer, mother of Joseph, had married as a second husband, to reside with her in Gilmanton; and on the same homestead he remained until his death. Starting in life a poor boy, being thrown upon his own resources by the death of his father when 14 years of age, he carried on the farm and added to it, engaging to quite an extent in outside business, until he became one of the most prosperous and successful farmers in that section of the state, being at the time of his death the largest landholder in Gilmanton and probably in Belknap County. He was a familiar figure in Laconia, where he marketed large amounts of farm produce, including maple syrup, in the manufacture of which he was the first farmer in the county to engage extensively.

Politically Mr. Plumer was a Democrat, and voted for every Democratic candidate for president, from Franklin Pierce to Alton B. Parker, including William J. Bryan, and was a subscriber to the *Laconia Democrat* from its establishment in 1849 to the day of his death. He never aspired to public office, but served his town as tax collector and was the candidate of his party for representative.

He married, April 7, 1853, Mary H. Moody, daughter of Stephen M. Moody of Gilmanton, a direct descendant of William Moody, one of the first settlers of Ipswich, Mass., and a great-granddaughter of Capt. John Moody, a soldier of the Revolution. Two children also survive—a daughter, Mrs. Frank H. Fowler of Belmont, and a son, William A. Plummer, the well-known lawyer of Laconia.

GEORGE W. FITTS.

George W. Fitts, a well-known inventor, and the oldest citizen of South Hampton, died in that town on Sunday, August 26, aged 94 years, two months and 21 days.

He was a native of the town, born on the old homestead where he died, being a descendant of Roger Fitts, one of the original proprietors of Salisbury, Mass. He had resided in South Hampton for the greater part of his life, but for a time had a contract for prison labor at Concord which he employed in the manufacture of scales, picks, etc., of his own invention. He also for a time had a similar contract in Rhode Island. Since 1859 he has lived continuously in South Hampton. Among his inventions was one of the first power corn-shellers ever put upon the market, which won him a silver medal at the American Institute fair in New York.

Mr. Fitts had served his town as selectman, treasurer and representative in the Legislature, was an officer of the Old Home Week organization and had been for 40 years a deacon of the Baptist Church. His wife, who was Ruth B. Ingalls, died several years ago after 55 years of married life. Three children survive—Mrs. Frank B. Swain of South Hampton, Mrs. D. O. Waldron of Somerville, Mass., and Mrs. Laroy F. Griffin of Roselle, N. J.

THOMAS A. ADAMS.

Thomas A. Adams, born in Gilead, Me., October 4, 1829, died in Gorham, N. H., August 3, 1906.

He was the son of Eliphalet and Mary (Peabody) Adams, and was educated in the public schools and at Gould's Academy, Bethel, Me. He was for a time a clerk in a store in Bangor, but removed to Gorham in 1853, where he became agent of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence, now the Grand Trunk Railway, continuing 43 years.

In December, 1897, he was appointed postmaster of Gorham, holding the office over eight years, till his retirement last February. He was for many years a trustee of the Gorham Savings Bank. He was deeply interested in education, and was instrumental in the maintenance of a private school in Gorham for many years, before the development of the present town school system. He was also a fine musician and sang in the Congregational choir for 25 years.

Mr. Adams married, November 17, 1856, Miss Mary A., daughter of Brooks C. Flanders of Gorham and Lydia H. Fogg of Concord. Two children were born to

them—Charles Francis, now of the Richardson & Adams Company of Salt Lake City, Utah, and Mrs. Edith H. Richardson, for a year or more and at present in Dresden, Germany, where she is studying music.

CHARLES R. MILLIKEN.

Charles R. Milliken, who neither a native of New Hampshire nor a resident of the state at the time of his decease, may be regarded as a proper subject for notice in this department from his long connection with New Hampshire interests, died at his home in Portland, Me., August 14.

He was a son of Josiah and Elizabeth (Freeman) Milliken, born in Poland, Me., December 12, 1833. He was educated in the schools of the town of Minot, and at Hebron (Me.) Academy. He engaged in mercantile business in Portland, and continued the same many years. About 1876 he became interested in the Glen House property at Gorham in this state, and with his brother became proprietor thereof, together with the extensive stage line connected, which he managed for a long series of years. He rebuilt the Glen House, on a large scale after its destruction by fire in 1884, and continued its management until it again burned in 1893. He established a wide reputation in this connection, entertaining many distinguished people, and was deeply interested in the development of the mountain business.

Later Mr. Milliken was largely engaged in paper manufacturing at Mechanic Falls, and was extensively interested in various Portland corporations.

ISAAC L. MITCHELL.

Isaac Lewis Mitchell, born in Exeter, August 26, 1846, died in Haverhill, Mass., July 25, 1906.

Mr. Mitchell was one of nine children of Lewis and Frances (Wedgewood) Mitchell. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the *Exeter News-Letter*, and, with Andrew J. Hoyt, purchased the equipment of the *American Ballot*, a former Exeter weekly, published from 1857 to 1865 by Thomas Whittem. They removed it to Haverhill and founded the weekly *Bulletin* and later a daily issue. With the management of the *Bulletin* Mr. Mitchell was identified until its discontinuance about ten years ago, at first in partnership with Mr. Hoyt and later with his brother, Warren Hoyt, of Danville. He was a Mason of Knight Templar rank, a regular attendant at the Baptist Church and a man of many sterling qualities.



## Editor and Publisher's Notes

The observance of "Old Home Day" throughout the state, last month, was more general than has been the case in any previous year since the institution of the festival seven years ago, at the suggestion of Governor Rollins, mainly carried out by the efforts of the organization known as the "Grange," or Patrons of Husbandry. There were fewer elaborate celebrations than usual, the most notable of these being in the town of Tamworth, where ex-President Cleveland, now a summer resident of the town, Governor McLane and ex-Governor Bachelder were among the speakers, the tendency generally being toward less formality and expense, and more genuine sociability and good cheer, in accordance with the true spirit and purpose of the institution. An informal gathering of the old home-comers and the townspeople in the morning, in grove or hall as the case may be; a picnic dinner on the shady lawn at the noon hour, and a programme of exercises in the afternoon, consisting mainly of short addresses in a reminiscent vein, by former residents, interspersed with appropriate music, make up the generally accepted and eminently satisfactory order of observance. This plan was largely carried out this year, a typical illustration being afforded in the town of Lempster, in Sullivan County, where the festival has been observed regularly, along this line, from the start, the absent children and their descendants coming back in goodly numbers to the old home town. Among those present this year was the wife of Assistant Attorney-General Robb of Washington, D. C., a daughter of Dr. O. M. George of Bellows Falls, Vt., one of Lempster's successful sons.

Just at this time the people of New Hampshire are witnessing an unusually active and somewhat heated canvass for the gubernatorial nomination of the dominant party in the state. Hard names are being called and much excitement manifested by those directly engaged, with how much or how little justification it is not the province of this publication to determine. It may not be inappropriate to say, however, that the welfare of the state depends much more upon the character of the Legislature to be chosen in November, than upon the gubernatorial nomination of either, or both, of the great political parties. Neither party will nominate for governor one who is not a fairly able, reputable and patriotic citizen, who will fairly administer the law as he finds it. What New Hampshire wants today, above all things, are educational progress, highway improvement and forest preservation and conservation. A Legislature that will look out for these things is of vastly more account than the personnel or the politics of the governor.

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Agricultural fairs and political conventions will largely command the attention of the people during the present month. These are all well in their place, and should be made the most of by those specially interested in each particular instance. The best possible display of exhibits should be made at the fairs, and a full measure of encouragement extended in the line of attendance; while the best possible nominations should be made at the conventions. Such results contribute to the general welfare and prosperity of the state.





**ELLA H. J. HILL**

(Mrs. William W. Hill)

*President of New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs*

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## A Prime Factor in a Great Movement

*By H. H. Metcalf*

The movement for the legal and political enfranchisement of woman, placing her upon a basis of equality with man, before the law and *behind* the law—the latter position of infinitely more importance than the former—has made great advance in recent years, in all quarters of the globe, from Finland to New Zealand. In our own state of New Hampshire, although less has been accomplished in the way of statutory results than in some other states of the Union, or in some other countries where even less was to have been expected, there has been a stride forward which gives promise of substantial achievement in that direction in the near future.

The great and assumedly crushing argument against the enfranchisement of woman in the past has been the fact, actual or assumed, that women themselves—the vast majority of them—do not ask, and do not desire, to be clothed with the same rights, privileges and duties under the law that men possess, chief among which is the right of suffrage or the elective franchise, and the sturdiest male opponents of the movement have, almost always, declared that when it shall be made to appear that woman really desires the ballot, her right thereto should be established and confirmed through the necessary statutory and constitutional enactment. A powerful demonstration of the fact that the women of New Hampshire are coming to a realizing sense of the need and the value of the ballot in their hands, as a means for the promotion of great

and worthy ends, has been furnished during the present year, by the unanimous adoption of a resolution in favor of equal suffrage, by the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, at its last annual meeting in Plymouth in May.

This federation or combination of women's organizations, now embracing 80 different local clubs, with a total membership of nearly five thousand, was organized in Concord in October, 1895, its first president, and a leading spirit in the organization movement being Mrs. Lilian C. Streeter, then president of the Concord Woman's Club, who, since her term of active service, has been honorary president. Only about one fourth the present number of local clubs joined in the organization at the start, by far the greater portion of them having been themselves established since the Federation was formed; the club movement, in fact, having been given a strong impetus throughout the state through the organization of the Federation, the object of which, as stated in Article II of the constitution, is "to bring the Women's Clubs of our state into communication for acquaintance and mutual helpfulness, and to promote the highest interests of the state."

Up to this time there had been no community of interest or purpose among the various Women's Clubs of the state, of which there were some twenty-five in existence, not all joining the Federation at the outset, as, indeed, quite a number now existing

remain unfederated. These local clubs had been formed by women in their respective communities for purposes of social intercourse, literary and historical study and mental development, with no object, as a rule, beyond the pleasure and improvement of their respective members. The Manchester Shakespeare Club, the oldest member of the Federation, which claims the distinction of being the oldest Woman's Club in the state, has had, as its prime object, from the first, the study of the works of Shakespeare. Others have a more varied field; but it has been only since the establishment of the Federation, with its purpose of mutual helpfulness and the promotion of the state's highest interests, that the attention of the clubs, or their membership, has been directed, in any considerable measure, to work for the advancement of the public welfare.

The Federation itself, through committees and otherwise, has given attention to the matters of art, civics, education, economics, forestry, legislation, child labor, sociology, library extension, and other matters of vital importance in their bearing upon the general welfare; and through the impulse and stimulus thus given, the various clubs, or many of them, have labored along these lines, while the members have necessarily familiarized themselves with parliamentary law and practice in larger measure than has the average male citizen. It is through this work, and for the better promotion of the objects in view—the betterment of their respective communities and the state at large—that these women, the majority of whom a dozen years ago had never thought of such a thing as asking for the ballot for themselves, and many of whom would, doubtless, have strongly resisted the suggestion that they would ever be found favoring the equal suffrage movement, have come to give the same their unqualified endorsement. With these 5,000 of the most intelligent, cultured and progressive

women in the state, through their duly authorized representatives in the State Federation, demanding this fundamental right of free government, we may safely conclude that the day is not far distant when it will be granted.

The officers of the Federation include a president, two vice-presidents, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer and auditor, who together, constitute an executive board to transact routine business, and attend to such special business as may arise in the interim of the regular meetings. The presidents of the local federated clubs, with the executive board, constitute a council "to consider and promote such measures as may advance the interests of the Federation." Various standing committees are appointed at the annual meeting, whose chairmen also become members of the executive board. Any woman's club in the state, whose objects are in harmony with the purpose of the Federation, is eligible to membership.

Two stated meetings of the Federation are held each year, the annual meeting, now held in May, and a field meeting arranged for by the executive board, at which a meeting of the council is also called, and reports of club work presented by each club president or representative. The annual meetings, thus far, have been holden as follows: At Concord, for organization, in 1895; Manchester, 1896; Somersworth, 1897; Milford, 1898; Portsmouth, 1899; Nashua, 1900; Keene, 1901; Dover, 1902; Manchester, 1903; Boston, Mass., 1904; Concord, 1905; Plymouth, 1906. The field meetings have been held, thus far, at North Conway in 1896; Plymouth, 1897; Sunapee, 1898; North Conway, 1899; Boston, Mass., 1900; Isles of Shoals, 1901; Profile House, White Mountains, 1902; Centre Harbor, 1903; Franklin, 1904; Peterborough, 1905; Whitefield, 1906. The last field meeting, at Whitefield, on the 26th and 27th of

last month, was one of the most interesting and successful in the history of the organization, and was held at the Mountain View House, whose landlady is a member of the Whitefield Woman's Study Club, the hostess club of the occasion, whose president, Miss Irene B. Parker, voiced a hearty welcome, to which Mrs. Ella H. J. Hill, president of the Federation, felicitously responded. About one hundred of the most prominent club women in the state were in attendance and the various reports and addresses gave evidence of encouraging progress.

Since its organization the Federation has had seven presidents—Mrs. Lillian C. Streeter, Mrs. Eliza N. Blair, Mrs. Susan C. Bancroft, Mrs. Sarah G. Blodgett, Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Mrs. Sarah C. Branch, and Mrs. Ella H. J. Hill, the present incumbent. The present board of officers, aside from the president, includes: Mrs. Jennie J. Webster, Plymouth, and Mrs. Addie M. Cook, Nashua, vice-presidents; Mrs. Edith LeGros Russell, Somersworth, recording secretary; Miss Mary C. Eastman, Concord, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Persis P. Green, Littleton, treasurer, and Mrs. Ella L. Follansby, Exeter, auditor. The chairmen of the several committees for the present year are: Art—Mrs. Martha C. Safford, Rochester; Civics and Folklore—Mrs. Eliza N. Blair, Manchester; Civil Service Reform—Mrs. Caroline R. Whittemore, Dover; Education—Mrs. Mary E. Pike, Lebanon; Schol-

arship Fund—Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth, Concord; Forestry—Mrs. Mary E. Woodman, West Lebanon; Household Economics and Pure Food—Mrs. Annie B. Shepard, East Derry; Industrial and Child Labor—Mrs. Harriet G. Burlingame, Exeter; Legislative—Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Portsmouth; Literature and Library—Miss Jennie M. De Merritt, Dover; Reciprocity and Club Extension—Mrs. Flora A. Spaulding, Manchester.

Ella H. J. Hill (Mrs. William W.), the present official head of the Federation, whose portrait is presented as a frontispiece of this number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, is a daughter of the late Hon. James W. Johnson of Enfield, and was educated at Tilden Seminary, West Lebanon. She is a woman of charming personality, rare intellectual gifts, great force of character and sound, practical judgment. She has long been active and prominent in the social life of Concord and of the state. She has been president of the Concord Woman's Club, is a member of the Board of Education and of its High School Committee and secretary of the board, and is also vice-president of the N. H. Woman's Suffrage Association. She is a leading member of the Unitarian society, and actively associated with various charitable, benevolent and educational organizations. All in all, she is a splendid representative of the best type of New Hampshire womanhood—in the home, in social life and in active labor for the betterment of the race.

## The Old Kitchen Floor

*By H. G. Leslie, M. D.*

Streaming in through the panes in Mem'ry's hall  
The love-light falls on the treasures of yore;  
The splint bottomed chairs, the rough spinning wheel,  
And e'en the cracks in the old kitchen floor.

The fireplace yawns with its soot-painted mouth;  
Above hangs the gun my grandfather bore,  
And even the mark where he struck the butt  
Still scars the board in the old kitchen floor.

*The Old Kitchen Floor*

He went out that day in the storm of war,  
When British troops had invaded our shore,  
And he came not back when the sun went down  
To stand on the old kitchen floor.

My grandmother wrought through the long, long days  
To win the bread for her brood, half a score  
That gathered around for many a year  
With unshod feet on the old kitchen floor.

When the years had fled with their toil and strife,  
The summons of Death was heard at the door,  
And they bore her out to a quiet rest,  
Her weary feet from the old kitchen floor.

Then other hands grasped the burden of care  
Her drooping shoulders had so bravely bore,  
And other feet trod the uneven way  
Of knots and cracks in the old kitchen floor.

And other hands turned the brown spinning wheel,  
With changeful thread of warp and woof galore,  
That go to make the checkered web of fate,  
Wove on life's loom on the old kitchen floor.

My father's care and my dear mother's love  
Will be the balm for our bruises no more,  
For out of the shadow, unto the light,  
They've passed away from the old kitchen floor.

The promise of wealth, of honor and fame  
Have proved as fruit that was rotten at core;  
All that is left is the lesson of faith  
A mother taught on that old kitchen floor.



# Agricultural Education

*By an Occasional Contributor*

Fifty years ago the idea that any young man who proposed to devote himself to the pursuit of agriculture as a life calling, or occupation, should spend time in attending school after he had acquired a fair knowledge of the common branches, so called, was regarded as absurd. All the general education that a farmer required was enough to enable him to read intelligibly, write legibly and make such mathematical computations as became necessary in the ordinary transaction of business. That he needed, or could make advantageous, any special technical training in his work as a farmer, except such as was to be secured by engaging from day to day in its regular pursuit, was considered no less preposterous than that he required the general mental culture and discipline essential in the training of those engaging in the learned professions, so called.

The situation today, however, is vastly different. Through the organization of the Grange, or order of Patrons of Husbandry, through whose influence the farmer has come to regard himself as of equal importance, socially, politically and every other way, with the man of any other class or occupation, and through the influence of the farmers' institutes, established under the auspices of the Board of Agriculture, which came into existence at about the same time as the Grange, it has come, eventually, to be understood and acknowledged that, in order to attain the best measure of success in his occupation, the farmer needs thorough technical training therein, as much as the lawyer, the physician, the teacher, the manufacturer or the engineer; and in order to the complete discharge of his duty as a member of society and the body politic, of which he is an in-

dividual part, he should have the best general culture and education which it is possible for him to secure.

When the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts was established at Hanover, in connection with Dartmouth College, under an act of the Legislature of 1866, accepting the provisions of the act of Congress passed in 1862, donating public lands to the several states the proceeds of which should be used for the endowment and support of agricultural colleges, one at least in each state, very few students were found who cared to avail themselves of the opportunity presented, and those who did, in point of fact, were subjected to gross indignity at the hands of the students in other departments, who generally looked upon agriculture as a vulgar calling, and the education of its devotees as useless and uncalled for; so that, during the years while the college remained at Hanover it gained no popularity, and accomplished little for the cause it was designed to promote.

Since the further endowment of the institution by the general government, under the Morrill bill, in 1890, and its separation from Dartmouth and independent establishment at Durham, in 1893, through the acceptance by the Legislature of the munificent provisions of the will of the late Benjamin Thompson of that town, and the consequent increase in advantages offered, aided by the gradual development of public sentiment in favor of technical education, and especially the education of the farmer, through the agencies heretofore alluded to, there has been a decided increase in the number of students attending the college; the same becoming more marked since the thorough reorganization of the faculty and



management in 1903, when a former Professor of Agriculture was elevated to the presidency, and the agricultural department of the institution given the position which it was designed to hold, both under the acts of Congress and the state Legislature, as well as under the wills of its private benefactors.

Since the completion of the new building, specially designed for the

by any similar institution in the country; while the expense involved will be found less than that of attendance at most other colleges. The tuition is but \$60 per year, and the cost of board and room from \$4 to \$6 per week, so that the average expense reaches no more than \$250 per year at the most, or \$1,000 for a complete four years' course. A large number of scholarships, covering the amount



**Merrill Hall**

accommodation of students in the agricultural courses, known as Merrill Hall, erected in 1902 at a cost of \$30,000, and its thorough equipment for the work in hand, the sons of New Hampshire farmers, and all others desiring scientific instruction in agriculture, combined with that general education which fits them for the intelligent discharge of all the duties of American citizenship, will find at the Durham institution advantages offered equal at least to those presented

of tuition, are provided, decreasing to this extent the expenses of a considerable proportion of the students.

Aside from the regular four years' course, admission to which requires the ordinary college preparatory instruction, there is a two years' course in practical agriculture, provided for by act of the Legislature in 1895, open to those who can pass a reasonable examination in the ordinary branches taught in the rural schools. There are also winter courses in agriculture

and in dairying of 10 weeks each, for which no examination is required, and especially designed for the benefit of those who have a few weeks' time in the winter at their command and desire to devote the same to the profitable study of some of the principles

lor, is a native of Ohio, born near Wooster, in that state, 30 years ago. After graduating from a high school he attended the Wooster University three years, pursuing a literary course, and going thence to the University of Ohio, from which he grad-



**Frederick W. Taylor**  
*Professor of Agriculture*

of agricultural science, or the mastery of approved dairy methods.

The present head of the agricultural department of the college, or Professor of Agriculture, who came to the institution three years ago, in September, 1903, Frederick W. Tay-

uated as a bachelor of science in agriculture in June, 1900. He spent one year as an assistant at the Ohio Experiment Station, when he was appointed to service in the bureau of soils in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and was engaged

on soil survey work in different sections of the country until his resignation to accept his present position, in which he has demonstrated fitness and ability of high order, looking closely after the interests of his department, and manifesting a love for and inter-

welfare of the state. He has a wife and one child, is a fine musician and a member of the church choir, and an active figure in the social life of the community.

The assistant professor of agriculture, Edward L. Shaw, is also an Ohio



**Edward L. Shaw**

*Assistant Professor of Agriculture*

est in the practical as well as the scientific side of agricultural work and training. He has been a frequent speaker at farmers' institutes and before Granges upon agricultural topics and has entered heartily into the work for the promotion of the agricultural

boy, born at Newark, November 4, 1877. He graduated in the Latin course at the Newark high school in 1898, and receiving a scholarship, entered the Ohio State University in the fall of that year, graduating B. S. in agriculture in 1902. He was imme-

diately appointed assistant in agriculture in the Missouri State College, which position he resigned a year later, in 1903, to take his present position at Durham. Professor Shaw has charge of the animal husbandry work, and the improvement shown in the live stock at the college since taking charge of this work demonstrates well his ability in this direction. He was raised upon a large stock farm and had an excellent opportunity to acquaint himself with problems along live stock lines. Before reaching the age of 21 he was often seen in the show ring acting as judge of horses, cattle, sheep and swine at many of the county fairs in Ohio. Since being connected with the New Hampshire College, Professor Shaw has judged the live stock at many of the New England fairs, having acted in this capacity for the past three years at the Rochester Fair and the State Fair at Concord.

The subjects taught under animal husbandry at the New Hampshire College include the study of the various breeds of live stock, judging of the different breeds, the principles and problems of animal breeding, the subject of feeding and the study of the common diseases of live stock. At the present time Professor Shaw is very much interested in the sheep industry, and has already arranged some valuable experiments which will be of great value to the New Hampshire farmers who may be thinking of giving sheep a place on their farms, and enjoy the profits that they may

have in store for them if properly handled. The recently added equipment along the lines of poultry production will give the agricultural department an opportunity to study many questions confronting the business, and no doubt prove of much value to poultrymen throughout the state. Professor Shaw says that the young men in our state should awaken to the vast opportunities awaiting them along animal husbandry lines and take up work which is not only interesting but one of the leading factors in the improvement of American agriculture.

Professor Shaw is also married and has one child, he and Professor Taylor both marrying Ohio girls.

The number of agricultural students at Durham has increased in the 10 years, from 1895-'6 to 1905-'6, from nine to 68, and the number for the coming year promises to exceed that of the last, which was about 30 per cent. of the entire enrollment—a far smaller proportion, however, than should be the case, though larger than at many other state colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts. It behooves all friends of agricultural progress in the state, and all those who believe it to be the farmer's duty to make his calling honored and respected, and to hold himself on a par with men of other callings and professions in the activities of social and public life, to labor for a constant increase in the enrollment in this branch of the student body at Durham.

## Success

*By George Warren Parker*

Success consists in doing well  
Our menial tasks each day;  
The hero of life's battles stern  
Must win the petty fray.

# The Richest Prince

*By Fred Myron Colby*

Flashed the wine in jeweled beakers,  
Gleamed the lights o'er dais and wall,  
Where the four great German princes  
Feasted in their castle hall.

Cried the brave young Saxon Ernest,  
Glancing down the well-filled board:  
"Who's the richest prince among us?  
Untold treasures have I stored

"In my castle on the Elster;  
All my service is of gold,  
And my treasure chests are heavy  
With the silver that they hold."

Then arose the proud Elector;  
Lord of vineyards broad and fine;  
Lord of cornlands rich and pleasant,  
And of castles on the Rhine:

"Wine is as precious as silver,  
And grapes on my hillsides grow;  
And better than gold are the harvests  
They glean in my valleys low."

"Nay," said grand Bavaria's ruler,  
In his cool, disdainful way:  
"What are your grainfields and vineyards?  
What your silver and gold, I pray!

"I reign over prosperous cities,  
Where men are busy at mint and mart,  
And stately old Gothic cloisters  
Rich with their works of art."

But silver-haired Count Eberhard  
With wise blue eyes and mild,  
Spoke softly from his chair of state,  
And stroked his beard and smiled:

"Old Wirtemberg is wild and poor,  
Nor has it cities rich and fair;  
Yet in its dear old forests grand  
Do I hold one jewel rare.

"I am the richest prince of all,  
For in my rugged mountain land  
I'm beloved in lowliest cot,  
Nor fear I any foeman's hand."

For a moment there was silence  
In that stately banquet hall;  
Then up spoke the gallant Saxon:  
"He is richest of us all.

"Yea; thou hast but spoken truly,  
And we yield the palm to thee;  
Rich thou art in priceless treasures—  
Faith and love, and loyalty."

## Concord's First Capitalist

*By Joseph B. Walker*

The amount of property requisite to make a person prominently rich depends upon his environment. In New York, today, elevation to the highest rank in wealth demands the possession of millions of dollars. Half a century ago one or two hundred thousand sufficed, while in most small towns, the possession of a tenth of this amount made one prominent. If we look still farther back, we shall find that in Goldsmith's "Auburn," the village preacher  
"Was passing rich with forty pounds  
a year,"

and this was nearer the standard in Concord in the time of Col. Benjamin Rolfe.

Doctor Bouton tells us that "By inheritance and by his own industry and prudent management Col. Rolfe acquired a large property in lands," and that he "was accounted the richest man in Concord at the time of his decease" (in 1771). (Bouton's "History of Concord," pp. 555-556.) If the story of his life is not of very great general interest, from a Concord standpoint it is an important one.

Col. Benjamin Rolfe was the son of Henry Rolfe of Newbury, Mass., and was born in 1710. He graduated at Harvard College in 1727, but is not known to have fitted himself for any of the learned professions of his time. At that time the position of a student's name on the college catalogue

indicated the relative social standing of his family. His, in a class of 37, was the sixteenth.

His father was one of the original proprietors of the Plantation of Pennycook, which, in 1733, developed into the town of Rumford, under a Massachusetts charter and, later, under charters of New Hampshire, first (1764) into the town, and second (1853) into the City of Concord.

It was for the interest of Massachusetts that this new and remote settlement should be colonized by reliable persons in her interest and one is not surprised to find Mr. Henry Rolfe's two sons, Benjamin and Nathaniel, among its earliest inhabitants. The former, owing perhaps in part to his education acquired at college, and in part to a natural aptitude for legal and clerical work, was made Rumford's first town clerk in 1733. To this office he was annually re-elected until 1747, two years before the New Hampshire Assembly deprived it of town privileges, and when, in 1766, these were restored, he was called to resume the duties of this office for a period of two years more. He also served as clerk of the Proprietary from 1731 to 1771, when death removed him from this office. He had also served as clerk of the Massachusetts committee appointed in 1737 to meet the commissioners appointed by the crown to determine the boundary

lines between Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

This marked ability to keep accurate records, lucidly expressed and easily read, patiently and carefully exercised by Colonel Rolfe during a period of forty years, was a blessing not only to such of his contemporaries as had occasion to consult them, but to their successors as well. It was a great convenience also to his neighbors to have at hand a man versed in the law governing their common transactions and possessed of skill to draw the legal papers required as witnesses thereto.

The inventory of Colonel Rolfe's estate, made by sworn appraisers and filed in the probate office of Rockingham County, soon after his decease, is interesting as showing an amount of property which made a person of an interior New Hampshire town rich a century and a half ago, and a common manner of its investment. According to the return of these appraisers, the entire value of his estate amounted to four thousand, eighty-two pounds, ten shillings and eleven pence (£4,082 10s. 11d.). A little over half of this (£2,352 10s.) was invested in real estate, a little over one third (£1,533 2s. 1d.) in interest-bearing securities and the remainder (£196 19s. 7d.) in household goods, farm stock and utensils, one slave and "cash in house, £3 18s."

To anyone remarking that all railroad, city and industrial securities are conspicuously absent from this inventory, it may be said in reply that obliging promoters and city bankers' persuasive salesmen, with their first, second and third preferred, common, voting and non-voting stocks, together with their plain, mortgage, debenture, blanket and other kinds of bonds, had not been produced in financial evolution at the colonel's time. Nor had the lucid circulars which give and withhold valuable information in relation to these. How far he might have preferred such to his more comprehensible investments in land and

well-secured promissory notes, the writer cannot say. It seems, however, a plausible supposition that, he would not have allowed his love of gain to unduly affect his prudence.

This inventory has a farther interest, as it affords some insight into the home furnishings of a country gentleman of liberal education located on the Indian frontier an hundred and forty or fifty years ago. In its examination more in detail, it should all the while be kept in mind that the colonel had lived a bachelor until he had attained the mature age of nearly seventy years, when, having built the best house in the township, he installed therein the town minister's eldest daughter, some forty years his junior in age.

Quite high on the inventory of this estate stands his "watch," valued by its appraisers at two pounds, eight shillings and further on, his "books," at two shillings and eight pence. Considering his position in society, these certainly could not have been regarded as extravagances. His ingarded as extravagances. His investment, however, of 27 pounds, about nine times the joint amount of these, in "1 tankard, 2 cans, 12 spoons and one pair of sugar tongs," affords a marked contrast, as does the item of "3 looking glasses," valued at six pounds, 14 shillings and four pence. These suggest a possible division in domestic councils, in which the views of the fairer member prevailed. The "20 chairs," entered at two pounds, eight shillings, and the "3 bedsteads, beds and furniture," at 12 pounds, together with the "52 D of Pewter Platters, Plates, &c." at two pounds, six shillings and four pence, indicate a moderate hospitality as well as daily family living. It is to the colonel's credit that while he contented himself with "1 saddle and saddle bags," valued at 12 shillings, he insisted that his wife should have for her use "1 side saddle" worth two pounds, 14 shillings, nearly three times as much as his. In addition to

these, although wheel carriages for personal conveyance were then few, we also find on this inventory "1 shey," appraised at six pounds, devoted, doubtless, to their joint use. The three last entries afford unmistakable evidence that the master of this well ordered family was a kind husband, while the farther item of "3 pistels," valued at seven shillings, indicate that he was not only kind but valorous as well.

An inevitable regret is experienced upon learning that this halcyon sweetness of New England provincial life, blessed ere long by the birth of an heir, was of brief continuance. Doctor Bouton tells us ("History of Concord," p. 556) that Philip Eastman, upon coming home from a proprietors' meeting on the afternoon of December 21, 1771, said to his wife, "Well, Abiah, I have been to a meeting of the proprietors and have not had one word of dispute with Col. Rolfe. There was a good reason for it, for he died this morning."

To a person familiar with the early history of Concord, Colonel Rolfe appears as one of the ablest, most active and devoted friends of the welfare of its people. He possessed undoubted integrity, good judgment, intelligence and influence. He was also patient, accurate and industrious. Owing to his proficiency in the drawing of legal papers and the keeping of public records, he was continued by successive elections in the offices of the town and of the propriety during periods of unusual length. If on any occasion he may have shown a lack of the virtue known as "*suaviter in modo*," a lack which may, perhaps, have been compensated by a more than usual endowment of the quality often designated as "*fortiter in re*," it should be remembered that he lived in a stormy period and that until he was nearly three score and ten years of age he was largely deprived of the softening influences of intimate female companionship.

It should also be remembered that

to him, in a crucial time, his fellow citizens were largely indebted for the establishment of the validity of the title to their landed estates, and that today many indigent children of Concord should thank him for a plain education and support until they have attained self-control and the ability of self-maintenance.

A few words, in explanation, may be necessary to make these statements plain to persons not conversant with Concord's early history.

I. When the General Court of Massachusetts granted to its 103 proprietors the plantation of Pennycook, the common boundary lines between that province and New Hampshire had not been defined and both claimed ownership of this territory. Consequently, when in 1741 this line was determined and Concord was found within the limits of the latter province, the proprietors of a later grant by New Hampshire's General Court advanced the claim that the Massachusetts grant was void, and that the land embraced therein belonged to them, notwithstanding the declaration of the king that the establishment of the line, wherever it might be found, was to be jurisdictional only and would not affect the rights to private property.

Upon the settlement of this line, the Bow proprietors, as the New Hampshire grantees were called, assumed that the Massachusetts grant was void and the General Assembly, in which they were influential, taking the same view, created a District of Rumford, whose inhabitants were deprived of all municipal power except to raise money for the support of the New Hampshire provincial government, and made Concord a part of this district. This act, renewed from time to time with some modifications, remained in force until 1749, when, expiring by limitation, its re-enactment was refused.

Soon after the inhabitants of this devoted town had been reduced to this condition, the Bow proprietors began



a series of legal assaults upon them in the courts.

These were continued with varying results until 1760, when, apparently by agreement, a test case was prosecuted in the province courts to judgment for the plaintiffs; whereupon the defendants were granted an appeal to the King in Council in London. The various expenses attending the prosecution of this appeal required an immediate provision of 1,500 Spanish milled dollars. Towards this amount each of Concord's 100 proprietors was expected to furnish 15.<sup>1</sup> Under the circumstances then existing this was an impossibility, inasmuch as ready money was not among their assets; yet without it their appeal could not be maintained and their case was hopeless.

At this crisis Colonel Rolfe comes to the front, advances for each the required 15 dollars, accepting in return therefor his promissory note for a like amount.<sup>2</sup> The appeal was prosecuted in London to success, and the title to their lands was confirmed. In doing this, he knew, as well as they, the uncertainty of his security, and far better than they that the amount advanced equalled three quarters of all his money holding. But for the prosecution and success of this appeal, the ultimate title to all the land of the goodly City of Concord would doubtless have been found by the provincial courts in the proprietors of Bow and not in the actual settlers.

<sup>1</sup>On the 23d day of June, 1759, the Concord proprietors chose a committee to sell common land "sufficient to raise a sum of Fifteen Hundred Spanish Milled Dollars . . . said Sum to be applied for the Defence of the said Proprietors' Title to their said Township against the Claims which any Person or Persons shall or may lay to the same or any Part thereof, either in any of his Majesties Courts of Justice in this Province or in forwarding of an Appeal to his Majesty in Council." *Prop. Records*, vol. 2, p. 238.

<sup>2</sup>Some five years later, April 4, 1774, these proprietors "Voted that those Persons that gave the fifteen Dollar Notes in the year 1760 to Benj. Rolfe Esq, Decd Towards Defraying the Expenses of the Lawsuits with Bow, and have not Paid them, but are now in the hands of Benj. Emery, shall have them given up to them again, and that those Persons that did pay shall have money so far as till it is Expended which is now in the Proprietors hands, and if that is not sufficient, then to have Common Land in said Town Laid out to them for the Remainder. *Ibid*, vol. 2, p. 248.

Another interesting fact in relation to the colonel might be cited which goes to show that he not only afforded timely aid to his townsmen in this important crisis, but that in establishing a homestead for himself and family he was also unconsciously preparing an asylum for needy children of the town which he loved so well.

As before remarked, his married life was a brief one. His widow subsequently married Benjamin Thompson, who came to Concord about 1769 and taught the public school. Ambitious, young, fond of science and polite society, he became intimate with the provincial governor and naturally became involved in the antagonistic interests of the opposing parties at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. As a consequence, he was forced to leave Concord and joined the Tory forces in Boston in the fall of 1775. Shortly before the evacuation of Boston, the following spring, he went to London and was made under-secretary of state in the American department. While there his scientific attainments attracted the notice of members of the Royal Society, from whom he received flattering attentions.

Early in the eighties he left England and went to Bavaria, where, under Charles Theodore, the reigning elector, he was instrumental in the devise and introduction of important reforms in the agriculture, the army and the care and employment of the indigent class of that country, particularly of Munich, its capital. He remained here until the death of the elector in 1799, when he removed to England, where, and in Paris, he resided until his decease on the 21st of August, 1814.

In acknowledgment of his important services he was made by the elector a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, with the titular distinction of Rumford, once the name of the little New Hampshire town where his wife and child were born and for which he ever manifested a kindly interest.

By this title he has since been universally known both in Europe and America. Upon his death his title descended to his daughter Sarah, who passed the most of her mature life abroad, returning occasionally to visit her friends and former home. Her last return was in 1845, when she took up her abode at the Rolfe homestead, which had fallen to her as heir to her half-brother. Here she continued to reside until her death, December 2, 1852.

By her will she effected a charitable purpose long cherished by founding an institution for the education and support of indigent children born in Concord. To it she left her homestead and other real estate, together with an endowment for its perpetual maintenance, naming it The Rolfe and Rumford Asylum, thus perpetually associating the surnames of her father and of her half-brother's father, Col. Benjamin Rolfe, and affording an interesting instance of the transfer of the avails of private enterprise to private beneficence.

If it be remarked that an estate of

four thousand, eighty-two pounds, ten shillings and eleven pence hardly warrants the classification of its possessor as a capitalist, it may be said in reply that:

1. One hundred and fifty years ago the purchasing and other power of money was many times greater than it is today.

2. Appellations are graded by environment. In his time and place, surrounded by associates of modest means, Col. Benjamin Rolfe's \$20,000 gave him a pecuniary prominence which ten times that amount would afford him if living in Concord today.

3. However much or little of a capitalist Col. Benjamin Rolfe may have been, his 1,500 Spanish milled dollars, loaned to his neighbors in their extremity, saved to them their homes and entitled him to their lasting gratitude. There are times when to an individual or a company of individuals a dollar is worth more than a dollar. It was at such a time that the colonel made this loan to his neighbors.

## Alone

*By Minnie Louise Randall*

Sweetheart, thou art gone from me  
To realms above,  
But last night, I dreamed of thee  
And all thy love.  
Once more thy voice, thy presence dear,  
Made life so sweet, so full of cheer  
That just to live, was bliss divine.  
For thou wert near, my sweetheart, mine!

I woke. The morn was cold, and chill,  
And drear,  
And thou, dear love! thou wert not here,  
And my heart is breaking with bitter woe.  
Why have you left me—why did you go?  
Come back, sweetheart! I cannot live alone.  
A dreadful darkness wraps my soul around,  
Since you are gone.

# The Name Kearsarge

## Probability that it is of French Origin instead of Indian

By John S. Barrows

Students of the etymology of some of the names peculiar to natural objects, and presumably of Indian origin, are at times baffled in their attempts to reconcile peculiar terminations, prefixes and roots, as rendered into the English language, because the present spelling in many cases is a direct transcript of the early spelling, which was often peculiar to a locality; and as the spelling of our ancestors was not always according to the rules observed at the present day, the variations in the same word are often sufficient to make the authority of any rendering questionable. Another reason for diversity of spelling comes from the fact that the early attempts of the English explorers to render the liquid sounds of the aboriginal tongue into English words were not always accompanied with entire success. At the same time the French explorers who antedated the English in many localities, wrestled with the same problems, and their efforts in turning the Indian words into French-spelled words were not any more successful. Again, when the English explorers made use of the charts of the French voyagers, or of their information secured in various ways, their rendering into English of a French rendering of an Indian word carried them still further away from the exact spelling of the native word, therefore the present spelling is but a phonetic rendering of the word as it sounded to the French ears, and by the French tongue again pronounced and spelled: or by the same process the English language being used as the medium. It naturally follows that many of the Indian names peculiar to certain localities are beyond

the power of the translator, and the current translation is but purely speculative, using but a thin thread of association of ideas as the reason for.

Among the names which have baffled the etymologist, is that of the mountain in New Hampshire (Carroll County), which furnished the name for the corvette of the United States navy which sunk the Confederate cruiser *Alabama*. The mountain is named "Kearsarge," and its name is currently supposed to be of purely Indian origin.<sup>1</sup>

If its origin is Indian, it must be remembered that the Indian families which were peculiar to certain localities had dialects peculiar to themselves, and it is not always safe to translate the name of one locality by the key of another dialect. The Indians occupying the section of country where Mount Kearsarge is situated were the Pequaket tribe of the Abnaki division of the Indian families. These Indians occupied the territory between the headwaters of the Kennebec and Lake Champlain, including the country where the rivers Androscoggin, Saco and Presumpscot have their rise.

The Abnakis had five great villages, two among the French colonies, the villages of St. Joseph and of St. Francis de Sales in Canadian territory, and three on the rivers Saco, Kennebec and Androscoggin; and these

<sup>1</sup> This article is published as of interest in connection with the geographical nomenclature of the state, but the publication involves no endorsement of the idea that it was the Carroll County mountain for which the famous war vessel that sank the *Alabama* was named. That the Merrimack County eminence, whose foothills furnished the timber for its construction, and a granite boulder from whose base now marks the grave of its gallant commander, was had in mind when the name was bestowed has never been questioned by men familiar with all the facts, and was long ago established beyond reasonable doubt.

rivers furnished the natural avenues for travel through the pathless woods, and constant communication was kept up by the Indians between the localities. One of the rivers, the Saco, passed through the gorges and defiles of the White Mountains and along this the Indians could reach the head waters, and water shed which would lead them to the St. Francis River and their Canadian village. Today a part of the same route is the thoroughfare of railroad traffic, and the route of communication between Portland, Me., on the seacoast, and Montreal on the St. Lawrence River.

It is on this Saco River route that the Mount Kearsarge is located; being one of the group of the White Mountains, and a prominent figure in the landscape, and probably well known to the Indians as they travelled through the White Mountains.

The question can now be asked: Did the Indians name this mountain Kearsarge, and if so, what does it mean?

In order to answer this question a diversion into another locality is necessary. In the town of Warner, Merrimack County, N. H., there is a mountain, 2,943 feet high, which also is known as Kearsarge, so there are two mountains of the same name in the same state; in a country familiar to the aboriginal tribes, a most unusual condition, considering the astute nature of the Indian, who never repeated himself in his sentiments.

It is necessary in tracing the origin of the name to decide which of the two mountains is entitled to the name, and then the theory of derivation is made more easy.

It is a well-known fact that the Indians named the entire White Mountain system, "Waumbek Methna," in one dialect, and "Agiocochook," in another, meaning "The mountains with snowy foreheads." Hitchcock, in his geography of the White Mountains, says: "Thus, while solitary mountains throughout the state, like nearly all the rivers, still preserve the

names of their ancient baptism, always the last memorial of a departed race, the central portion of the White Mountains is wholly English in name and associations. We do not know that the Indians distinguished them by any other than a collective name. This, according to Doctor Belknap, in one dialect was 'Agiocochook,' and in another 'Waumbekket Methna,' signifying 'Mountains with snowy foreheads.'" As Kearsarge is one of the smaller mountains of the White Mountain range, according to this it was not dignified by the Indians with a distinctive name. The other mountain, rising alone from the plain, was called by the Indians "Cowisewaschook," which means "the cone of pines," or "place of pines."

Old Indian names have been well preserved where they have existed, and if the Carroll County mountain had been given an Indian name it would have been preserved, because the thoroughfare around its base became early known to the settlers, for, as Sanborn says in his History of New Hampshire, "The Indians were undoubtedly familiar with all the gorges and defiles which divide the White Mountains, and the far-famed Notch was probably threaded by them as they led their weeping captives from the early settlements of New Hampshire to Canada."

That the French discoverers early became acquainted with this route is evident, for Lescarbot in his history of New France, published almost 300 years ago, describes Jacques Cartier's voyage up the St. Lawrence in 1535, and contains a map on which the White Mountains, and even Kearsarge, are actually shown, an evidence that some of the voyagers must have travelled into the wilderness at some time either before or at that time.

It does not seem strange that the French map-makers indicated Kearsarge on their maps, in spite of the fact that it is over-topped by many other mountains in the chain, for this mountain was in a measure the gate-

post of the valley path-way. It is so located that the Saco River, the principal means of travel in the wilderness, skirts it in the long horse-shoe-shaped curve, and the peculiar cone of the mountain is in sight of the river channel for miles and miles; therefore after leaving the Notch on the southeastward journey, Kearsarge becomes the most prominent landmark, being visible even from the sea.

It was in all probability during one of the passages through the mountains by one of the French explorers that this mountain attracted his attention, and finding it had no name known to his Indian guides, undertook the responsibility of giving it a name suitable to its position, and called it "*Cœur Cierge*," "*The Heart of the Mountains*," for as he passed down the Saco River he would have encountered a large number of brooks and small streams which are tributary to the river, having their rise on the slopes of Kearsarge, estimated by local woodsmen at about forty in number. So the Heart of the Mountains would not have been a misnomer and would have pleased the imagery-loving Indian.

"*Cœur Cierge*" (pronounced *Kyar Syarrhje*, according to Meadows), translated into the Indian tongue, might have suffered some change, but enough could have been preserved by them to have been understood by Darby Field, the English soldier and explorer, who, in 1642, visited the White Mountains, taking his guides from the Pequawket Indians at their village, where is now the village of Fryeburg, Me.

It is not too much to suppose that on Darby Field's return from his explorations in the White Mountains, that he should have been pleased to give the name which he had heard given to a mountain so far away, to the one he knew in the interior of the state, preferring it to "*Cowisewaschook*," calling it another "*Kyar Sairhje*," till after ten years it be-

came known as "*Carsarga*," as Governor Endicott called it on his map.

Our early ancestors in this country were notoriously bad spellers. At times they could not spell the same word twice alike, and so the name of the mountain as attempted by map-makers and writers fared indifferently. On a map of North Chester (now Andover) of July 4, 1753, it is spelled "*Cier sarge*." Another authority spelled it "*Kiasagas*," "*Kiarsaga*," "*Kearsagia*." A map of 1652 gives it "*Carasaga*"; Samuel Willard, in 1725, spelled it "*Cusaga*" and "*Cusagee*"; in Blanchard's and Langdon's map in 1761 it is "*Kyarsarge*"; Bonn's map, "*Kyarsarga*"; in Belknap's map, 1794, "*Kyarsarge*"; in Holland's, "*Kyarsarga*"; Abner Clough's journal, in 1746, speaks of "*Currier Sarge River*." The proprietors of the town of Sutton spelled it "*Ceasarge*," "*Ciasarge*," "*Chia Sarge*," and "*Keyasarge*."

The investigations of the Appalachian Club revealed the fact that the maps and records of the Merrimack County towns do not appear to have attained to the present accepted orthography of Kearsarge until some years after the name of the Carroll County mountain had been correctly spelled in the records of the adjoining towns.

It has been claimed that the Warner mountain received its name from one Hezekiah Sargent, who lived on its slopes, but that theory is strongly contradicted by those well acquainted with the facts. As if in support of the suggested origin of two words, "*Cœur Cierge*," the name of the Carroll County mountain, the town records of Warner refer to the local mountain as "*Kier Sarge*," and again in 1781, as "*Kyah Sarge*."

These facts go to show that the name originated with the mountain in the White Mountain range, and that it is not of Indian origin. The poetic name is not inappropriate, and the evidence is all in favor of the

theory. It would be unjust to assume that it is not possible that Indian terms may be known which would by manipulation produce a similarity to the name as spelled at present, but when it is remembered that the present spelling is but phonetic, and the fact is true that there are no names extant of the White Mountain range, while the isolated mountains had names, the fallacy of such theory is useless.

It has been attempted to translate

Kearsarge to mean "pine mountain," but a study of the dialect peculiar to the locality shows the absurdity, for pine is "cowass," and is still extant in the name "Ossipee," "river of pines."

The exact solution of the name will always remain in a mystery, but such a degree of mystery is not inappropriate to the character of the mountain which lifts its 3,251 feet in solitary grandeur above its neighboring heights along the Saco valley.

## The Peace of Portsmouth: 1905

*By Charles Henry Chesley*

### I.

Is it true that some glad morning men will come with sword and spear  
To be beaten at the anvil into plow and pruning shear?

Is it true that from the Northland, from the South, the East, the West,  
There will run a thrill of pleasure to fulfil our God's behest,  
When the bayonet is rusted and the cannon lies at rest?

Yea, 'tis true that o'er the mountains and the plains fair Peace shall flit—  
Like a white-winged bird of blessing—as the word of Holy Writ;

That no more the lust for carnage and discordant battle din  
Makes a brother slay a brother or a father smite his kin:  
God in Heaven haste the coming of that day so pure of sin!

Hark almost we hear the winging of the snowy Dove of Peace,  
We can almost read the message, "God ordains that war shall cease."

In the East the wail of dying, in the West the cry was heard,  
And a mighty people answered and their hearts were strangely stirred,  
Till one honored in his wisdom dared to speak the crisis word.

In the distant ages linger darksome deeds when war was rife,  
And we drape Time's gilded curtain that we may not view the strife;

From the East the first man, Adam, sent a heritage of sin,  
From the West today is sounded a triumphant glory-din  
That has reached the ancient cities and is known of every kin.

It is well to be forgiven, it is noble to forgive,  
But who intercedes for others is the one whose deed shall live;  
Fair Columbia has triumphed, first in war and first in peace,—  
High her name shall be exalted, let her Leader's fame increase  
Till the might of his example may bespeak all strife to cease.

## II.

Nippon, garden of the gods,  
 Land of summer sun,  
 Budding rose and daisied sods  
 For your victories won.  
*But oh! who shall count the cost  
 And the valiant brothers lost!*

Sunrise in the eastern sky,  
 Cherry boughs abloom;  
 It is meet for men to die,  
 Maids to sit in gloom,—  
*"Is it not a glory-deed  
 For our native land to bleed?"*

Mothers wait with tearless eye  
 Tidings from the field,  
 Gallant sons have gone to die,  
 Nippon will not yield:—  
*"Better all our blood to spill  
 Than forego one dear home hill."*

Sages of the snowy head,  
 Ye who cannot fight,  
 Toss upon your palsied bed,  
 Dream your prayers by night:  
*"God of other days come nigh,  
 Nerve our men to do and die."*

## III.

The might of a million, the strength of the strong!  
 The dream of broad acres, the first ancient wrong!  
 It is Russia the Great,  
 The grim cradle of hate,  
 Whose soldiers march eastward, a wild Tartar throng.

*"We speed to the sunrise to conquer and kill,"*  
 The Cossack song sounded on bare steppe and hill;  
 They heard not a prayer,  
 Cared not but to dare—  
 No love for the home dales lent courage and will.

*"The riches are ours, the jewels and gold,  
 The garnered of ages by princes of old,  
 And who shall dare say  
 Or bar us the way  
 To beat down the gates of the innermost fold."*

Alas for the mighty! Alas for the vain  
 Who dream not of justice and righteousness' reign!  
 They drew valiant blood,  
 A dark crimson flood,  
 But found not the treasures their hope was to gain.

IV.

The summer sunset gilds the western sky  
And peacefully the birds fly home to rest,  
The god of war has laid his halberd by  
And all the scene is like our Lord's behest.

The river takes its message from the sea  
And brings it back again with restful charm;  
Night passes, and the dawn re-gilds the lea,  
Yet still no hint of strife, but peace and calm.

It is a fairer scene than Orient,  
It is a nobler picture for the pen;  
Fair Portsmouth, where the joys of peace are blent,  
Where men of master mind met other men.

And better it should be a place of peace,  
More honor, hers, than bloody Waterloo;  
Better the word go forth that war shall cease,—  
Better than flame-red skies are skies of blue.

And he who flings away the sword and spear,  
Who triumphs o'er the musket and the mace—  
Though now he be reviled with taunt and jeer  
Has won a victory with a noble grace.

And so beside the blue Piscataqua  
They met,—the men of Oriental land—  
Witte, the grim consul of Russia's law,  
And wise Komura of the Nippon band.

Here Wisdom is enthroned in place of strife,  
The stern god, Mars, has lost his high estate;  
The lute of love ejects the drum and fife,  
And men of blood have learned a better fate.

L'ENVOI.

God, you have triumphed and your ways have won,  
It is the dawning of the day of days;  
Far on the eastern hills the rising sun  
Has painted battlefields with peaceful rays.





# The Butcher's Revenge

By Helen Loughton

Martha Sophia pressed her thin face against the window pane and peered anxiously about the garden. "I don't see Yellow Baby nowhere, Mary," she sighed. "Peers like he won't come back again. Do you s'pose that butcher's locked him up somewhere?" and her slender voice quavered and broke.

"Land, no; you ain't had no peace since you stole that cat. I jest wish you'd never seen it," snapped the older woman.

"How you talk, Mary; I never stole him. I can't help it if the poor cat likes me and this house better 'an the butcher and the meat store, can I? You know I'd never steal even a pin."

Martha Sophia's watery eyes spilled over and two tears ran down to the corners of her drooping mouth.

"Well, maybe you never wanted a pin," retorted Mary. "'T enny rate you acted mighty like a thief when you see the butcher's boy a-coming after the cat."

"I don't see why he minds, anyhow," whined Martha Sophia, as she wiped her tears away with the corner of her blue gingham apron. "He's got another one jest like Yellow Baby, only it ain't half as knowin' lookin'."

Mary's "pooh" was her only reply to this remark. Her busy iron rushed up and down the white skirt which she was pressing in a manner that showed an uncompromising disposition. She would have liked to crush all weakness and folly as vigorously as she smoothed the wrinkles from the skirt. She and Martha were sisters, also "maiden ladies," as the Plimptonville folk called their women of uncertain age and no matrimonial prospects. The affection which matrimony would have satisfied had dried

up and left Mary's heart barren, but Martha's, diverted from that channel, was lavished on the kidnapped Yellow Baby.

When the thud of his soft body sounded against the window and his plaintive "me-ow" entreated admission, Martha Sophia with a cry of surprised delight, pushed up the sash and lifted him in. He was a beauty, large, yellow and sleek, with a sleekness that comes from high living in a butcher shop. No wonder his master was angry at losing him. Martha sat in a rocking chair, holding him tight in her arms, when her sister cried,

"Here comes the butcher's boy again!"

"What shall I do?" wailed Martha. "The cat won't stay if I do give him up; he came right back again this time."

"It would have been all right if you had n't taken him in just now," said Mary.

But before she had finished speaking Martha had run into the darkened parlor, thrust the cat into the closet and hurried back again, white and trembling, to face her sister.

"I ain't a-going to give that cat up this time," she whispered. "I'll lie first."

Ignoring Mary's horrified look, she walked bravely to the door and opened it in answer to the boy's continuous knocking.

"Mr. Smolly wants to know if his cat's here. He wants me to bring it back," said the boy.

The courage of Martha's Revolutionary grandmother stirred within her, and without hesitation she answered, "No, the cat ain't here. I ain't seen it since you took it off three days ago."

"You sure?" persisted the boy.

"Mr. Smolly's awful mad. Says you 've spoiled a nice cat."

Martha's blue eyes wandered so nonchalantly past the boy's scrubby face that his suspicion fled. Her small figure, framed by the weather-worn doorway, looked too weak for either physical or mental opposition.

"It ain't here," she repeated closing the door and returning to her sister.

"You need n't look at me like that, Mary. I lied, but I don't care, so there."

In her love for Yellow Baby Martha rose to the unexplored heights of her character, which overtopped her sister's narrow principles of right and wrong.

A second knock at the door set both hearts fluttering. Mary paused with her flatiron aloft, while Martha sank into a chair.

"It's him again. We won't go this time," whispered Martha.

"I'll go and tell the truth," and Mary stalked to the door.

Rappity, rap, rap, rap.

"Sounds like Ann Bean, I declare," she said.

"Peek out an' see," suggested Martha Sophia from the chair.

Craning her long neck like an ostrich, Mary spied a founce of brown poplin above the door-sill.

"Yes, it's her," she nodded reassuringly to her sister.

When she opened the door Ann Bean bobbed in, even the stiff bows on her bonnet shaking with indignation.

"Well, thought you never would let me in. What ails you both? Deaf, or did you stop to hide something? No thank you, I won't set down here; I'm going into the parlor to set."

As the sisters followed her into the musty parlor, Martha Sophia remembered with a start of apprehension the imprisoned Yellow Baby, and set down firmly in the unyielding chair before the closet door. Ann Bean settled herself as comfortably as possible

on the slippery sofa, determined not to leave until she learned the secret.

A very lively secret it was, for, tired of his confinement, the cat began to claw the door and cry. Ann Bean broke off in the middle of her tirade against the neighbor's children,—

"Good Lord, what's that?" she cried.

Mary's lips tightened into a faint line of pink. She looked grimly at her sister, whose nimble wits prompted her to say:

"Oh, did you know Lucy's beau was keepin' company with Jane Field?"

"No, do tell. How's she take it?"

A long wail, followed by a gurgling purr, again distracted the visitor's attention. There was no talking that down; Martha's conscience must once more be sacrificed.

"It's a cat," said Ann Bean. "I never knew you kept a cat. Where is it? Sounds like it was shut up in the walls."

"We ain't got no cat," Martha said defiantly, glancing at Mary. The scratch, scratch, scratch from the closet belied her words.

"Well, what ails you both? Must be rats then, though I never did hear a rat purr. Guess I'd better be goin', I never could abide a ratty house." She picked up her skirts and swished angrily out of the house.

As soon as she had gone, Martha opened the closet door for Yellow Baby, who with a shake of delight at his liberation, bounded into the room. Martha sank down beside him, smoothing his thick fur, while Mary stood with arms akimbo to watch the pair.

"That cat'll be the ruination of us," she said. "I never felt so wicked in my life, a' stealin', a' hidin' an' a lyin'." With that she went back to the kitchen to finish her ironing.

A few minutes later, Martha, passing the butcher's shop on her way down town, was confronted by the butcher, who threatened her loudly.

"I don't want the cat now. You've spoiled him for me, but I'll kill him on sight. Do you hear me?"

Martha heard. Her errands done, she hurried home with a new dread clutching her tender heart. Yellow Baby must be hidden; he must never be allowed to go out except at night, for Mr. Smolly would keep his word. What a brute he was; he never could have loved the cat.

"We'll fix a bed for him upstairs," said Mary, touched by her sister's distress. "I guess we can keep him from that man, somehow."

So upstairs the two went; Mary with her arms full of soft rags, picked out from her store saved to braid into mats, Martha following with the blinking Yellow Baby clutched to her breast. They made a soft nook in one corner of Martha Sophia's room, and started down stairs, when a voice from below called, "It's me, Ann Bean. Let me in."

Mary hurried down, leaving Martha on guard upstairs.

"I jest stopped to see if you'd had any more trouble with rats," she burst out, as soon as Mary opened the back door.

"I ain't goin' to stop," she went on, sitting down in the rocking chair and straightening her bonnet. Where's Martha Sophia?"

She's up stairs."

"Well, course 'taint none of my business, but everyone is talkin' 'bout you girls."

"What do you mean?" gasped Mary.

She sat as stiff as an iron bar, her face betraying none of the fear that gripped her.

Ann Bean regarded her curiously. "It's the butcher. We've all seen him a drivin' by pretty often, an' lookin' up to your windows, so we thought he must be makin' up to one of you girls. And we see his boy come here nearly every day. What's he bring you? It would be a great savin' to marry a butcher, even if he is a widower. Widowers ain't so

bad, I married one myself," and she complacently patted her grey frizzes. "But which one is he after, you or Martha?"

The first blush she had felt since her girlhood, warmed Mary's cheeks. She snorted her indignation.

"A pack of fools, you all be. The butcher a courtin' us!"

Martha Sophia, listening above, with one arm thrown around Yellow Baby, chuckled in soft amusement, but Ann Bean was not amused. She rose majestically, and sailed to the door. Pausing with her hand on the latch, she turned to throw these words at Mary:

"This is the last time I'll darken your doors. Twice today you've treated me mean, and I don't care if neither of you gets the butcher, he's too good for you."

This was too much for Martha; forgetting Yellow Baby, who followed noiselessly at her heels, she ran down stairs. Ann Bean, on her way to the door, did not see Martha enter the room, but a soft purr under her feet and the ruffling of her poplin skirt as the cat brushed by her, startled from her an exclamation of surprise.

"Good Lord, Mary, what's that? A cat as I live. Thought you girls told me you never had no cat."

Martha's angry words were never spoken, nor was it possible for her to again deny Yellow Baby, who paced softly to and fro before the unwelcome visitor, stopping every now and then to rub against her ankles.

"Looks like the butcher's cat," exclaimed Ann. "He used t' have two, but I ain't seen but one round there lately. Well, I vow," a sudden suspicion flashing over her as she looked from the cat to the guilty Martha Sophia, then beyond to where Mary stood straight and grim. "Who'd have thought it? So that's what you did not want me to know," and laughing maliciously, she left them.

"It's all over now," moaned Martha, picking up the cat and burying her face in his warm fur. "She's an

old busybody, and she'll tell the butcher, and he'll kill my sweet pet."

"Yes, that's jest what she'll do," announced Mary from the front room window, where she had hastened to watch Ann. "She's going up that way now as fast as she can trot, a flirtin' her skirts and a bobbing her head like one of them pert little sparrows. And there's the butcher's other cat right on the corner. She's a stoppin' to look at it. If I had n't known Yellow Baby was in the kitchen, I'd a swore it was him."

Ann Bean did tell. That very afternoon, while the sisters sat up stairs sewing, Martha Sophia in one of her occasional glances out of the window saw the blue-frocked butcher drive by in his wagon. He turned his thick, red neck to gaze searchingly over the house and garden for a sight of the cat. Martha fancied she saw a murderous expression in his eyes, and shuddered to think what might have happened if Yellow Baby had been out, instead of snugly ensconced on her bed.

Frightened by the butcher's threat to kill the cat, she was very watchful when Yellow Baby took his nightly stroll. Yet, in spite of her care, he failed to return that night, though his mistress, with a white shawl over her head, stood in the starlight calling, "Yellow Baby! Kitty, Kitty!" until Mary's harsh voice summoned her in from the cold. Even then she sat up late, listening and waiting to no purpose. Driven to bed at last by utter despair and weariness, she tossed half the night; now dreaming of the butcher, pistol in hand, in hot pursuit of Yellow Baby; now of a wounded cat which crawled home to die, moaning pitifully. The moans growing louder and louder, she awoke to the consciousness that they were soft footsteps on the tin roof next to her room. In a minute, a bulky shadow fell upon the window, a welcome "meow"

reached her ear, and jumping up, she opened the window to clasp her Yellow Baby in her arms.

All the next day her dreams haunted her; a sense of apprehensive terror which she could not escape made her start at every sound. When the postman knocked at the door the cup she was wiping slipped from her hand and broke, but she looked so ill that Mary checked the reproof she would otherwise have uttered. Her work done, she was too tired to go out with Mary; instead she sat listlessly looking out of the window, comforted somewhat by the knowledge that Yellow Baby was safe in the house, when the sight of the butcher running down the street turned her languor to energy. Starting to her feet, with the horrible fascination of one who sees a nightmare become a reality, she saw Yellow Baby fleeing from him. Before she had time to note the pistol in his hand, she heard its report, and saw a fluff of yellow drop limply on the ground. With a wail of grief she threw herself down upon the bed, vainly trying to shut out the cruel scene, and sobbed hysterically. When she could cry no more, she lay very still for a long time, how long she never knew, until a gentle pressure on the bed, an interrogative purr, and a cold, wet nose thrust against her cheek, electrified her. Quickly raising her head, she saw beside her Yellow Baby, her own Yellow Baby, not dead but warm and alive, and in a flash she realized what she would have known before, if her fears and dreams had not shaken her nerves. And Mary from the doorway, where she stood laden with bundles, was amazed to see her sister's grief-marked face and to hear her say with a laugh that was half a sob:

"Oh, Mary, Mary, the butcher's killed his own cat! He thought it was Yellow Baby, but it was n't, it was n't!"

# At Alexander's Bridge

*By Adelbert Clark*

The heavens were bright with jewels set,  
The sodded earth with dew were wet,  
And shadows of the night were long,  
And crickets piped their mournful song,  
While through the moon's bright veil I crept  
To Alexander's bridge.

And 'twas only once that I turned back  
To gaze upon the winding track,  
And saw upon the silent hill,  
The flag of freedom waving still,  
While on, and on, I quickly fled  
To Alexander's bridge.

The dusty road a turning made,  
Which led me into blackest shade,  
While at the camp my comrades slept;  
But through it all I quickly crept  
To view the sight a veteran saw  
At Alexander's bridge.

I hastened down the river bank  
Where trees and shrubs were thick and dank,  
To where its waters flowed along  
With many a sweet and tinkling song;  
'Twas chilly in the summer air  
At Alexander's bridge.

Far off across the haunted fen,  
A bell in Lytle chimed out ten;  
The fireflies darted in between  
Among the leaves of emerald green,  
The while I waited and I dreamed  
By Alexander's bridge.

I nestled close where long I'd been,  
For came the rush of marching men,  
When lo! amid the falling dew,  
The shadowy forms of men in blue,  
Stole quickly up the dusty road  
To Alexander's bridge.

Their bayonets in the moonlight gleamed,  
Their coats and boots with dust were seamed,  
And through the mist of pearl and gold  
To me their message swift was told,  
That they had come to meet the foe  
At Alexander's bridge.

Far off along the roadway came  
The British in their coats of flame;  
Nearer and nearer, till they espied  
The men in blue where they would hide,  
And many of the bravest fell  
On Alexander's bridge.

The timbers trembled 'neath their feet,  
While weapons flashed, and clashed, and beat,  
And many a foot I heard that slip  
In blood that drip, and drip, and drip,  
Into the river's roaring wrath  
'Neath Alexander's bridge.



Their bullets fell in showers like rain,  
Among the wounded and the slain  
Of mangled forms all ghastly white,  
Beneath the young moon's mellow light,  
The while I waited and I dreamed  
By Alexander's bridge.

But when across the vaulted heav'n  
The bell rang out the hour of 'leven,  
The shadowy forms in red and blue  
Had vanished like the morning dew,  
While I stood trembling there alone  
By Alexander's bridge.

*At Alexander's Bridge*

Had I a vision of that war  
 Amid the night winds damp and raw?  
 Ah, no! and 'twas no idle dream  
 I witnessed in the bright moonbeam,  
 'Twas a fight they fought long, long ago  
 At Alexander's bridge.

And still, when stars are twinkling bright,  
 And moonbeams spread their silver light  
 At the dim ghostly hour of ten,  
 Then comes the tramp of marching men  
 Who fought in the brave days of old,  
 At Alexander's bridge.

*An Autumn Reverie**By Maude Gordon Roby*

In the golden days of September  
 I lie 'neath the pines and the firs.  
 While showers of needles fall o'er me  
 And tiny chestnut burrs.  
 Above me the oriole's singing;  
 The chipmunk lingers near,  
 And yet—my heart is ringing  
 With just your name, my dear.

Now, the little partridge berries  
 Smile up at me from the ground;  
 And the sunlight lingers daintily  
 On all the scene around.  
 My hammock is lazily swinging;  
 It seems so happy here,  
 And still—my heart is singing  
 "Jamie, Jamie, dear."

Ah! what care I for sunlight;  
 Or chipmunk, or robin's call?  
 You are MY sunshine, dearie,  
 And sweeter than them all.

Breezy Hill, Lisbon, N. H. In the old pine grove, August 30, 1906.

# New Hampshire Necrology

## HON. SAMUEL H. STEARNS.

Samuel H. Stearns, deputy secretary of state, born in Rindge, September 27, 1840, died at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital in Concord, October 4, 1906.

Mr. Stearns was educated in the public schools and nearby academies. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union service, becoming a member of Company I, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, of which company Gen. Adna R. Chaffee was also a member. He was wounded and captured near Hagerstown, Md., July 7, 1863. August 30, 1863, he was paroled and on September 15 of the following year honorably discharged. He was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington for two years following the war, then entered business in the West, where he remained for about twenty years. In 1891 he returned to his native state to become deputy secretary of state under his brother, Ezra S. Stearns, then secretary of state. When the latter's successor, Edward N. Pearson, was elected in 1898, Deputy Stearns was reappointed and filled the office up to the time of his death.

He was a man of modest manner and retiring disposition, but possessed rare literary attainments, and oratorical ability of high order, and had written extensively upon historical subjects. He is survived by a brother, Hon. Ezra S. Stearns of Fitchburg, Mass., and a sister, Mrs. Mary VanDerveer of Chester, N. J.

## HERBERT F. NORRIS.

Herbert F. Norris, for several years prominent in New Hampshire legal and political circles, but for sometime past engaged in newspaper work in Boston, died at his home at Beachmont, Revere, September 18, 1906.

He was born in the town of Epping, July 28, 1849, being the eldest of five children of Israel F. Norris, a farmer of that town. He graduated from the N. H. Conference Seminary at Tilton in 1872. He was for a time principal of Canaan Academy. He studied law with Eastman, Page & Albin at Concord, was admitted to the bar in 1876, and immediately commenced practice in that city, though retaining his voting residence in his native town, which he represented in the Legislature in 1877 and 1878, being the Democratic nominee for speaker the latter year, and serving as a member of the judiciary committee. In October, 1878, he received the Democratic nomination for Congress in the First District. He had previously served for several years as secretary of the Democratic state committee.

He subsequently left the law for journalism, and was engaged for a time on the *Manchester Union*. For a number of years past he had been in Boston, where he had been engaged with the *Associated Press*, and later on the *Traveller*, but was a political reporter of the *American* at the time of his death.

## ALONZO F. LEWIS.

Alonzo F. Lewis, born in Conway, N. H., June 23, 1834, died in Fryeburg, Me., September 1, 1906.

He was educated at Fryeburg Academy and Dartmouth College. He travelled extensively in this country and abroad, and was for many years a popular lecturer on foreign travel. He was greatly interested in historical and genealogical research, and it was through him that Daniel Webster's oration, delivered at Fryeburg in 1802, when preceptor of the academy, was preserved. He was a Swedenborgian in religion, and a Republican in politics, and was a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1884 which nominated Blaine for president.

## BARRON C. MOULTON.

Barron C. Moulton, long a prominent lawyer of Boston, died at his home in Allston, Mass., October 4. He was born in the town of Lyman, in this state, February, 1832, but removed with his father to St. Johnsbury, Vt., in early childhood. He graduated from Yale College in 1852, and studied law at the Harvard Law School and in the office of the late Chief Justice Bellows in Concord, and located in practice in Boston in 1860, at 23 Court Street. Later he established the firm of Moulton, Loring & Loring, which subsequently became Moulton, Loring & Greenhalge. He retired from active practice three years ago, on account of ill health. He was a great student not only of the law but in other lines of research, and was a famous traveler and pedestrian.

## JOHN L. KELLEY.

John L. Kelley, a leading farmer and prominent citizen of Franklin, died at his home in that town August 26, 1906.

He was a native of Gilmanton, the son of Daniel and Sally (Weeks) Kelley, born September 19, 1822, and educated at Gilmanton Academy. He engaged for some time in teaching and also represented Gilmanton two terms in the Legislature. About forty years ago he purchased the Gerrish farm in Franklin, upon which he located, and which he greatly improved,



making it one of the best in the state, through adoption and practice of improved agricultural methods.

Mr. Kelley was a Republican in politics and a Methodist in religion, being one of the organizers and leading supporters of the M. E. society and church in Franklin. He was a charter member of Pemigewasset Colony, U. O. P. F., and was the first governor of the colony. He is survived by a wife and six children: Mrs. J. W. Walker of Los Angeles, Cal.; Olin J. of Franklin; Judge Charles H. Kelley of Charles City, Iowa; Elmer D. of Franklin; Mrs. Z. A. Norris of Dorchester, Mass., and Irving J. of Franklin.

#### REV. CHARLES A. DOWNS.

Rev. Charles A. Downs, a well known Congregational clergyman, died at his home in Lebanon, September 20, 1906.

Mr. Downs was born in South Norwalk, Conn., May 21, 1823. He was educated at the Concord Literary Institute, Dartmouth College, the University of New York, and the Union Theological Seminary, and was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church at Lebanon, November 22, 1849, continuing until October, 1873, when the relation was severed at his own request; but he continued his residence in Lebanon.

He was an active Republican and prominent in political as well as educational affairs. He was a member of the Legislature in 1864 and 1865, and was appointed superintendent of public instruction by the governor and council in 1876. He had also served as selectman, town treasurer, police judge and town clerk, the last position having been filled by him from 1885 till 1905, when failing health compelled his retirement.

Mr. Downs married, November 22, 1848, Miss Helen K. Seymour of Lanesboro, Mass., a daughter of Capt. Levi Seymour of that town, and a granddaughter of Capt. Seth Seymour, who served in the Revolutionary War. Six children have been born to them, four of whom are now living: Charles A., Jr., Eugene S., Clarence H. and Allan B.

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#### DR. ALBERT H. TAFT.—A TRIBUTE.

Dr. Albert H. Taft, of Winchester, where he was a prominent practicing physician for more than thirty years, died at Winthrop Beach, June 25, 1906. He was born in Nelson, December 23, 1837, his grandfather having been one of the pioneer settlers of the town and a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

He received his education in Marlow and Kimball Union academies and at

Dartmouth and Bowdoin colleges. He began the practice of medicine in Hancock, coming to Winchester in 1873, where he was one of the first citizens till the time of his death. During his preparatory studies he responded to his country's call for volunteers, desiring to take the place made vacant by the death of his brother, Edward N. Taft, who fell in the battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 1, 1862. He enlisted in Company E, Ninth N. H. Vols., and saw much hard service. During the last of his army life he suffered severe sickness, the weakening effects of which he carried with him through life. He was a brave soldier, dominated by the loftiest motives of loyalty and patriotism.

In politics he was a Republican, representing the best traditions of that party. He never sought office, but when office called him he served his fellow men with conscience and fidelity. He was deeply interested in all educational matters and his work on the board of education for several terms was marked by ability. His religious life was characterized by depth and breadth. While being an earnest and devoted member of the Congregational Church he was interested in and sympathetic toward every form and expression of religion which had to do with the uplift and betterment of humanity. The Masonic order enrolled him as an honored member and the Grand Army of the Republic had in him a most active and influential supporter.

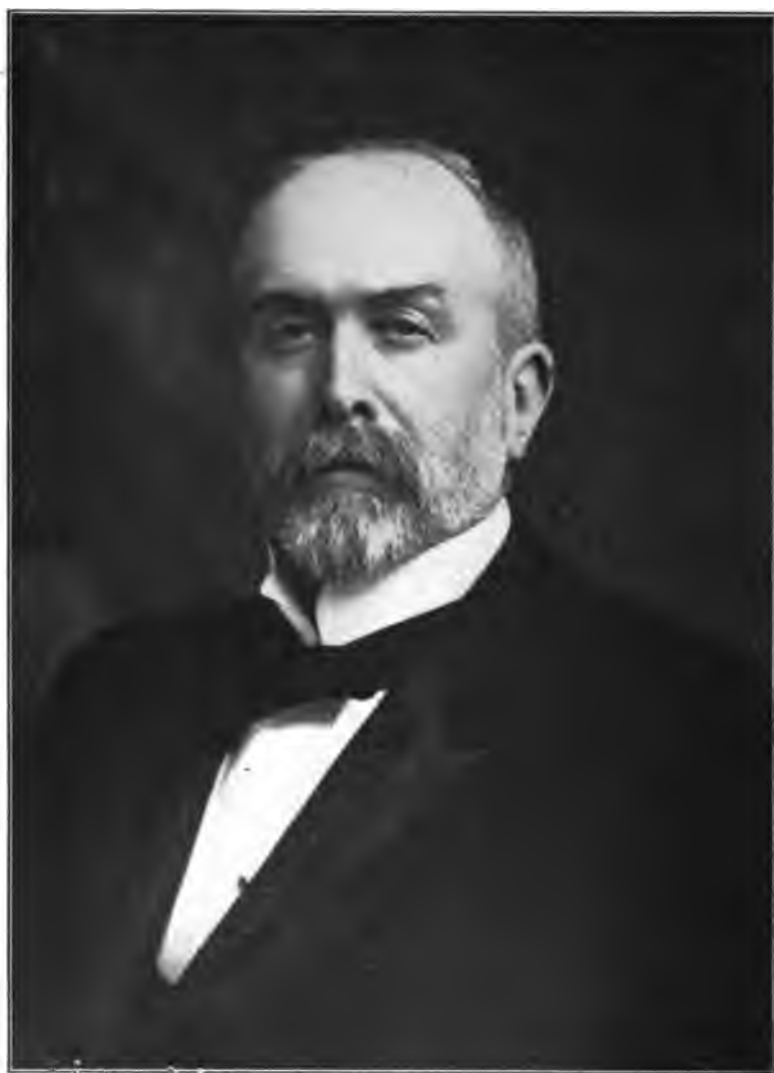
As a citizen of his town and the commonwealth, Dr. Albert H. Taft deserves more than a passing mention. He was a gentleman of the old school, with a most charming personality. Possessing rare scholarly attainments, he was modest and graceful in all his bearings. Artistic in his nature and a poet of more than average ability, yet he possessed those manly and rugged qualities which made him sympathetic with reform movements and a promoter thereof.

In his chosen profession we think of him as more than a skillful physician. He was a Christian man, a friend and counselor. Being highly esteemed by those who knew him, his memory will be lovingly cherished by many who were recipients of his kindness.

In August, 1866, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary L. Atherton of Winchester, who survives him, with two sons, Dr. A. A. Taft, resident physician of Deer Island Hospital, Boston, Mass., and DeForest Taft of Winchester, a graduate of the University of Maine. In the death of Doctor Taft his family have sustained a great bereavement, the community has lost one of its best loved and valuable citizens and New Hampshire one of her noblest sons.

C. F. R.





HON. NATHAN C. JAMESON

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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## Hon. Nathan C. Jameson

*By H. H. Metcalf*

When a resident of any town or city in the state, belonging to either of the great political parties, receives the nomination of that party, through its duly accredited representatives, for the highest office in the gift of the people, he has been accorded a distinction of which he may justly feel proud, especially when it has come without seeking or solicitation on his part. Any man in any community who has been thus honored, becomes an object of interest and pride to the people of that community, regardless of party or creed; and if it so be that his capacity is manifest, his fitness unquestioned, and his integrity unassailable, that interest and pride naturally becomes stronger and deeper.

For the third time in its history, a citizen of the town of Antrim, was thus honored when, at the state convention in Concord, on the twenty-fifth day of September last, the Democratic party designated Hon. Nathan C. Jameson as its candidate for governor, the same having been done unanimously and by acclamation, not only without expectation or solicitation on his part, but wholly to his surprise, no thought of any such action on the part of the convention having entered his mind when he left home on the day previous to participate in the deliberations of that body and the meeting of the Democratic state committee, preliminary thereto.

That the people of Antrim duly appreciate the honor conferred, through the selection of one of their citizens

as a candidate for the chief magistracy of the state, and that they entertain a full measure of respect for their townsman, thus distinguished, was well demonstrated by the public reception accorded Mr. Jameson, at the town hall, on the evening of October 4, when they came from all parts of the town, to the number of nearly five hundred, men and women, old and young, without distinction of party or sect, to pay their respects and extend their congratulations, all the resident clergymen of the town taking prominent part in the demonstration.

The people of the state at large are, or at least should be, interested in the life and character of any man who is presented as a candidate for election to high office at their hands. The writer, therefore, ventures to present a brief outline of the career of Mr. Jameson for the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY, at the risk of repeating certain facts given in the sketch of the town of Antrim, which appeared in the number of this publication issued for June, 1902, which may be recalled by such of its present readers as were then receiving it, but whose interest therein may properly be renewed at the present time.

NATHAN CLEAVES JAMESON, oldest son of Nathan W. C. and Caroline E. (Mixer) Jameson, is a native of Cambridge, Mass., born May 4, 1849, but removed with his parents to Antrim, his father's native town, two years after his birth. Thomas Jameson,

great-grandfather of Nathan C., a native of Dunbarton and a gallant soldier in the war for independence, had settled in the town in 1783, and here had been the family home. Here his father, son of James and Dorcas Woodbury (Cleaves) Jameson, was born, July 19, 1818, and here he still resides, in good health for a man of his advanced years.

Attending the Antrim public schools in childhood and early youth, and the Henniker and Phillips Andover academies for a time, Mr. Jameson commenced business life in Boston at the age of seventeen, engaging in the hat, cap and fur trade, where he continued a dozen years or more, until 1879, when he removed to New York City and engaged in the straw goods commission business, continuing most successfully for 20 years, for the last 10 as a member of the firm of Tenney, Dupee & Jameson, which house had the unquestioned reputation of selling more straw hats for men and boys than any other concern in the country.

Retiring from business life in 1899, on account of impaired health, Mr. Jameson has since lived in Antrim, where he always had his home and legal residence, in fact, having purchased the fine estate of the late Hon. Luke Woodbury and greatly improved the same from time to time. The surrounding grounds including some twenty acres, extend to the Contoocook River; while he has extensive out lands, amounting to about three hundred acres.

Mr. Jameson has been conspicuous in public affairs in the town of Antrim for many years, and has been particularly active in political matters as a representative Democrat and consistent supporter of the principles and policy of his party. He has served as moderator of town and school meetings, and was chosen representative from Antrim in the Legislature of 1875, being one of the youngest members of the house, and again in 1876. He was also elected a delegate to the

Constitutional Convention in the latter year; and in 1887 served in the State Senate from his district, receiving the Democratic nomination for president of that body, and the vote of eight of his associates to eleven cast for the Republican candidate—Hon. Frank D. Currier, present representative in Congress from this district. He was one of the alternate delegates to the National Convention of his party which met in Chicago in 1892, and was named on the Democratic electoral ticket for New Hampshire in 1896 and again in 1900. He has been prominent in the councils of his party for many years, attending its state conventions and actively participating in its committee work in numerous campaigns.

In view of some of the questions and issues that are now prominently at the front, Mr. Jameson takes a pardonable pride in the record of his legislative service. In the House, in 1875, he introduced a resolution which was adopted, memorializing Congress for the resumption of specie payments at the earliest practicable time. In the Senate of 1887, in which, by the way, he served as a member of the committees on judiciary, banks and agriculture, he introduced the bill, which passed both branches and became a law, making election day a legal holiday. He made a strong, though unsuccessful effort, also, to amend the bill, after its introduction, by a provision making it unlawful for any person or corporation to compel any man to labor on election day. Upon his motion, also, at this session, the committee on rules was instructed to report an amendment to the rules, creating a committee on labor, in addition to the standing committees of the Senate, which was done, and the amendment adopted. During the session he also gave his support to another measure in the interests of labor, in the shape of a bill providing for the weekly payment of employes.

It is of special interest to note, in

view of the prevalent agitation concerning what is denominated the "free pass evil," against which both political parties stand committed in their recently adopted platforms, that Mr. Jameson introduced a bill in the Senate at this time, before any public discussion of the question had been engaged in, in opposition to free railroad passes, and consistently supported the same; he and one other senator only, voting for the measure upon the question of final passage.

days' attendance during the session, when he was unable to be present, the state treasurer's receipt for which he still has in his possession. This is believed to be the only case on record in the state, of the return of unearned compensation for legislative service; though were all legislators to pursue this course, thousands of dollars would be saved to the treasury at each session.

Mr. Jameson comes of staunch Scotch Presbyterian ancestry, and is natu-



**Residence of Hon. Nathan C. Jameson, Antrim**

It may also be mentioned in demonstration of Mr. Jameson's sense of honor and justice, standing out prominently in these days of inattention to duty and complaint about insufficient compensation on the part of legislators, that when at the close of the session he had been paid in full, with the other members, the compensation then being \$3.00 per day, with mileage to and from the capital as at present, he refunded to the treasury \$51 for 17

rally and consistently affiliated with the Presbyterian Church of Antrim, one of the few long established churches of that denomination in the state, and he has always been strongly interested in its prosperity. He was chairman of the building committee having in charge the erection of the present fine church edifice, and donated the land upon which it stands. He was for a time superintendent of the Sunday School and

considered one of the most efficient the school ever had, the interest and attendance manifestly increasing during his incumbency. His devotion to the welfare and interests of the denomination and the advancement of the cause of Christianity in general, has always been recognized and appreciated, and this was manifested in a striking manner when, at the meeting of the Presbytery of Boston, embracing most of the Presbyterian churches in New England, in Antrim, on October 4, a resolution was passed expressing the appreciation by the Presbytery of the honor conferred in the nomination of their fellow-Presbyterian for governor of New Hampshire, and extending best wishes for his success.

Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D., of the Presbyterian Church, the well-known historian of Antrim, his fellow-citizen, neighbor and pastor, who has known him intimately for years, though not politically in accord with Mr. Jameson, unhesitatingly says of him: "He is thoroughly moral and upright, honest, just and conscientious, able and fearless, and will do his duty, as he sees it, under all circumstances. The interests of the state would be entirely safe in his hands."

In his speech before the convention by which he was nominated for governor, after expressing his appreciation of the high honor which had come to him, unexpected and unsought, as well as his hearty endorsement of the platform which had been adopted, Mr. Jameson said: "In case your nomination should be ratified at the polls I pledge myself to do all in my power to assist in accomplishing the reforms which we all so much desire, and I also pledge myself, so far as able, to

thoroughly enforce all laws upon our statute books, impartially, without fear or favor; and I will also say that, in case I should be elected governor, any measure advocated and passed by a corrupt lobby, inimical to the best interests of the state, would receive my prompt veto."

Mr. Jameson united in marriage March 15, 1871, with Miss Idabel Butler, daughter of the late John D. Butler of Bennington, a lady of fine culture and accomplishments, educated in the Milford and New London academies, whose gracious manner and courteous hospitality have ever enhanced the charms of a delightful home and of the social life of the community. They have four children: John Butler, born August 2, 1873; Robert Willis, July 23, 1875; James Walker, May 28, 1878, and Isabel Burnham, October 11, 1883. The oldest son, John B., who was educated in the schools and College of the City of New York, was for some time in business in New York and later traveled extensively in Europe. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Kansas City in 1900, and is at present secretary of the Democratic state committee. Robert W. is an active young business man in New York. James W., a graduate of Princeton University of the class of 1901, and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, and who also pursued his medical studies in Germany, is now a member of the staff of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. He has been twice abroad, going last with his parents and sister, Miss Isabel (the latter an accomplished young lady who resides at home), on an extended tour, occupying several months, last year.



# They Never Grow Old

*By Cyrus A. Stone*

Some people never do grow old,  
Their lives are always bright and gay,  
Though silver threads among the gold  
Tell how the years have flown away.  
The dreams of youth may lose their charms,  
The morning light may turn to shade  
And still they gather in their arms  
Rich treasures that shall never fade.

Some people never will grow old.  
For them the flowers are ever fair,  
Their hearts are thrilled with joys untold,  
The birds are singing everywhere.  
They sing amidst the fragrant bowers  
Where the low trailing May vines bloom,  
They sing to cheer the lonely hours  
Of cold December's storm and gloom.

Some people never can grow old,  
What if their way is dark or bright?  
The clouds above the mountains rolled  
Are tinged with changing hues of light.  
They see the sombre shadows lift  
And God's bright sunshine streaming through,  
And catch beyond the storm's dark rift,  
A gleam of Heaven's immortal blue.

Some, who grow aged, are not old,  
If joys depart and troubles rise  
And sorrow's mournful bells are tolled,  
'Tis theirs to soothe and sympathize.  
And when each cheerful task is done,  
By every saintly hope beguiled,  
Their youthful souls go singing on  
Across death's dark untraversed wild.

Yet while they linger, glad and free,  
Where love's unfailing fountains flow,  
And gather, like the wandering bee,  
The sweets of all the flowers that grow;  
They keep their simple faith secure,  
Their courage firm, their armor bright,  
And realize the promise sure,  
"At eventide it shall be light."



# A Thanksgiving Dinner

Seventy Years Ago at the Home of Timothy Carter, Esq.

By Emma G. Burgum<sup>1</sup>

We were on a week's visit at Grandma Carter's (cousin of the Countess of Rumford), having arrived there on Saturday, and the next Thursday was Thanksgiving Day.

All were busy, from the eldest to the youngest. Even the countess lent a hand at paring apples for the pies; and baby Martha had fun with the parings, for little Emma had to keep baby quiet; so they played paring apples, and making figures with the skins; and everyone was in fine spirits withal.

The two big brick ovens were kept at work all the time; the one in the kitchen, and the other in the sitting room. Both were filled with all kinds of goodies that needed baking, and the big fireplace in the kitchen had kettles hung on the long crane, over a good fire, cooking other nice things to eat.

Well, the great day came, and the fine weather continued. There was little or no snow on the ground, so all the guests came on wheels and at an early hour. There were 22 in all, including the family, which numbered 11 persons. Their ages were from 70 years (Esquire Carter) down to 14 months (Martha Carter). We seven children were invited to go in the parlor, where there was a good fire, and play, while our elders had their

dinner, 12 in number. The baby, being queen of the party, was enthroned on her mother's lap at the first table. This was the order: Esquire Carter and wife, Dr. Ezra Carter and wife, Capt. Abiel Carter and wife, Mr. Ezra Carter and wife, the countess and Mr. Joseph Robinson, Miss Ann and Miss Selina Clark, sisters of Mrs. Doctor Carter. These were seated around the table that stood in the cheerful sitting room, at 2 o'clock, with the afternoon sun shining in the four windows, and a good blazing fire in the fireplace.

In the center of the table was placed the 27-pound turkey, on one side of which was a large chicken pie, on another a brace of roast chickens, on the other a boiled ham, and again on the fourth side a huge cracker pudding, well filled with raisins; all nooks and corners being well filled up with squash, potatoes, onions, turnips, cranberry sauce and apple sauce, tea and coffee, with loaf sugar and cream; while on the sideboard were placed cup custards, apple pie, mince pie and pumpkin pie, and three kinds of cake, apples, pears, grapes, plums and nuts and sweet cider.

At 3 o'clock the parlor door was opened by Cousin Judith Chandler (an inmate of the house for many years), who asked us children in to dinner. Timothy, Frank, Augustine and Sarah, children of Capt. Abiel Carter, aged respectively 16, 14, 5 and 9 years; Edward, son of Doctor Carter, aged three; Lizzie, daughter of Mr. Ezra Carter, aged five, and Emma (the adopted daughter of the Countess of Rumford), aged 10. Mr. I. Carter (no relation), a helper on the farm, and Miss I. Chandler, who presided at the table, that was still

<sup>1</sup> The writer of this interesting account of an old time Thanksgiving dinner, Emma G. (Mrs. John) Burgum, born Emma Gannell, in London, Eng., in 1826, and adopted by the Countess Rumford, in whose service her mother had been engaged a number of years, came to this country with the Countess in 1835, when nine years of age, remaining with her until her death in 1852. She now resides with her husband, Mr. Burgum, at 68 South State St., Concord. The old Esquire Carter house in Concord "West Parish" on the hill beyond the lake, the scene of the festivity mentioned, a picture of which is presented herewith, still stands in the same shape as at that time. The central portion is more than a hundred years old, additions having been made at different subsequent periods, by Esquire Carter, to accommodate the needs of a growing family.



Old Carter House, Concord West Parish

bountifully supplied with the fat of the land.

It being a bright, moonlight night, the guests lingered till late in the evening. The elders conversed and the children played games; and all ate apples, nuts, cakes, parched corn, plums, grapes and pears, and drank sweet cider. Then the guests went home in a merry mood—two carriage loads.

Now, November, 1906, only three of the party are surviving: Mrs. George Minot (Miss Selina Clark); Mr. Timothy Carter and Mrs. John Burgum (little Emma).

While on a visit at Mr. Augustine Carter's, in September, 1902, Mr. and Mrs. Clark drove us over to see the old homestead, and as the horse slowly crept up the steep and rocky road I was reminded of what the countess

once asked Esquire Carter—why he did not have those rocks dug out and make a better road of it? For it was his road, there being neither house nor land beyond his own house and farm, and a large farm it was.

Well, the dear old house is the same, both inside and out, except the great chimney, or rather fireplace, in the large kitchen, is made smaller. It used to be immense. Well do I remember seeing two men, just before sunset, lead a horse in the front door, that was dragging a log some four feet long, and when in front of the huge kitchen fireplace, one man would unhitch the log and roll it with a lever onto the back of the fireplace, and cover it up with the ashes, and then he would renovate the hot embers which he had raked forward, and put smaller

*A Thanksgiving Dinner*

wood on the big andirons; and the other man would lead the horse out by the back door into the barn nearby. This performance would be gone through every evening, the log burning into coals during the 24 hours, so the fire never went out, or rarely ever; if it did, the flint and tinder-box had to be used, for in those days friction matches were unknown.

Mr. George B. Little now owns the house, and rents it to summer boarders.

Captain Carter always lived at the old homestead, but his brother, the doctor, moved to Concord, and his sister, Judith, married her cousin, Mr. Ezra Carter and moved to Portland.

The three grandsons lived with their father and mother for the first few years of their married lives, until they owned farms of their own, when they went and lived upon them.

But the two granddaughters lived and died at the old place. Sarah never married, and Martha married John Thompson. She left one daughter, Sarah Lizzie, who married Mr. Walter Flanders; and three sons, Abiel, Augustine and William, who are now living in Concord. Esquire Carter's wife was Miss Judith Chandler, a granddaughter of Rev. Mr. Walker, Concord's first settled minister.

*Winnepesaukee in Autumn*

*By A. P. Chesley, M. D.*

The autumn shades that line the lake  
Will well repay a trip to take,  
To where the cloud-capped peaks afar  
The mass of colors seem to bar.

The red, yellow and shades of green,  
The hills and dales that intervene,  
Where lights and shadows o'er them play  
Give splendid visions all the way.

The shore recedes and then draws near,  
Peak after peak you see appear;  
Mount Washington swings into line  
With snow-crowned top and dim outline.

Chocorua lifts her tricapp'd head,  
While Paugus and Tripyramid  
And Sandwich Dome and Whiteface bold  
Were never fairer to behold.

Then Moosilauke and Ossipee,  
And Cardigan all fair to see,  
Old Cropple Crown and Belknap, too,  
With many others fill the view.

This brilliant scene will well repay  
The spending of one pleasant day.  
Its mem'ry with you long will last  
When days of foliage are past.

# The Woman's Club of Durham

*By One of Its Members*

It was in the early fall of 1896, now about ten years ago, that the ladies of Durham came to realize that a club limited to 20 members would no longer accommodate all those in and about the town, who desired membership;



**Mrs. Elizabeth B. Rane**  
*The First Vice-President*

consequently a meeting was called on September 4, by Mrs. C. S. Murkland, at her home, for the purpose of organizing a club large enough to meet the demand, which was done.

It was named the "Woman's Club of Durham," with the "mutual improvement of its members" as its object. It had a membership limited to 50 active and five associate members. At this first meeting 26 ladies from various parts of the town, were elected to membership and took up the work. The following officers were chosen: President, Mrs. C. S. Murkland; vice-president, Mrs. F. W.

Rane; recording secretary, Miss Margaret P. Frost; corresponding secretary, Miss Carrie Buzzell; treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Coe; auditor, Mrs. Lucien Thompson; directors, Mrs. Albert DeMeritt, Mrs. C. H. Pettee, Mrs. Fred W. Morse. Application was made at once for membership in the State Federation and thus a most promising organization had sprung into being.

The members were divided into the following departments: Art, literature, political science, history, domestic economy, education, natural sci-



**Miss Carrie E. Buzzell**  
*President 1900-'01*

ence and philanthropy. What woman could not find a field of effort among all these through which she could improve her own mind, if nothing more? The fact that during this year 42 women in this little town joined the organization goes to show the enthu-

## *The Woman's Club of Durham*

siasm for growth and development pervading the minds of the feminine half of the community. Meetings were held on the second Friday of each month from October to April, in-



**Mrs. Ada Drew Stevens**  
*President 1901-'02*

clusive, the departments holding separate monthly meetings.

The program this year, and always, was largely furnished by home talent, but, nevertheless, of great value and interest. The club is greatly indebted to the college professors for many instructive and entertaining lectures given free of charge, which has made the program of a much higher standing than would otherwise be possible, with so small means at its command.

On the evening of January 21, 1897, the first "Gentlemen's Night" was held, at the home of Mrs. Murkland. The ladies made this the town's social event for the season, and it is needless to say that it was a great success.

The second year, Miss Mary A. Burnham was elected president. During this year much hard work was put in, in each of the departments, the domestic science department being very

prominent. It was during this year that the Durham Woman's Club Cook Book was gotten out, from which substantial returns have been realized. From funds thus obtained the church parlor was furnished, and the kitchen was supplied with dishes, silver, etc.

The educational department has done good work in supplying the schools with pictures, and the music department, which was formed during



**Mrs. Marcia H. Sanders**  
*President 1904-'05*

this year, has been very helpful and popular. Such works as Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the opera "Lohengrin," have been taken up. A double quartet has given selections on different occasions, which has added largely to the interest in the club programs. This year this department will study the Modern Schools of Music, of Germany, France, Italy, Scandinavia, Bohemia, America and Russia.

Gentlemen's Night has been held each year since its institution. Interesting and amusing programs have been given. These have consisted often of farces given by the ladies. On

one occasion an original one, written by Mrs. C. W. Scott, especially for the occasion, was presented. Of course, as women know the way to the gentlemen's hearts, a feast of good things is never omitted on these nights.

As the club grew, it was found impossible to continue holding the meetings at the homes of the members, and it was decided to use the spacious parlors of the church, which had been previously furnished by club funds, as our meeting place, and this is found most convenient, with ample room for all. Here we have been able to entertain neighboring clubs, serving teas as has been considered best by the ex-

often, if not always. Last year Mrs. W. D. Gibbs was vice-president of the Federation, and Mrs. F. W. Rane, a member of the forestry committee, both of whom are most active in the club's work. We are sorry to report the loss of Mrs. Rane, not only from our club but from the state, her husband having been appointed state forester of Massachusetts.

Our membership last year included 46 active and 13 associate members. The work was varied and most interesting, being shared by every member, both active and associate, each and all eager to do their part toward accomplishing the purpose for which the club stands, "mutual improvement." We were entertained by several neighboring clubs, and entertained the Newmarket, Exeter and Portsmouth clubs at different meetings during the year.



**Mrs. May N. Grant**  
*President 1905-'06*

ecutive board, each department serving one usually during each year.

The population of Durham is continually changing, and thus it must be with our club membership. Many times we lose by removal our most enthusiastic forces, much to the sorrow of the club.

We have been represented on the executive board of the State Federation and its various committees very



**Mrs. W. D. Gibbs**  
*Vice-President N. H. Federation, 1905*

The following officers were elected for 1906-'07: Mrs. Ethel C. Simpson, president; Miss Charlotte Thompson, vice-president; Mrs. Mary E. Smart, recording secretary; Mrs. Evelyn J.

## *The Woman's Club of Durham*

Wentworth, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Lelia L. Morse, treasurer; Mrs. Lena R. Weld, auditor; Mrs. Alice D. Parsons, Mrs. Samuel Kidder, Miss Mary A. Burnham, executive committee.

should entertain some of these officers each year, to keep thoroughly in touch with the work of the organization. Surely the benefit which we derive from the club can not be measured. To the care-worn woman of large family it brings more than to those who have more leisure, and to the country home it brings refinement and a broader thought and helps all to develop along lines we would not other-



**Mrs. Ethel C. Simpson**  
*President 1906-'07*

The presidents for the 10 years have been: Mrs. C. S. Murkland, Miss Mary A. Burnham, Mrs. C. H. Pettee, Mrs. Elizabeth P. DeMeritt, Miss Carrie Buzzell, Mrs. Ada J. Stevens, Mrs. Zella Mathes, Mrs. Marcia N. Sanders, Mrs. May N. Grant, Mrs. Ethel C. Simpson.

We have been greatly enthused at different times by visits from the officers of the State Federation, and feel that every club, so far as possible,



**Miss Edith M. Davis**  
*Secretary 1905-'06*

wise follow. Our club has always held its members in the firmest bonds of friendship, every one feeling personally interested in every other, ready, ever, to give a helping hand in any time of need.



# The Climber

*By William Ruthven Flint*

## I.

Within the threshold of a widespread vale,  
Stalwart, and eager with the rushing tide  
Of youthful blood, the climber stands at gaze.  
Upon a lofty mountain's misty peak,  
Half shrouded in a pall of gleaming white  
And flecked with fleeting shadows by the clouds  
Slow sailing in the purple haze, is fixed  
His never-faltering glance. Beneath his feet  
The innocents of Spring unheeded lie;  
And on the path behind no track but his  
Hath left its print. No futile questioning  
Of all that backward lies along the course  
That brought him, but the view of what's before  
Fills all his fascinated soul with joy,  
As with a lusty stride he onward treads.

Silently between its banks a stream,  
Wide curving, slumbers down the vale, and all  
The little noisy brooks that fret and fume,  
Impatient of the woods and dark ravines,  
Hush their loud clatter as at last they come  
In silence to the sleeping river's brink.

Leaping the brooks with play of muscles lithe,  
The climber hesitates nor stays for naught,  
Save where some larger mountain stream, perchance,  
Tempt by the witchery of its elfin song  
And leads him out upon a towering crag  
Whence all his buoyant strength and fortitude  
Must bring him back into the rightful way.

Then on again, and upward, through the fields  
And meadows, and the leafy, rustling woods  
His pathway leads. He follows it apace  
With all the courage of unflagging powers.  
But yet he knows not of the way beyond  
Each falling footstep. Every throbbing thought  
Is fixed upon the mountain's mighty crown,  
Which he must climb, he knows not how nor why.

And now the sunlight leaves the path in gloom,  
And slowly scales the eastern ranges tall;  
But still the ruddy glow of sunset light  
Rests upon the distant peak's cloud haloed head.  
The ever changing tints of twilight fall,  
Bidding the climber cease, for it is night.



*The Climber*

## II.

Yet through the dark of his star-lighted trail  
His restless spirit spurs him ever on,  
Though faltering oft and failing of the way,  
Until the chimes of morning in the trees  
Ring with the light and cheer of mystic dawn.

Full daylight finds him striding forth again,  
His seasoned strength unflinching at the steep  
And rocky path. For now no longer smooth,  
But rough and hard to win the way becomes.  
No quiet stream now keeps him company,  
Soothing his restlessness with murmur low.  
Far down the deep ravine's dark somberness  
A whirling torrent plays its frenzied fugue.

Below him and behind, the forests wave  
In heaving billows green, and seem to surge  
Along the rock-walled valleys, rolling high  
On barring ledge and rugged ridges gray.  
Unheeding all, he climbs unceasingly,  
Drawn by he knows not what resistless force,  
Impelling all his being to the toil  
Whether he will or no.

The massy clouds,  
Pierced by the mountain's summit, part at times  
Glimpsing the grandeur of its majesty;  
Then close, but ever in his steadfast soul  
Remains the glory of the scene. Again  
The sunset paints its rose and purple lights,  
And through them all points the great pinnacle  
Straight to the stars above. The climber halts,  
His prime is past, and thews and sinews fail,  
Till morning brings again new life and strength.

## III.

High on the mountain ridge his watch fire gleams  
Through all the night, and in his heart no less  
The flame of quenchless ardor fiercely burns.  
At sunrise up again, and through the mists  
That stream in rifts along the range's crest  
The climber makes his way. The ragged cliffs  
Hinder but stay him not, though stumbling oft,  
Until, arriving at the last ascent,  
He needs must pause for very lack of breath  
And that both foot and hand are wearied sore.

And now his zeal begins to fail; the task  
Appears too great, of little worth compared  
With what his youth had thought. But yet he climbs,  
And still must climb, though all his waning power  
Be set opposed. Scrambling and staggering,  
Caring for naught save that at last he stand  
Upon the height, he goes in breathless haste,  
Haste that is yet but weary sluggishness,

For limbs and heart are feeble, and the blood  
That once went pulsing now a laggard is.

Yet struggling on, the tired climber feels  
His path, and finally his foot he plants  
Upon the highest spire of all the mount.  
Gone are the purple tints and rosy lights,  
The golden halo that enraptured him  
From the far valley's distant door. Around  
And over him is naught but cold and gray;  
The grayness of the chilling mist, and cold  
Of the gray-lichened rock that bounds the view.  
Then, slowly as the mists of morning rise  
And fade, the clouds asunder part, and yield  
A vision far beyond all thought to tell,  
Wherein the finite looks, and finches not,  
Into the awful face of God Himself.

## A Thought

*By L. J. H. Frost*

See yon bright, flaming star!  
Brighter than its companions are.  
With never-closing eye it looks on earth;  
On scenes of woe, on scenes of mirth;  
And ever gazing, seems to say,—  
See by my light to Heaven the way.  
Oh, man! thy way on earth is drear;  
Beset with snares. Trembling and fear  
Take hold on thee. Oft with thy cup of bliss  
Are mixed dark dregs of woe. Remember this,—  
A Father's hand prepared the thorny way,  
And mixed the potion for thee. Say—  
Shall finite question infinite? Beware!  
Man's wisdom is but foolishness. Nor care  
Thou for the morrow; He who clothes  
The lilies will remember thee. Thy woes  
He feels; thy wants He will supply;  
Till life's race run, He calls thee up on high.

From Heaven's window still my light  
Shall shine for thee; guiding thy steps aright,  
Lest thou shouldst fall, or miss the way  
Up to the land of one eternal day.

# The Great Divide in October

By E. P. Tenney

Southward the divide between the Connecticut and the Merrimack broadens as the rivers diverge. Like a wide range of superior hills or inferior mountains, it is an upland park. North, it is distinguished by Lake Sunapee and the superb heights about it. An extended area in the south is from twelve to eighteen hundred feet above the sea, with certain rocky ridges surging much higher. This mountain park terminates in Monadnock, whose top is only seven or eight hundred feet higher than the average altitude of some half dozen broad crests or peaks not far north of it.

On this watershed between the rivers, everywhere the sweet waters are springing from the heights, everywhere brooks are racing towards the sea, and everywhere lakes abound in the lower lands. Everywhere this great divide is forest-clad. If cut and recut, it sprouts anew, and everywhere reclaims the farm lands if tillage is a little while neglected. Yet everywhere by sturdy human industry a few island-like areas of mowing fields are maintained, with here and there a house, or the cellar site of an early settler. An occasional hamlet of a few scores of people only gives emphasis to the general fact that in all this southwestern parkland there is everything needed to make an earthly paradise except inhabitants.

Privileged to abide a few months in a town that comprises a scant two thousand acres, I found, outside one village of five or six score people, but an average of eight or nine inhabitants to the square mile; and the next town north, one-half larger, has throughout a population of but seven to each square mile.

October I spent amid these delightful solitudes—solitudes of color from Monadnock to Moosilauke, from the Connecticut to the Saco and the sea. My biding was in a well-wooded

basin, by a lakeside 1,500 feet above the sea.

One morning at sunrise I noted the leaf coloring. The well-browned and weather-beaten cottage itself is tressed on the east and south with bronzed and scarlet woodbine. As I look west-erly, across the brook that threads a narrow grassland, a jet of red is glowing in the heart of a maple thicket, and behind it a russet dome of butter-nut is closely crowned by a rock maple in warm tints of orange and red.

Beneath a sky line of towering oaks and pines are shrubs dyed in strong tints of maroon, with shades of scarlet; and seen through a low green poplar glows a bright fire of maple. Gleaming in the sunlight are a hundred yellow apples upon their scraggly tree. Coffee-colored shrubs and dusky yellow, dull crimson and old gold, gaze out soberly upon the eastern sky. An undulating mowing lot, in shining green velvet, is bordered by a well-kindled row of tall maples that lead the eye to a mass of hill pines and oaks in dark green, whose tops are brilliantly lighted by maples between, breaking out in flame tips.

On half the horizon, south, is the Bald Eagle Lake, glinting as now in the sun; its surface often stirred and darkened here and there, as now, by the swiftly moving fingers of the wind, down-sweeping from the amphitheatre of hills; or like a mirror it reflects in minute detail masses of hillside, or lowland color of varied foliage that crowds to the water edge. Here are pictured the hickory and the ash in mellow tones of amber and of bronzed yellow, ill-defined and cloud-like; here are deep reds shading into purple; here the painted maples in shades of ruddy orange; here the red and the gold intermingled with green—deep shimmering splendors of color, fringes of fire or soft golden lights in dazzling panorama circling the mir-

ror lake; colors set whirling by the capricious wind gusts,—a shimmering glory of flashing ruby or of tremulous amethyst upon the moving waters.

Over the lake, easterly, through a foreground of maple in drooping sprays of color, I see a bit of sun-lighted grassland; or I look into the heart of a pine grove, shot through and through with sunbeams.

Close at hand is an old soldier's red cottage, flanked by fiery maples, bordered by outspreading grass, and banked by autumn flowers, the blue, the lavender, deep shades of pink, with light purples, and tall stems of white and plumes of scarlet.

Behind it in a narrow segment of the horizon, I see tall trunks of white birch in the foreground, fronting a mass of yellow maples, and overtopped by pines and spruce.

Upon the north, up rises a sharp hillside of intermingled shadings,—the light and dark bronzes, varying tones of crimson and red, and vivid hues of copper; and at the left, in a glimpse of hillside pasture, are ground patches of brilliant amber and shrubs of purple.

Half hidden, at this moment, amid stalks of tall yellow autumnal plants, I look up the great valley of the northwest, toward a skyline of maple banners, spires of fir and domes of oak, with a foreground of delicate purples,

dark orange, vermilion and cherry red, shrubs of ashen-amber hues, light bronze or deep crimson,—all softened and dulled at this angle of the early sunbeams.

Everywhere, by the stir of the morning air the trees and shrubs are moving in the swift maze of October; the autumn wind fingering the tree-tops, tossing the long branches, and loosening the leaves for flight in the clear sunshine or in the hours of darkness.

Turning again toward the west, the colors I first saw have deepened. The whole horizon, too, is changing with the changing hours, a day-long turn and turn in shadow and sun.

With the rising sun, I, too, rise from the Bald Eagle basin and climb the hills in their festal garments; and travel far and near over grassed ridges, or I clamber rocky pinnacles for a vision of the whole countryside in color, or I see at this hour a delicate purple haze, afar, overhanging the blue ranges of the west. I search out ancient roads overgrown by evergreen or tangled by October leaves, or I wander along the brooks down-rushing to their lake-beds; or I move along the shining shores of the glass-like lakes; all day, everywhere, eager for more and more of halcyon days—tomorrow and forever.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## The Last

*By C. C. Lord*

It is the waning time, the gloom  
Creeps slowly; to the sombre past  
The blossoms glide; the year's dark tomb  
Claims each and all, but one dies last.

Hope craves all beauty; love is bold,  
When death but doubts, and feels the power  
Of endless worth in pledge they hold—  
The charms that deck a lustrous flower.

Oh, sweet, last bloom! Kind fate's decree,  
While thought invokes a fancy blest,  
Cheers all the bright romance, to see  
Thou•diest on my lady's breast.

# European Life

## As Manifested through the Romanic and Saxon Races

*By S. H. McCollister, D. D.*

This does not signify life as portrayed in Europe today, for European life at present is expressing itself in every zone and clime of the globe. It is the mainspring of India; it is opening the gates of China; it is bidding Japan move on; it is spreading civilization over Australia; it is working mines in Africa; it is exploring Arctic seas; it is rounding Cape Horn; it is making settlements in Patagonia; and in America it is doing marvelous things from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic to the Antarctic oceans.

Not every life that has taken root in Europe, is the development of European life. This is especially the case with the Romans. Though they took an active part in Europe for a thousand years, occupying nearly all the territory west and south of the Rhine and Danube rivers, still they were not a race of European development. They extended their domain into Asia and Africa. Rome from the start seemed bound to become the mistress of the world. Her self-esteem was such that she thought of Rome first and last. Northern Europe could not have sprung from her extreme selfishness. The Romans made laws and great roads for their own protection; the former dealt harshly with all enemies, while the latter afforded means of readily transferring soldiers from the capital to the extremest limits. She wanted every subject to feel proud in being a Roman and delight in boasting of the fact. She aimed to have her citizens molded by the same thoughts and actions. The Roman life was reduced to the extremest

monotony; everything must be done as Rome dictated.

In Bombay at the present day, as you observe the throngs crowding the streets, you will soon discover that the sons are doing precisely as their fathers did; the child there must repeat the parent in every particular; if the father is a cobbler, the son must be; if the father picks up cow-bratties for a living the child must do the same or he loses his caste, and he had better be out of the world than to do such a thing. The idea of castes has prevailed for ages in the Orient, and it has resulted in every instance in monotony and standing still, and finally, in extinction.

The Jew bent all his energy to establishing the fact of one Jehovah. A person could not become an Israelite indeed without becoming a decided theocrat. This made him narrow, bigoted and revengeful. The God he worshipped was just such a divinity as he made Him to be, now loving and then hating, now saving and then destroying. This ended in scattering the Jewish nation to the four winds.

Greece in her palmiest days felt to stand on the very pinnacle of fame. Her shores were indented with numerous ports and her surface was cut up into deepest vales and towering mountains. She was greatly diversified in all regards, yet in spite of nature her people were prone to just one idea, that of beauty. This became supreme with the one that tilled the soil, that chiseled the marble, that painted the canvas, that wrote the poem, that delivered the oration, that built the temple, that adored the gods. The notion

of beauty was supreme with the Greeks; they produced the most beautiful statue, picture and poem. They pushed this oneness of thought to such an extent as to weaken and cripple their power; and finally the beautiful and splendid monument which they had piled so high, tottered and fell upon them, crushing them, as a nation, out of sight.

Turning to the Romans, the one idea was Rome; it was not simply burnishing the sword and perfecting the statue, but it was Rome, Rome wherever you went within her realm; she was ambitious to be the all in the estimation of the world; she sent a Roman upon the battlefield; she allowed no other than a Roman to enter the Senate. A Roman was lord in the home, owning the wife and child. Now to be accredited as a Roman, was a distinguished honor. Rome was the all-absorbing idea, and in her extreme selfishness she did not wish to know, or to be anything else higher or better than Rome. While sucking her own claws of conceit, she was sowing the seeds of death. As it is true that the individual can save his own soul only by trying to save others, so it is equally true of the nation; living altogether for itself breeds monotony and ultimate destruction.

Examining modern Europe, you find the reigning character entirely different from the old Roman. If he is felling trees in America, or fighting the Zulu-Kafirs, or publishing a newspaper in Klondyke, you do not find him riding one idea to death; he is given to his own way of thinking and doing; he believes in variety; he is neither Jew, nor Greek, nor Roman, but he is a man without a fad or hobby, bound to adapt himself to circumstances and be equal to any emergency.

The outcome of his life has been the greatest diversity of thought and deed. As you inspect him in his old home, you discover he is blue-eyed, of ruddy cheek, blonde hair, of medium height

and weight, quick to perceive and ready to execute; he waits for no one but pushes straight ahead. In the course of time his language is compounded of Saxon, French, Latin, Greek, Gaelic and other dialects. At length he explores in imagination the Inferno and Pandemonium and pictures them in verse. He ransacks the four quarters of the earth, settling new lands, building cities, instituting traffic, establishing universities and opening up the public school. Apparently it was not very long before he called forth a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Scott, a Burns, an Irving and a Longfellow. In religion he became a Christian, introducing various methods of expressing his homage to God. His religion dominated his actions. In politics he coveted diversity of opinion; so he opened the way for a Chatham, a Fox, a Patrick Henry, a Calhoun, a Webster, a Bright, a Sumner and a Gladstone, to proclaim their sentiments of statesmanship and self-government. He has run the gauntlet of theocracy, monarchy, oligarchy, democracy, toryism, whigism and republicanism.

As he has founded different nations, they have run quite clear of one another; verily, there has been no repetition; each has expressed its own method and vitality; however, there has been a tendency in spite of the diversity, to agree to disagree, resulting thereby in general unity and harmony.

Every nation of Germanic origin has portrayed this peculiar characteristic of being divided at least into two parties. This opposition tends to healthy rivalry, keeping affairs on the move, guarding against sameness, which was so common among the Romans, and in the end so destructive to their nationality.

The western European life began to take form and become visibly active somewhere about the seventh century. Previous to this period there was no Europe; it is true the Romans were in it, professing to be accomplishing

wonders, but until the Norman William set foot on English soil there was no England, no France, no Spain, no Italy. This occurred in the middle of the eleventh century. It is true at the beginning of the fifth century the Northmen crossed the Danube to smite the Roman Empire, and for two centuries gory war was going on between the barbarians and the Romans; western Europe was then given to scenes of wildest grandeur. The people could live only as they huddled together in villages and cities under the shadow of some well-guarded castle; pillage and rapine were rife; brigands delighted to forage the country, to capture all possible booty. At this time Europe was in confusion, with no apparent sign of order coming out of chaos. But after the German Saxon had fairly planted himself in northern Europe, respecting woman and regarding the home as sacred, then real life began to dawn in the land. It was not very long now before the northern barbarians climbed over the Alps and descended upon the Romans. About this period the Carthaginians under Hannibal came across the Mediterranean, and at Canne the Romans met them in battle, lost 50,000 men, being forced to retreat, expecting the Carthaginians would surely rush down upon their capital, which was 80 miles distant. Now the nation that had long been supreme and had been receiving tribute from all other parts of the world, began to fear and tremble. Rome was then corrupt at the core; for this reason she had little faith in herself. She worshipped many gods by fits; when Jupiter smiled, she honored him; when Mars crowned her with victory, she adored him; when the reverse was the case, she rebelled against them. So she kept doubting and faltering until the Northmen overpowered her.

In this remarkable revolution we should be careful to discover that the real secret of Rome's downfall was not the invasion of foreign enemies, but in her internecine troubles.

While doting on being a child of good fortune, in her delusion she was indulging in sexual vices and epicurean excesses. These were gnawing off the very threads of her internal being, wholly unfitting her to face an enemy.

No nation yet has ever been destroyed that was sound at heart and loyal to principle. An enemy in the camp is the one always to be most feared. Internal foes worked destruction to Rome, Greece, Thebes and Babylon. Now lust and infidelity defiled the Roman home. Beggars in hoards wandered about the streets of the city of the Cæsars. The opulent glutted themselves in grossest pleasures. No wonder that barbarians as they came out of the woods by the Elbe, the Rhine and Danube rivers and passed over the Alps to the seat of the Roman Empire, should readily subdue it. Polluted Romans could no longer sustain swinish Rome and she fell apparently by Germanic forces. Her Virgil had dropped his lyre; Horace had ceased to sing; Cicero no longer orated in the Senate. Rome had sown to the wind and now was reaping the whirlwind. Henceforth the Germanic Saxons pushed on, keeping the heart-life active in the main. They gradually outgrew the feudal system, establishing the home along the Rhine, the Rhone, the Thames and the Clyde. They forbore making woman a slave; the home to them was a sacred institution. As Christianity was presented to them, they were prepared for its reception; they had outgrown polytheism and laid hold at once with zest of the teachings of Christianity. Strides they now took in the way of progress; they ventured into every department of nature, unravelling her arcana. They were fond of adventure; across seas and oceans they went; they settled more or less upon islands and continents; they built ships and highways; they dammed rivers and set countless mills in operation; they founded schools and churches; before very long they made western Europe

blossom like the rose; and then they sought Asia, Africa, America and Australia, and have largely held the lines of civilization in their own hands.

There can be no valid reason why they will not continue to lead the van, provided their heart-life holds the sway. They certainly are exhibiting no signs of decay, or of monotony. During the last 50 years they have multiplied inventions beyond counting; each man seems to work independent of the rest; so buildings vary in size and style; no two villages or cities are alike; yet, in spite of these disagreements they are bound together in settlements and nations, binding themselves to be governed by certain strict and wholesome laws; the tendency is right onward; no reason can be discovered why they should not continue thus, unless they yield to the inroads which are being made upon them through immigration and the commingling of blood with those that have always lived a monotonous existence, being unambitious, caring for little more than just enough to gratify their passions.

As a whole, the nations are moving on to a higher plane; the universal

law is progress—the advancement of what is best. Contraries and contradictions are limitations, or are only in appearance. Perfection is the providential aim, based not upon selfishness but upon love. Until this is attained, writes Fichte, there can be no halting, but one eternal pressing forward.

The individual makes for himself his own spiritual world, fermenting what is within him. All is marvelous for the poet; all is pure to the angel; and all is base and corrupt to the sordid soul. Accordingly, the good man creates his Elysium and the bad man fashions his Tartarus; so what one sees is himself in things; as he thinketh so is he truly.

What applies to the single individual will hold true for the collected body, or nation. What is within is sure in time to manifest itself without. Let the Saxon stock be true to its genius, and it will wax stronger and stronger for verities in discovery, in variety and in opening up the secrets of nature, bringing the human family more and more face to face with the highest and holiest in time and eternity.

## When He Wakes

*By Hervey Lucius Woodward*

Mary, when the angel Death  
Stilled the pulse, and choked the breath,  
Caused thy dear one's eyes grow dim  
Wert thou glad because of Him?

With thy broken heart, thy woe,  
Seemed life blasted from the blow?

Sister, when the angel Life  
Conquers Death in final strife,  
Harry shall divide the sod,  
Hold his pure heart up to God,  
Blossom like a lily fair,—  
Life eternal ever share.



# Burgoyne's Surrender—Portsmouth

## Revolutionary Tablets

*By Joseph Foster<sup>1</sup>*

Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga on October 17, 1777, one hundred and twenty-nine years ago today, and Gen. William Whipple of Portsmouth was the senior American commissioner to arrange the details of the capitulation.

The number of regular troops, British and German, who laid down their arms was 5,591; the camp followers amounted to 200 more; and 42 pieces of artillery and nearly five thousand muskets, with ammunition for both, fell into our hands.

This victory was the "turning point" of the American Revolution! It had three momentous results: (1) It completely broke up the plans of the British government respecting the war; (2) it secured for us the open aid of England's old and powerful enemy, France; (3) it inspired the whole Continental Army with new hope.

The news of Burgoyne's surrender filled England with consternation and France with delight. Franklin was openly received at Versailles. Within three months, France had acknowledged our independence. Her armies and fleets prepared to give us active aid. Thus, Burgoyne's surrender gained for us at once recognition as a nation, and the alliance of the first military power of Europe.

England now gave up the colonies for lost. From this time forward, the war was carried on more to save the

nation's pride than with any hope of success. In the threatening condition of affairs at home, England could not then spare another army for so distant a field; or carry on the war successfully without the aid of mercenaries and the king of Prussia and the Empress of Austria refused to permit any more German soldiers to go to America.

At home, the surrender of Burgoyne thrilled the whole land, for all felt it to be the harbinger of final triumph. The people went wild with joy; salvos of artillery, toasts, bonfires, illuminations, everywhere testified to the general exultation. The name of France was hailed with acclamations. At once a sense of national dignity and solidity took the place of uncertainty and isolation. Now and henceforth the flag of the United States was known and respected, abroad as at home, on the sea as on the land.

On October 17, 1781, four years to a day after Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, the climax came. Cornwallis sent out a white flag at Yorktown and asked for terms, and two days later, October 19, 1781, surrendered, and American independence was won.

After Stark's victory at Bennington, August 16, 1777, the northern army was reinforced by the militia of all the neighboring states. Brig.-Gen. William Whipple of Portsmouth marched with a great part of his brigade, and volunteers from all parts of New Hampshire hastened in great numbers to join the standard of Gen-

<sup>1</sup>This article, by Rear-Admiral Foster, which appeared in the Portsmouth *Herald* of October 17, seems worthy of preservation in the libraries of the state, and to that end is given place in the GRANITE MONTHLY.

eral Gates. In the desperate battles of Stillwater and of Saratoga the troops of New Hampshire gained a large share of the honor due to the American army. The consequence of these engagements was the surrender of General Burgoyne.

The commissioners who signed the articles of capitulation were Lieutenant-Colonel Sutherland and Captain Craig of the Forty-seventh Regiment on the part of General Burgoyne and Gen. William Whipple and Col. James Wilkinson on the part of General Gates.

They met in a tent between the advanced guards of the two armies on the afternoon of the 16th of October, 1777, and in the evening signed the articles of capitulation.

The closing scene of this most memorable campaign is thus described by one of the actors in it. He says:

"About 10 o'clock we marched out, according to treaty, with drums beating and the honors of war. . . . I shall never forget the appearance of the American troops on our marching past them. A dead silence reigned through their numerous columns.

. . . . Not one of them was uniformly clad. Each had on the clothes he wore in the fields, the church or the tavern; they stood, however, like soldiers, well arranged and with a military air, in which there was little to find fault with. All the muskets had bayonets and the sharpshooters had rifles. The men all stood so still that we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor. Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them and we were all surprised at the sight of such a handsome, well-formed race. The whole nation has a natural turn for war and a soldier's life. The generals wore uniforms, and belts which designated their rank, but most of the colonels were in their ordinary clothes with a musket and bayonet in hand

and a cartridge-box or powder horn slung over the shoulder."

How few of those who daily pass General Whipple's former residence on the west side of Market Street, midway between Hanover and Deer streets, remember that here lived a signer, not only of the Declaration of Independence, but also of Burgoyne's capitulation.

It is true that at a regular meeting of the board of mayor and aldermen of the City of Portsmouth, Thursday evening, September 4, 1890, on motion of Alderman John McCaffery, a retired officer of the navy and a veteran of the war for the preservation of the Union, it was voted "that the new State Street School be named the Whipple School, in honor of Gen. William Whipple of Portsmouth, soldier of the Revolution and signer of the Declaration of Independence," as requested by Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of this city, and "that a marble tablet be placed on the front of the schoolhouse, bearing this inscription:

William Whipple  
of Portsmouth, N. H.  
Signer of the Declaration of  
Independence.  
Born 1730—Died 1785.

Alas! 16 years have passed and no tablet has been erected; but let us hope now that some one of Portsmouth's patriotic societies may soon place on the Whipple School a bronze tablet which will tell the present and future generations that through William Whipple this town of Portsmouth took part in these two momentous events of the American Revolution.

Portsmouth is full of Revolutionary memories, but only six Revolutionary bronze tablets can be found in this city and vicinity; one erected by the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New Hampshire, four by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New Hampshire, and one by the Paul Jones Club of Portsmouth, Sons of the American Revolu-

*Burgoyne's Surrender*

tion. The inscriptions are as follows and, though entirely in capital letters on the tablets, are here otherwise printed:

New Castle—On the outer wall of Fort Constitution, near the gate:

In commemoration  
of the first victory of the  
American Revolution,  
The capture, on this site, of  
Fort William and Mary  
14-15 December, 1774.

In admiration of the gallantry  
of

Capt. John Langdon  
and

Maj. John Sullivan,  
leaders of the assaults  
In memory of the patriots  
who captured the fort and  
removed the guns and stores.

Erected by the  
Society of Colonial Wars  
in the State of New Hampshire,  
1902.

Portsmouth—On the "Lear House,"  
on the north side of Hunking Street  
(No. 7), between Marcy and Mechanic  
streets:

Colonel Tobias Lear  
was born in this house in 1760.  
He was George Washington's secretary  
from 1783 to 1799.  
Washington visited here in 1789.  
This tablet is placed by the Society  
of the Sons of the Revolution  
of the State of New Hampshire,  
1899.

Portsmouth—On the old "William  
Pitt Tavern," southwest corner of  
Court and Atkinson streets:

The Earl of Halifax  
and  
William Pitt Hotel  
erected in 1770,  
Gen. Lafayette visited here  
in 1782.  
Also Louis Philippe, who was  
afterwards King of France.  
This is the last spot where  
Washington personally  
complimented our State  
through its official  
Dignitaries in 1789.  
This tablet was placed by  
the New Hampshire Society  
of Sons of the Revolution,  
A. D. 1901.

Portsmouth—On the old "Assem-  
bly House," on Vaughan Street, at  
the corner of Raitt's Court:

Assembly House  
built in 1750.  
Washington attended  
a reception here,  
Nov. 3, 1789.  
Remodeled in 1838.  
The New Hampshire Society  
Sons of the Revolution  
placed this tablet  
Feb. 22, 1903.

Portsmouth—On the "Hunking  
Wentworth House," on the corner of  
Church and Congress streets, next  
west of the North Church:

This house was occupied by  
Hunking Wentworth  
A zealous patriot and  
efficient friend of the  
American Revolution.  
He was chairman of the  
Committee of Safety to  
obtain signatures to the  
Association Test of 1776,  
wherein citizens promised  
at the risk of their lives  
and fortunes to oppose the  
hostile proceedings of the  
British fleets and armies  
against the United Colonies  
The New Hampshire Society of  
the Sons of the Revolution  
placed this tablet  
Feb. 22, 1904.

Kittery—At the ferry landing of  
the Atlantic Shore Line Electric Rail-  
way, Badger's Island:

In memory of  
the Continental sloop of war  
Ranger  
launched from this island  
May 10, 1777.  
Sailed for France November 1, 1777,  
John Paul Jones, Captain,  
with dispatches of  
Burgoyne's surrender.  
Received February 14, 1778,  
the first salute  
to the Stars and Stripes  
from the French fleet.  
captured the  
British sloop of war Drake,  
April 24, 1778.  
Erected by the Paul Jones Club  
of Portsmouth,  
Sons of the American Revolution.  
1905.

There are also five marble tablets, in Portsmouth churches in memory of Revolutionary patriots; two in the North Congregational and three in St. John's Episcopal Church. Of these, only that of William Gardner in the latter church, is all in capital letters. Gov. John Langdon was born June 25, 1741, and not in 1739, as stated on one of the tablets:

**In Memoriam**

Rev. Samuel Langdon, D. D.  
Born in Boston, Jan. 11, 1723.  
Chaplain to the New Hampshire troops at the siege of Louisburg, in 1745.  
Pastor of this church, 1747 to 1774, President of Harvard College, 1774 to 1780. Offered the prayer for the assembled army the night previous to the battle of Bunker Hill.  
An influential member of the N. H. Constitutional Convention in 1788, for the adoption of the Federal Constitution.  
Pastor of the church at Hampton Falls 1784 to 1797.  
Died Nov. 29, 1797.

**Tablet, North Church, Portsmouth:**

In memory of  
the Honorable  
John Langdon, L. L. D.  
Born 1739—Died 1819.  
He was a member of this church  
several years  
Erected by  
His great-grandson,  
Alfred Langdon Elwyn,  
1890.

**Tablet North Church, Portsmouth:**

**In Memoriam.**  
Honourable John Langdon, L. L. D.  
Born June 25, 1741. Died Sept. 18, 1819.  
Governor Langdon honoured by his presence  
the Masonic ceremonial at the laying of the  
corner-stone of this church, June 24, 1807.  
Of honest stock: courage and wisdom crowned  
The man who still good as he looked was found:  
Whom all its honours to his country bound,  
Best of the best in his New Hampshire home.

**Tablet St. John's Church, Portsmouth:**

**In memory**

of the  
Hon. Elijah Hall,  
who died  
June 22, A. D. 1830,  
aged 84 years.  
As an officer of the Ranger, under  
Capt. J. Paul Jones; a Merchant; a  
Representative, Senator and  
Councillor of this State; as  
naval officer; member of this  
Church, and in his other relations,  
he sustained the character of a  
Patriot and an upright Man.

**Tablet St. John's Church, Portsmouth:**

In memory of  
William Gardner,  
An honest man,  
A friend to this Church  
and a sincere liberal  
Patriot.  
Died April 29, 1834;  
Aged 83 years.

In looking upon these tablets and recalling the events of the American Revolution we should not forget that it was a contest with the British crown and ministry by Englishmen born and living in America, for equal political rights with Englishmen living in England, upon the basic principle of English liberty that "Taxation without representation is tyranny,"—and that many in England strongly sympathized with the colonists in their struggle.

The monument erected at Odiorne's Point, Rye, in 1899, by the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Dames, tells the story of New Hampshire's first settlement in 1623 by Englishmen; and the "Liberty flag pole" at Liberty Bridge, at the junction of Water and Marcy streets, Portsmouth, still reminds us that on January 9, 1766, ten years before the Declaration of Independence, English colonists, descendants or successors of the first settlers and our ancestors, in protest against the odious stamp act passed by Parliament in 1765, marched through the streets of Portsmouth carrying the New Hampshire stamp agent's commission in triumph on the point of a

sword, exposed to public view, bearing a flag on which was inscribed in large letters the words, "Liberty, property and no stamp," and raising upon a flag-staff erected for the occasion at "Swing-Bridge," called from that day forward "Liberty Bridge," this, the first "no stamp flag" ever displayed in the American colonies—all in support of the rights they claimed as Englishmen! A new pole was erected July 4, 1824, on the same spot as the original, and renewed July 4, 1899.

The inscriptions on the Odiorne's Point monument, all in capital letters, are given below:

(Front)

Here landed  
in the Spring of 1623  
the first band of Englishmen  
pioneers in the planting of  
New Hampshire  
consecrating this soil to the  
service of  
God and Liberty

(Base)

1623—1899

(Rear)

To their perpetual memory  
the National Society  
of the  
Colonial Dames of America  
in the  
State of New Hampshire  
dedicate this stone  
1899

The inscriptions on the "Liberty Bridge" flag pole are, except "July 4, 1899," in capital letters (large and small) and are as follows:

(On Shield)

Erected July 4, 1824  
in Commemoration of  
July 4, 1776, that Declared  
Our Emancipation From  
Tyranny And Gave Us  
The Privileges Of  
Freemen

(On Pole)

Liberty  
Flag Pole  
renewed  
July 4, 1899

PORTSMOUTH, October 17.

## The Moon's Decision

*By Flora J. Tubbs*

Long years ago the Moon in Heaven,  
With all her wealth of mellow light,  
Was undecided what to do  
To show the greatness of her might.  
The Sun, her father, reigned supreme,  
O'er all the earth as "King of Day,"  
To him the Moon, with filial love,  
In gentle tones was heard to say:

"Majestic father, 'tis from thee  
That I receive my wealth of light,  
Now 'tis a problem great indeed,  
How I may honor thee aright.  
I've pondered long upon this thought,  
And now I gladly come to thee,  
To lay before thee all my plans,  
And see what answer thine will be.

"Thy rays give light and heat to all,  
And yet, with all thy mighty power,  
Thou can'st not shine o'er all the earth,  
In every part the selfsame hour.  
With all thy brightness visible,  
No earthly power thy light defies,  
But when bereft of thee, the world  
In densest gloom and darkness lies.

"That is the time that I would work,  
And send to earth a genial ray;  
Mayhap some wand'rer I may cheer,  
If I but shine upon his way.  
The little stars do all they can,  
With bright and twinkling light they shine;  
I'd join with them in their good work,  
Their light is small compared with mine."

The father, smiling on his child,  
Replied, "My gentle Moon, well done!  
Thy choice is wise and noble too,  
My approbation thou hast won.  
Remember that we but reflect  
The wisdom, goodness, love and might,  
Of our Creator from above,  
Whose words we heard, 'Let there be light.'"

The Moon went forth upon her way,  
Most nobly she her mission wrought;  
Much brightness by her cheerful rays,  
To all the darkened earth she brought.  
The little stars still twinkled on,  
Rejoicing in the Moon's clear light;  
They ever after gave to her  
The honored title, "Queen of Night."

## *An Autumn Rain*

*By Frank Henry Noyes*

Halfway from earth to leaden sky  
A bird, storm-driven, flutters by,  
And in its wandering blindly flees  
The spectral arms of naked trees;  
While patter, patter, as of myriad feet  
That dance, and pause, and fiercely beat  
In wild confusion on the pane,  
Dripping, dripping, eaves off-slipping,  
Descends the autumn rain.

# New Hampshire Necrology

## PROF. HENRY E. SAWYER.

Henry Edmund Sawyer, born in Warner, July 14, 1826, died at Randolph, Vt., September 2, 1906.

He was the son of Jacob and Laura (Bartlett) Sawyer and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1851, among his classmates being Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont, the late Senator Jonathan Ross of the same state, Prof. E. T. Quimby and the late Hon. Edward Ash-ton Rollins of Somersworth. He was principal of the Francetown Academy from 1851 to 1853; principal of the Great Falls High School from 1854 to 1857, and of the Concord High School from 1857 to 1865, taking charge of the latter at the time of its reorganization, when, as the late principal, John F. Kent says, in his comprehensive review of the school's history, "it first became a real high school." He was decidedly popular as a teacher here, and the reputation of the school was thoroughly established under his management.

From Concord he went to Middletown, Conn., where he was for 13 years superintendent of schools; was then, for six years, associate principal of the State Normal School at New Britain, Conn., and, later, for an equal term principal of the Moody School for Boys at Mt. Hermon, Mass. Subsequently he spent two years in foreign travel and was then, for three years, professor of Biblical Science in Tougaloo University, Mississippi.

Professor Sawyer had studied divinity and was a licentiate of the Congregational Church from 1858. He was also, for a time, an associate editor of the *New Hampshire Journal of Education*. He married, November 27, 1851, Julia Ann, daughter of Josiah French of Candia. Since 1895 his home had been in Washington, D. C.

## ALBERT S. WAIT.

Albert S. Wait, born in Chester, Vt., April 14, 1821, died in Newport, N. H., October 7, 1905.

Mr. Wait was a son of Gen. David and Cynthia (Read) Wait, his father having served as an ensign in the War of 1812, and as a major-general in the Vermont militia. He studied law with Hon. Daniel Kellogg of Saxtons River, Vt., was admitted to the Windham County, Vt., bar in 1846, and immediately commenced practice in Paper Mill Village, now Alstead, N. H., where he remained till 1857, when he removed to Newport, where he ever after continued in practice, for the first ten years having been in partner-

ship with the late Hon. Edmund Burke. He was a great student, and it has been said of him that he knew better what the books said than any other lawyer in New Hampshire. He remained vigorous in body and mind, and continued in active practice nearly up to the time of his death.

Mr. Wait was greatly interested in historical subjects and in Masonry and was one of the best authorities in the country on Masonic law. He was an active member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and of the state and American bar associations. He had been grand high priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of Free Masons of the state, and grand commander of the Knights Templar.

In religion Mr. Wait was a Congregationalist and in politics a life-long and unswerving Democrat. He had been the candidate of his party for various offices and was a delegate to the National Democratic convention in Chicago in 1864.

## HON. JOHN S. CATE.

Hon. John S. Cate, ex-mayor of Everett, Mass., a native of the town of Tamworth, born March 25, 1839, died at his summer home in West Ossipee, October 11, 1906.

He had been a resident of Everett about thirty years, having been for a long time superintendent for a Boston firm engaged in the manufacture of roofing materials, and subsequently in the real estate business in Everett. He served as a selectman of Everett before it became a city, and was elected mayor in 1864 and 1866. He had also served in the state Legislature. He was prominent in Masonry and other secret orders. He is survived by a widow and one son.

## ALVIN S. EATON.

Alvin S. Eaton, born in Hillsborough, December 4, 1840, died in Nashua, October 22, 1906.

Mr. Eaton removed to Nashua with his parents in infancy, and had been a life-long resident. He was actively engaged for many years in business as a concreting contractor, after having served in the Union Army through the War of the Rebellion. He became city marshal of Nashua in 1890 and served until 1905 in that capacity. He was also for many years previous a deputy sheriff. He was a Republican in politics, was an active Free Mason and Grand Army man, having served as commander of the New Hampshire department in the latter organization. He was the father of Ivory C. Eaton, city solicitor of Nashua.

## Editor and Publisher's Notes

The nominating conventions of the two great political parties have been held, the platforms adopted, the tickets presented in their entirety and the election is close at hand. In their substantial features there is no material difference between the platforms. They apparently mean about the same, but the real spirit and purpose behind them may be entirely different. What this is, in either case, can only be known after the party promulgating it has been charged with the responsibilities of government by the majority at the polls. As has been said, heretofore, however, the welfare of the state depends much more upon the character of the Legislature to be chosen than upon the choice of governor, and, it may properly be added, that more depends upon the individual character, patriotic purpose and enlightened public spirit of the men who are chosen to membership in the Legislature, than upon their party affiliation. These things should be taken into account by every voter, regardless of party, in determining his action in the matter of selecting legislators. What a man thinks about the tariff, or about trusts, centralization or colonialism, can have little bearing upon his action in regard to schools, highways, forestry, or any of the important questions of state policy with which the next Legislature will be called upon to deal.

Among measures which will be introduced in the next Legislature will be one providing for a material advance in the line of the equalization of school privileges, making a considerably larger appropriation than the so-called "Grange school law," now on the statute book, carries. The existing law has proved quite beneficial, materially increasing the length of school in a number of the poorer

towns, and manifestly improving the quality in those which have availed themselves of the advantages of competent supervision for which it also conditionally provides. It is felt, by those who have taken interest in the matter, that an increase in the appropriation and other changes in the law, which shall make it more effective, can very properly be made at the next session. Another measure likely to be introduced, is one extending the right of suffrage in municipal affairs to the women of the state. Such a measure was introduced at the last session, duly considered and favorably reported by the judiciary committee of the House, but juggled out of the reach of the House itself by the shrewd manipulation of one of its opponents on the committee, who succeeded in getting charge of it. This year the friends of the equal suffrage movement propose to have a fair test of strength in the Legislature itself.

While the Legislature should always guard against unnecessary and useless expenditures and appropriations, there is such a thing as niggardly folly in this matter of "economy." There is room for grave doubt that anything was really saved by the failure to provide for New Hampshire's representation at the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, three years ago. There is no room for doubt that it will be greatly to the detriment of the state if provision is not made for its proper representation at the historic Tercentennial Exposition at Jamestown, Va., next summer. Certainly no one of the original thirteen states is better entitled to representation at this great historic exposition than the home of Stark and Langdon, Sullivan and Weare, whose brave sons were in the majority at Bunker Hill, and won the fight at Bennington, and whose



final action gave validity to the Constitution and established the Union. There will be no time for delay if anything is to be done, and the first day of the coming legislative session should be characterized by the introduction of a measure providing for the proper representation of New Hampshire at Jamestown, and the same should be passed immediately, careful consideration having been used in its preparation.

There appears in this issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* a portrait and brief biographical sketch of Hon. Nathan C. Jameson of Antrim, the candidate of the Democratic party for governor. This magazine is a strictly non-partisan publication and advocates the claims of no party or candidate; but presents, from time to time, sketches of representative New Hampshire men of all parties and callings in whom the public may properly take an interest.

As has been frequently the case since the present publisher assumed control of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, quite a number of sample copies of this issue are sent out to prominent citizens of the state not now subscribers, in the hope that they may be led to become such. The attention of all such is called to the liberal proposition found on the last outside cover page of this number.

The December number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, completing this volume, will be a double number, devoted largely to an illustrated article on Concord, setting forth the advantages of the New Hampshire capital as a residential city. Considerable labor will be involved in its preparation and issue and it will not appear until

about the middle of next month. A large edition will be printed and it will be especially valuable as an advertising medium.

It is unquestionably true that the people cannot too well guard their rights against the encroachments of great corporate interests, and that they should ever be on the alert in that direction. It is just as true that demagogues in all parties often resort to anti-corporation clamor to advance their own interests by playing upon the prejudices and passions of the people. Some of the loose talk about New Hampshire, as suffering under "the iron rule of a railroad monopoly," which has been heard of late, is along this line. New Hampshire is constantly calling for cheaper and better service at the hands of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and is getting it about as rapidly as the conditions will warrant; as, witness, the substantial reduction in passenger fares, recently announced, to go into effect in the near future.

The president has issued his proclamation, designating Thursday, November 29, as Thanksgiving Day, and the governors of the several states will fall into line with their own respective proclamations, setting apart the same day for the same purpose—the latter being an entirely superfluous proceeding. Though originating in New England, Thanksgiving has come to be a national institution—has been such, indeed, ever since the close of the Southern Rebellion, and there is no more occasion for proclamations from governors in this connection than there is for manifestoes in the same line from the mayors of cities and the selectmen of towns.

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**HON. BERTRAM ELLIS**

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XXXVIII, No. 12    DECEMBER, 1906    NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, No. 12

## Hon. Bertram Ellis

By Rev. J. L. Seward, D. D.

One of the oldest newspapers in New Hampshire is the *New Hampshire Sentinel*, established at Keene, in 1799, by John Prentiss, who lived to see the day when he was the oldest living journalist in America, as he had long been one of the ablest and best known. That newspaper has long been the leading exponent in southwestern New Hampshire of the principles which have been endorsed by the Federal, National Republican, Whig and Republican parties. Its reputation has been second to no other state journal throughout its long career. It still sustains its well-earned reputation.

Hon. Bertram Ellis, the editor and one of the proprietors of the daily and weekly *Sentinel* of Keene, was born in Boston, Mass., November 26, 1860, the son of Moses and Emily (Ferrin) Ellis. On the paternal side, he is of English descent, and on the maternal side Scotch-Irish, from the Ferrins of Londonderry.

Mr. Ellis came to Keene while a lad, with his parents, and was educated in the schools of the town, fitting for college in the local high school. He was a graduate of Harvard, in the class of 1884. He received from the same university the compound degree of LL. B. and A. M., in 1887. Immediately after, he entered the law office of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, in the City of New York, and was admitted to the New York bar in 1888. Soon after, he began the practice of law in Denver, Col., which he continued until 1890, a part of the

time in partnership with L. C. Rockwell.

Mr. Ellis was summoned to Keene, in 1890, by his father's illness, which proved fatal in a few months after his return. In the meantime, he became separated from his Colorado connections. He became interested in newspaper work and formed a connection with the *Sentinel* Company, and became the editor of the paper, two years later, in 1893.

The transition from journalism to politics is easy and natural. He was an aide on the staff of Governor Busiel, in 1895-'96. He was a member of the House of Representatives in the General Court of 1897, and again in 1905; and he represented his district in the state Senate in 1899 and 1901, in the last named year being president of that body. These honors came to him as an earnest expression of public feeling rather than as a result of any forced or unusual efforts in his own behalf. His thorough scholarship, his able discussion of the leading questions of local and national importance through his editorial columns, his genial manner and general popularity, all contributed to bring to him these honors in rapid succession. While in the House he was both times the chairman of the committee on appropriations, a position of the greatest importance. He was reelected to the House in the election of 1906, and is a candidate for speaker. The ability with which he presided over the sessions of the Senate of 1901, added to his long experience with legislative

procedures, would seem to mark him as in every way qualified for this honorable position.

In 1904, Mr. Ellis was a delegate from the Second District to the Republican national convention at Chicago. Mr. Ellis has always been a consistent Republican. For six years he was the president of the Young Men's Republican Club of Keene. He is president of the board of education in Keene, a trustee of the Elliot City Hospital, the secretary for New Hampshire of the Harvard Law

School Association, the secretary of the Harvard Club of Keene, and a member of the Wentworth, Monadnock and Country clubs of the same place. He is much interested in all moral and philanthropic enterprises in the city and vicinity and, through his paper, has added greatly to their efficiency.

On June 20, 1894, Mr. Ellis married Miss Margaret Louise Wheeler of Minneapolis, Minn. He has no children.

## With Seeds of 'Snow on the Mountains'

TO E. H. F., RYE, N. H.

*By Emily E. Cole*

From fair Dakota's prairies broad  
These tiny seeds a greeting bring  
To rough New Hampshire's ocean edge,  
To rest within thy garden's ring.

"Snow on the Mountains"—how the name  
A vision brings to memory's eye  
Of distant hills and nearer vales,  
And white waves on the shores of Rye.

The long brown road with ferny edge,  
The scent of hay, the hum of bees,  
The elms that guard the meadow's rim,  
The salt smell of the ocean breeze;

These mingle with the scenes that smile  
Before my eyes this sunny day,  
Of noble fields of ripening grain  
That spread, an ocean, far away.

No white caps on its ripples show—  
A level stretch of golden brown—  
Brave Indian corn and smaller grains  
That make our fair Dakota's crown.

Box-elder and the cottonwood  
Reign in the place of elms and pines.  
Missouri rolls—a silent stream—  
And over all the hot sun shines.

Dear to my heart Dakota's fields  
Of blue-eyed flax and shimmering grain,  
But dearer still the shores of Rye  
Beside the stormy Eastern main.

## A Little Girl's Prayer to Santa Claus

*By Harry B. Metcalf*

Upon the church steps, kneeling low,  
A tiny girl, sad-faced, alone,  
Was mumbling as in prayer; the snow  
Was falling, and the winds, amean,  
Proclaimed a drear December night.  
Men, homeward bound, their day's work done  
Stopped there, transfixed, so strange the sight,  
And listened to the little one.

"I pray, good Santa Claus, that you  
Won't quite forget my mamma dear;  
She cries a lot, and feels so blue  
'Cause things ain't like they was last year.  
You see, my poor papa is dead  
And she works, oh, so hard for me  
And Baby Jack, and goes to bed  
Nights just as tired as she can be.

"And when I asked if Santa Claus  
Was goin' to come on Christmas Eve  
She said she did n't think so, 'cause  
He never had good things to leave  
With folks that's poor; then mamma cried;  
And that is why I've come up here  
To ask if you won't lay aside  
A gift or two for mamma dear."

Who says that Santa did not hear  
The tender plea of that sweet child,  
And follow in her footsteps, near,  
Till she was safely domiciled?  
Who says that prayers to old Saint Nick  
Are prayers that are sent up in vain?  
Nay, good old Santa is a brick—  
Long may his rotund form remain!

'Tis Christmas; a wan woman weeps  
Not tears of sadness, but of joy,  
For at her door are piled in heaps  
Good things for mother, girl and boy;  
Food and clothing in fine array;  
Dolls, and cars on a railroad track;  
Books and blocks; and happy are they—  
Mamma and Girlie, and Baby Jack.



State House at Concord

# Concord as a Residential City

*By H. H. Metcalf*

If there be one thing above all others upon which the people of Concord may justly pride themselves, it is not simply the political prominence of their city, as the capital of the state, but the advantages which it offers as a place of residence for the intelligent and aspiring home-seeker. Portsmouth may surpass it in historic associations, Manchester in the mag-

years of fruitful activity, Concord may properly be ranked in advance of all other New Hampshire cities, comparing favorably, on the whole, with Hartford, Conn., Springfield, Mass., or Burlington, Vt.

In the first place it may be said that the city is peculiarly fortunate in the matter of its location, from a physical or geographical point of view.



U. S. Government Building

nitude and Nashua in the variety of its industries; but when it comes to the combination of facts and circumstances rendering a city attractive as an abiding place for the man and woman who have a family of children to rear and educate amid the best associations and under the most favoring conditions, or who seek the most desirable location in which to enjoy the well-earned leisure following

Situated in the beautiful valley of the Merrimack, whose waters separate its more than sixty square miles of territory into two nearly equal sections, it embraces within its limits a wide variety of soil and surface—broad and rich intervalles, wide-stretching plains, rolling uplands and rugged hillsides, with the accessories of lake and forest to complete the picture; while the fine variety of scenery within the city lim-



## *Concord as a Residential City*

its is supplemented by much that is attractive, within ready access in the surrounding towns. But two hours' ride by rail from Boston, the great New England metropolis; five hours to the heart of the White Mountains, and three or four to any given point on the Atlantic beach from Salisbury to Old Orchard; while a single hour carries one to Winnetoesaukee—"The Smile of the Great Spirit"—at the north, or to beautiful Lake Sunapee at the west, the advantages of the loca-

to the west of Main Street, in the central section, so placed as to be visible from a single point, includes the state house, state library, United States government building and the city hall; and in the immediate vicinity, and also visible from the same point, are the high school, the elegant new Christian Science Church, the Unitarian and Universalist churches and the public library. In no other city of its size in the Union can so fine a display of public buildings be found,



State Library

tion are readily discerned, whether from a business or health and pleasure-seeking point of view.

The compact portion of the city is mainly located upon the plain and adjacent hillside, in the central southern section, overlooking the river, extending some two miles from north to south and of varying width. Main Street, for half a mile on either side of its central section, is lined with substantial brick blocks, in which the bulk of the city's business is transacted, and compares favorably in appearance with any business street in any city of similar size in the country. A notable group of public buildings,

so handsomely grouped and seen to such advantage.

The state house, which, though by no means a modern structure, having been erected in the early part of the last century, and remodeled and practically rebuilt by the city about half a century ago, when a strong effort was made to remove the capital to Manchester, with its stately pillared portico, is regarded as one of the handsomest pieces of architecture in New England. It occupies an entire square on the west side of Main Street, fronting the Eagle Hotel, the ample surrounding grounds, adorned by statues of Stark, Webster and Hale, forming

a delightful park, which is appreciated alike by visitor and resident.

The state library building, which also contains the Supreme Court chamber and accessory rooms, as well as quarters for the state board of agriculture and the superintendent of public instruction, located at the northeast corner of Park and State streets, on a fine lot provided by the city, was erected some fifteen years

ago, donated by the city, is of graceful design, constructed entirely of selected Concord granite, and completed about twenty years ago, at a total cost of nearly a quarter of a million dollars. There are, of course, many much larger federal buildings scattered through the country, but men who have traveled extensively and observed carefully, declare this to be one of the handsomest buildings



City Hall

ago at an expense of about \$350,000, Concord and Conway granite being used in combination in its construction. Massiveness and strength are the leading ideas conveyed in its architectural appearance, and it makes a safe repository for the 105,000 bound volumes and vast accumulation of pamphlets and papers stored within its walls.

The United States government building, which occupies a full square directly west of the state house, between State and Green streets, also

owned by the government. In addition to the post office, it contains quarters for the United States Pension Agency for the district of New Hampshire and Vermont, also for the United States District and Circuit courts, which hold several terms per annum in the city.

The new city hall building, completed four years ago, at an expense, for land and construction, of about \$150,000, is located just across Green Street, to the west of the government building. It consists, practically, of

two buildings in connection, that in front being utilized for office purposes and the meetings of the city government, the aldermanic and council chambers being separated by a steel curtain, which can be raised, throwing the two rooms into one whenever the two bodies meet in joint convention. The office rooms are spacious, finely furnished and conveniently arranged. All the city officials except those connected with the municipal court, are here accommodated. The latter have their quarters in the police station

North Main Street, about a quarter of a mile above the state house, generally known as the "court house," and owned jointly by the city and the County of Merrimack, was disposed of to the latter, and during the past year the building has been thoroughly reconstructed, everything being torn down but the walls, and rebuilt, in the most substantial and convenient manner, furnishing ample and pleasant quarters for the Superior and Probate courts, and the various county offices. The expense of reconstruc-



**Merrimack County Court House**

building, erected some twenty years ago, on Warren Street, at an expense of \$20,000 or more. In connection with, and in the rear of the office building, is what is known as the "auditorium," designed for the accommodation of public gatherings, with seats for about twelve hundred people and so arranged as to be highly eligible for theatrical purposes. Indeed, it is at present leased to a theatrical manager for such purpose, with the reservation to the city of its use for lecture courses and other public purposes.

At the time when the erection of the new city hall was determined upon, the city's interest in the building on

tion, including furnishing, has been about \$45,000, and it is safe to say that it is the finest, handsomest, most convenient and most substantial county court house to be found in the state—both a credit to the county and an ornament to the city, which, by the way, constitutes about one half of the county, as regards both wealth and population.

The schools of Concord have long been noted for their excellence, the grade of teachers, the quality of work done, and the compensation given, being far superior to that in most cities of its rank throughout New England, and when the work now in progress shall have been completed, its equip-

**Fowler (City) Library**

ment of school buildings will be unsurpassed. Several spacious and substantial modern buildings for the grammar and lower grade schools have been erected during the last few years; while after the destruction by fire of the former high school building some fifteen or twenty years ago, an elegant new structure was erected on its site at a cost of nearly \$100,000, which is by far the handsomest school building in the state, but which, unfortunately, or fortunately, as may ultimately prove to be the case, was practically outgrown in the first half dozen years, through the unexpectedly rapid increase in high school attendance, so that it has been greatly overcrowded for several years past. At the annual school meeting a year ago

last March, in Union District (which embraces the compact part of the city and the villages of East and West Concord, while the agricultural section is included in what is known as the "town district," and the village of Penacook, or Ward One, in the northerly part of the city, also forms a separate district, known as "No. 1"), it was voted to erect a new high school building, and a committee was appointed to carry out such purpose, the sum of \$90,000 being appropriated for the work. At the same time \$30,000 was voted for the erection of a new eight-room building at West Concord, the amount to be raised by the issue and sale of long-time bonds of the district.

It was determined by the committee

**High School**

that a building should be constructed which, while thoroughly modern and first class in its arrangement and appointments, should be of sufficient capacity to meet the wants of the district, and such outside pupils as may be attracted, for many years to come. To this end it was decided to avoid unnecessary expenditure for a site, and to indulge in no expense for mere ornamentation. A site on North Spring Street, near Pleasant, and thus in ready access by the electric car line,

gathered. It will be ready for occupancy at the beginning of the spring term, at which time the present high school building can be utilized to relieve the somewhat congested condition of some of the other buildings, the probability being that a central grammar school will be here established and the other buildings in the compact portion of the city given up entirely to the use of the lower grades.

With the construction of the two buildings just mentioned, and a new



**Kimball School**

which included the old manual training school lot, was secured, and a plain, but substantial and commodious granite-trimmed brick building, of three stories and basement, erected thereon, is now approaching completion. It will be completely equipped in every department, including a large room for the commercial course, which is now a prominent feature in the high school work. This building will easily accommodate from five to six hundred pupils, and has a fine assembly hall in which that number can be

brick manual training school, for which an appropriation of \$30,000 was voted at the last annual meeting of the district, and which is now approaching completion on a site adjacent to the high school building, so that it will be heated from the same plant, there will have been expended by the district, within less than twenty years, an amount exceeding \$375,000 in the construction and equipment of new schoolhouses, which certainly puts the city far in advance of most places of its size in the matter of school accom-

modations. At the same time, as has been suggested, the quality of the instruction furnished, in all departments and grades, as well as of the supervision, is fully commensurate with the material equipment, so that no better place for the public education of the young can be found in the entire country, except it be some town where a state university supplements the ordinary public school system.

Aside from the public schools of the city, it should be stated, there are the parochial schools, connected with both

of young men from all parts of the country. Here there has been expended more than a million dollars in buildings and equipment, and the architectural display alone, which the buildings present, is sufficient to attract hundreds of visitors yearly. To the high character of the instruction given, the wide fame and wonderful success of the school, furnish ample testimony.

The excellence of the Concord schools is fully paralleled by the superior character of its church privi-



Dewey School

the St. John's, or Irish-American, and the French Catholic churches of the city, the accommodations of the former having been largely increased during the past year, and the attendance upon all reaching some five or six hundred. A fine boarding school for girls (St. Mary's), under Episcopalian auspices, has been in successful operation in the city for several years; while St. Paul's, the most noted private fitting school for boys in the country, established half a century ago at Millville, two miles to the west of the city proper, but within the corporate limits, is attended regularly by hundreds

leges. The pioneers in the settlement of the place established Sunday worship upon their coming, and the same has been continued from that time to the present. No history of religious progress in the capital city is required, or can be attempted in this connection. Suffice it to say that all the leading denominations of Protestant Christianity, as well as the Roman Catholics, are well represented, convened in spacious and well-built houses of worship and ministered to by some of the ablest clergymen of their respective denominations. There are in the central portion of the city

one Advent, two Baptist, two Catholic (one French), two Congregational, two Episcopalian, one Free Baptist, two Methodist, one Swedish Lutheran, one Unitarian and one Universalist church. Most of the edifices are finely located, and of attractive architectural appearance. Several have fine vestries or chapels in connection, while St. Paul's Episcopal Church has a substantial, commodious and finely-equipped parish or guild house adja-

also, at East and West Concord and Penacook, also Baptist, Catholic and Methodist, and an Episcopalian mission at the latter place, and a similar mission at East Concord. Supplementing the work of the Protestant evangelical denominations, so called, there is a large and prosperous branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, in the city, which has recently erected, at a cost of some \$35,000, a handsome and commodious building,



**Rumford School**

cent. The Christian Scientists have here the handsomest and most expensive church edifice in the state, located at the corner of School and State streets, in close proximity to the principal public buildings, erected two or three years since at a cost of about \$200,000, mainly the gift of Mary Baker G. Eddy, whom they revere as the discoverer and founder of their faith, and whose home has been at Pleasant View, near St. Paul's School, for several years past.

There are Congregational churches,

which is finely equipped and occupied for its purposes. Another branch of the Y. M. C. A. organized in connection with the railway service, is also now erecting a fine brick building for its uses in the vicinity of the railroad station.

A spacious, substantial, well-arranged and well-furnished general hospital, located at the south end of the city, erected a few years since through the liberality of the late Hon. George A. Pillsbury of Minneapolis, of the great flour manufacturing firm

of that city, formerly a prominent resident and mayor of Concord, and named the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, in honor of the donor's wife, with the best physicians and surgeons of the city included in its operating staff and board of management, is an



**Universalist Church**

institution in which citizens generally take due pride, and which materially enhances the eligibility of the city from a residential point of view. The New Hampshire Memorial Hospital for Women and Children, which was established here six or eight years ago, by an association organized largely through the efforts of the late Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, who was the physician in charge up to the time of her death a few months since, is also a most useful and valuable institution.

The Centennial Home for the Aged, more generally known as the "Old Ladies' Home," from the fact that, up to the present time, most of the inmates have been women, occupies now a large and imposing brick structure, of fine architectural appearance, on

Pleasant Street, the building having been materially enlarged—its capacity practically doubled—a year or two ago. It is controlled by an association organized in 1876, through the efforts of various philanthropically-disposed citizens of the state, among whom Mrs. Armenia S. White of this city has been prominent from the start. It has furnished a comfortable home for many worthy, and some comparatively needy elderly people, upon the payment of a small sum, each, by themselves or their friends, and is regarded throughout the state as an institution worthy to be remembered by men and women of means, seeking proper objects upon which to bestow their benefactions. It has a very



**Pleasant-Street Baptist Church**

handsome fund already, whose income contributes materially to its support; but which, of course, may be increased to advantage. Another worthy institution here located is the New Hampshire Odd Fellows' Home, located upon the fine grounds just outside the



compact portion of the city to the west, which belonged to the late ex-President Franklin Pierce, and upon which he once planned the erection of a fine residence.

The location within the city limits of the New Hampshire State Prison

mandated; and the recently established policy of the state involving the care of all the dependent insane at this point, has necessitated very large additional accommodations, some \$200,000 having been expended in the last two years in this direction.

The asylum grounds, being open to the public under proper restrictions, practically constitute a splendid park, and their well-kept appearance adds largely to the attractiveness of that section of the city.

The city has two large improved parks adjacent to the compact section, both possessed of fine natural attractions, one at the south, known as Rollins Park, and one at the northwest border, known as White Park, the land for the former having been given



**South Congregational Church**

and the New Hampshire Hospital for the Insane, while adding nothing to the attractions of the city as a place of residence, detracts nothing therefrom, while measurably increasing its importance from the public point of view. The former, located midway between the city proper and West Concord, is a model institution of its kind; while the latter, whose extensive grounds, embracing nearly one hundred acres, border the compact portion of the city on the southwest, is one of the largest, best equipped and best managed hospitals for the insane in the country. Many fine buildings have been added from time to time to the original plant, as the requirements of the institution de-



**First Methodist Church**

by the late Hon. E. H. Rollins, and that for the latter by the late Nathaniel White, two public-spirited citizens, whose names will be held in perpetual remembrance. The former was a natural pine grove, with a splendid growth of that beautiful timber,

and is largely preserved in its natural state, the ground adjacent to the highway, only, having been transformed into a handsome lawn, adorned with plants and shrubbery, rendering it particularly attractive in the summer season. The center of the grove is cleared of all undergrowth and is extensively utilized by picnic parties and as a general summer afternoon resort for children and others in that section of the city. A speaking stand has been provided, and, during Sunday afternoons in midsummer, religious services have been holden here under the auspices of the Concord Young Men's Christian Association. White Park, which is larger than Rollins, including some twenty-five or thirty acres, is of uneven surface and was largely covered with hard wood

pleasant and much frequented resort during the summer season. Being larger, and presenting more varied scenic attractions, it is even more extensively visited.

With these two fine parks, which are being still further improved and



**First Congregational Church**

growth, some of which has been removed and the ground tastefully laid out and improved, while an original bog has been transformed into a beautiful artificial lake. The larger portion, however, still remains wooded, and this, like Rollins Park, is a very



**First Baptist Church**

beautified from year to year, several smaller ones in different locations, and another large one, known as Penacook Park, on the shore of Penacook Lake, near West Concord, which is capable of being made, and in the course of time doubtless will be, one of the finest in New England, the city is certainly well provided with summer "breathing places" for its population. Aside from these, however, the Concord Street Railway, which is now operated by the Boston & Maine, has a splendid resort on the Contoocook River, about one mile west of Penacook, and seven miles from the center of the city proper, which has been fitted up with a dancing pavilion, summer theatre, band stand, restaurants, seats, swings, and everything requisite to

make a resort of this kind attractive. Steamers and smaller boats also ply on the river, and during ten or twelve weeks of midsummer, generally known as the vacation period, the park is thronged by people nearly every day, including



Unitarian Church

numerous picnic and excursion parties from points outside the city. The fact that the street railway's car line runs directly into the park renders it particularly accessible and attractive. It should be mentioned, also, that the electrics likewise run alongside both White and Rollins parks.

The entire highway system of Concord, coursing through its sixty square miles of territory, embraces about 180 miles of street and roadway, nearly half of which is included in the compact portion of the city. These streets are mostly well graded, many miles macadamized, and those in quite a section near the center, concreted. Good concrete sidewalks are also provided through the main portion of the city, and nearly all the streets are beautifully lined with maple, elm and other shade trees; so that the city is specially noted for its attractiveness in this regard.

The city's water supply is unsurpassed, both as to quality and abundance. Its source is Penacook Lake, a beautiful body of the purest water, whose outlet is near West Concord. It is fed by an abundance of cold springs, and has never yet failed to meet all requirements, even in seasons of the greatest drought. The lake lies at a good elevation above Main Street; but in order to insure perfect delivery in the higher points, a high-pressure service has been introduced to supplement the main delivery, a reservoir of 2,000,000 gallons' capacity having been established upon an elevation 180 feet above the Main Street level. Through this service alone 600,000 gallons per day are delivered. The city owns and controls its water works, the management thereof being in the hands of a special commission.

The street lighting is mainly by electricity, though gas is used to some extent. The electric lighting is furnished by the Concord Electric Com-



Curtis Memorial (Free Baptist) Church

pany, which has one of the finest plants in New England, established at Sewall's Falls, some three miles up the Merrimack, where a large amount of money has been expended. This company, in addition to public and private lighting, furnishes power for

manufacturing and mechanical purposes, to a large extent. The Concord Gas Light Company's service is excellent, and between both services there is no occasion for any man to "walk in darkness" in the Capital City.

The railway facilities enjoyed by the Capital City are equal to the best. The entire system of railroad lines centering here, including the old Concord, Northern, Boston, Concord & Montreal, Concord & Claremont, and Peterborough & Hillsborough, has been for the last fifteen years or more operated by the Boston & Maine, the service given being eminently satisfactory, and improved from year to year as conditions permit. With a dozen passenger trains each way be-

period of summer travel, no reasonable person can complain of lack of facility for reaching the outside world at any time, so far as the matter of railway transportation is concerned. The equipment and operating force is also excellent, as a rule; and the



St. John's (Catholic) Church

tween the city and Boston, half a dozen to the north over the old Boston, Concord & Montreal; five each way over the Northern, or present Concord Division, three each way over the Claremont and two over the Peterborough branch, at all seasons, and an increased service during the



St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church

man who complains of any branch of the passenger service may safely be set down as a chronic fault-finder. The freight service, although perhaps not perfect as yet, has been wonderfully improved; the yards and sidetrackage increased many fold, and the facilities for delivery and transfer greatly increased.

The passenger station at this point is one of the largest and finest in New England outside of Boston. It was erected by the old Concord Railroad Company before its property became a part of the Boston & Maine system, at a time when the corporation had a large surplus which would have reverted to the state had it not been expended in improvements. On ac-

## *Concord as a Residential City*

count of this condition Concord was favored by the erection of this splendid station, in which all the people take much pride, and which will be adequate to all the wants of the public and of the operating corporation, in this line, for some generations to come.

As has been heretofore noted, the street railway of the city is also ope-

fair grounds, used when the fair and other exhibitions are in progress there, in all about twelve miles of railway, is now equipped with fine new cars, and a fifteen-minute service is furnished.

An electric line constructed and operated by the Boston & Maine, also furnishes an hourly service, each way, between the city and Manchester,



First Church of Christ, Scientist

rated by the Boston & Maine, having passed into its hands three or four years since. This service has also been much improved, and the system, which includes lines running from lower South Main Street, below the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, to Penacook and Contoocook River Park, down South Street and Broadway, to Rollins Park, a loop line through the western section, known as the "West End," and a branch to the Concord

from early morning till late in the evening. In the summer season, especially, this is largely patronized on account of the fine view of the beautiful Merrimack Valley which is afforded along the route, and the otherwise charming scenery that is commanded. With the completion of the line from Goffs Falls to Hudson, now close at hand, there will be continuous electric service between Concord and Boston—a situation that will be ap-

**Y. M. C. A. Building**

preciated by many people of leisure during the warm season, at least. To leave one's door in the city and go to Boston, or to any point along the line of North Atlantic beaches from that city to Portland, as can henceforth be done by the Concord resident, will certainly be something worth while for one who seeks a breath of fresh air in the sweltering summer time.

Since the railroad interests here were consolidated under the Boston & Maine management, extensive new repair and construction shops have been established at this point, and the work done vastly increased, so that this has come to be by far the most important industry in the city, giving employment to more than 600 men upon the average, and the total

**Boston & Maine Railroad Station**



**New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged**

**Odd Fellows Home**

monthly wages paid to all the railway employes resident in Concord amounts to about \$75,000.

Although not claiming to be a manufacturing city, Concord has many other industries of importance, including such as the Abbot-Downing Company's carriage manufacturing works, the W. B. Durgin Company's silverware manufactory, the Page Belting Company's establishment, and many smaller concerns, not to mention the extensive granite cutting interests, which have been an important source of the city's prosperity for years.

The mercantile life of the city covers, fully, all retail lines, and quite an extensive wholesale business is conducted by several firms, in flour, grain, feed, groceries, iron, lime, cement, hardware, etc. Many of the retail stores on Main Street are model establishments, and two, at least, of the dry goods stores, are equal to any to be found in New England, north of Boston. It is said, to the special credit of Concord merchants, as a rule, that they carry a better class of goods than are usually found in cities of corresponding size.

The banking establishments here

**Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital**



found rank with the best in the state or in New England, and naturally do an extensive business. The three national banks have an aggregate capital stock of \$500,000; had, at the time of the last published statement, aggregate surplus and undivided profits to an equal amount, and deposits aggregating \$3,230,596. The four savings banks here located have deposits, altogether, exceeding \$13,500,000.

tended circulation, representing the two principal parties in their political leanings, occupy fully the journalistic field, supplementing the church, the school and the library in the great work of educating the people; and here it may be said that a well-arranged public library of 27,000 volumes, along with the state library, with its 105,000, also open for the use of residents, and the valuable and ex-



Wonolancet Club House

In professional as well as business life, Concord ranks at the very front. Not only are her church pastorates ably filled, but her lawyers include many of the brightest and most successful in the state, while the medical profession is represented here by a large body of faithful and intelligent practitioners, some of whom have wide reputation for skill in different lines of practice.

Two daily and two weekly newspapers, long established, and of ex-

tensive collection of the State Historical Society, soon, it is hoped, to be housed in fine new quarters in near proximity to the other libraries, present advantages seldom equalled for those who seek instruction from the recorded thoughts of the master minds of all ages. Another prime factor in the educational field is a permanent free lecture course, open to the public, made available a few years since, through an accumulated fund, the basis of which was bequeathed for the



**Residence of Frank W. Rollins**



**Residence of Dr. George M. Kimball**

**Entrance to White Park**

purpose by the late Timothy and Abigail Walker.

The importance of the Capital city in a business point of view is illustrated by the magnitude of its post-office business, which is in excess of that of any other city in the state, this office being a depository for the offices in a large section of the state, receiving deposits, indeed, from seven of the ten counties. During the year 1905 the Concord postoffice received from sales of stamps \$70,047.77; in deposits

from other postoffices, \$38,697.17; United States treasury warrants, \$112,400. It disbursed in salaries, \$181,295.14, and deposited with the U. S. treasury, \$39,847.80. In its money-order business, it issued and paid orders to the amount of \$259,964.32, and received in deposits from other offices \$400,180.80, making a total of \$660,145.12, which, with the total receipts and disbursements from the postal business, makes an aggregate of \$1,102,435 as the total of its

**View off Centre Street**



**Residence of John M. Mitchell**



**Residence of Harry G. Sargent**



View in White Park

financial transactions for the year. The people of Concord patronize the postoffice in the purchase of stamps to the extent of more than \$3.00 per capita, on the average. The office has on its payroll 283 postal employes, of which number ninety are connected with the local office, and the remainder are rural carriers and clerks in the state.

The social life of the city is enlivened and improved by various clubs and organizations, prominent among which are the Wonolancet Club, which

has a large membership, mainly composed of active business and professional men, and the Concord Woman's Club, embracing a large number of the representative women of the city. The former, whose objects are mainly social, has a fine club-house of its own, at the corner of North State and Pleasant streets; while the Woman's Club, which combines the educational with the social feature, holds its weekly meetings, from October to May, in the Episcopal Parish House hall. The various fraternal organiza-



View in Rollins Park



**Residence of F. E. Nelson**



**Residence of W. F. Thayer**

tions are well represented, and the Masons and Odd Fellows, particularly strong in the city, both the latter being housed in spacious and elegant quarters. Many grand bodies of different organizations meet in the city during the year; and these gatherings, with the biennial sessions of the Legislature, the numerous terms of court, federal, state and county, the annual meetings of the New Hampshire Medical Society, all combine to make Concord the great meeting place of men of thought, character and purpose, from all sections of the state, and at the same time enhance its eligibility as a permanent abiding place for those who seek the largest measure of advantage for body, mind and soul.

With all its material, educational, social and religious advantages, Concord is essentially a city of homes.

Among these homes are no palatial establishments of multi-millionaires, and few haunts of poverty and misery. There are some poor people among its inhabitants, and some very "well-to-do," as the expression goes, but the majority are found in the great middle class of industrious and intelligent citizenship. Peace and order prevail in the midst, and the fact that at the recent election the people voted "no-license," and such saloons as are now maintained will disappear next May for four years at least, may make the city even more desirable for those seeking a new place of residence, any and all of whom, if law-abiding, order-loving men and women, seeking the best for themselves, and ready to aid in promoting the welfare of others, will ever be heartily welcomed.



A Bend in the Merrimack

# The New Hampshire Hills

*By Le Roy Smart*

Oh, tell me not in glowing words  
Of Alpine views nor Grecian fountains;  
It has not been your lot to see  
Like me, the bold New Hampshire mountains.  
Their crags and peaks breathe not of fire,  
Nor dark their sheen with molten lava;  
But skies of blue enshroud their crests  
In tender tribute to their Carver.

Betimes in dreams I now can see  
The range, where great white domes lie yawning,  
As if to kiss each fleeting cloud  
That tacks and heels before the morning.  
Again the hour of twilight comes  
And o'er the vales are shadows falling,  
While echoes down from every hill  
The thrush and night-hawk's plaintive calling.

No Southern clime or English moor  
Has ought to match these hills of granite,  
And sun ne'er rose o'er lands more fair  
On this or any starry planet.  
And though far from these rugged mounts  
A native son may chance to wander,  
There lurks a love within the breast  
To make New Hampshire's hills grow fonder.

## A Wintry Scene

*By C. C. Lord*

Lo! with rudeness chill the airs  
Float among the whitened hairs,  
And the barren world is sad,—  
Strange! The heart, forsooth, is glad.

Mark the dimness of the eye  
That beholds the leaden sky,  
And the storm moans far away,—  
Can the heart smile all the day?

Oh! the limping feet that go  
To the sunless vale below,  
And the dismal snowflakes creep,—  
Hush! The heart gives thanks; why weep?



# The First Schoolma'am in Dover.

*By Lydia A. Stevens*

It was in the year of our Lord 1774, and of his gracious majesty, King George the IVth, the fourteenth.

The quiet people of old Dover were much excited by the usurpations of power by the mother country. So far as possible all ordinary public activities were suspended. Even public education suffered. It was voted in town meeting: "That there be no more schools this year than the law directs."

The selectmen, to lessen expense, began to consider anew the safety of employing female teachers. The matter was left with the chairman, Capt. Caleb Hodgdon. How the doughty captain managed his delicate mission is not clear, but there is evidence that he established a public summer school for young children in the northern part of the town, and put a young woman in charge. There was no precedent for such an act.

It is probable that elderly women took charge of little children during summers. But the dames, for so they were called, received no wages from the town. The selectmen put their new departure on a different basis. For the first time in Dover a female teacher was hired at public charge. No further provision of this sort was made until after the Revolution.

Why Capt. Caleb chose Tamsen Bo-leau, we do not know. Perhaps he could get no other. The girls of her time were practical, and made excellent wives, but even the brightest enjoyed slight educational advantages. They were allowed to attend the public schools kept by men in the summer months only, and not then unless there were seats kept vacant by boys. Books were considered outside the feminine sphere. Boys began to attend the grammar schools when they were seven or eight years of age, but their

sisters stopped short when through with the ignorant "reading and writing" masters. But why Tamsen? She was full of kindness and deeds of mercy, but esteemed dull. Well, Captain Hodgdon was trying an experiment. He did not want a dame, and could not find an accomplished woman.

The dames taught little except the alphabet, and sewing for the girls, frequently allowing themselves to knit and spin between recitations. They maintained order by premiums of gingerbread and the wearing of dunce caps. The selectmen had long talked over the deficiencies in this sort of instruction, and unanimously decided to give no dame a chance in a public school. Much to his satisfaction, the sagacious old soldier discovered in Tamsen an infinite store of patience and sweet temper. Then, he argued, she would have nothing to unlearn, and so might develop new processes of feminine activity. Whether he dimly foresaw the passing of man in the primary school, may not be answered off-hand. He did not go far wrong, though it may be that in its vast heart Providence also took account of qualities so direct, so simple, of a nature so true, a heart so faithful, and blessed her efforts.

In whose dwelling house the school was kept, it is now impossible to determine. If there were any Dover young ladies who possessed more than a rudimentary education, there is no evidence that they applied for the position. Whether the selectmen or minister conducted the examination—or if there were no examination—has not come down to us. We do not know how much salary was paid. Surely it was meagre, for only £100 were raised that year for schooling the whole town.

The building must have been large enough to afford a good-sized room. It was not far from the road. The furniture consisted of a table, chair and settles. There were no curtains to the windows. As the yard in summer was littered with farming utensils, the children played under the immediate eye of the teacher. Wood creatures were all about. Squirrels poised in nearby trees, hawks swooped here and there, chickadees uttered flute-notes, wrens raved, and there were a thousand subtleties, now unknown, which the strong sixth sense of the children of a hundred and thirty-two years ago fully understood and enjoyed.

Tamsen did not know how to begin. Did she begin? Is it not probable that things just happened in that school for 'a time? What a dear, ridiculous little woman-teacher! There was plenty of advice, but she actually enjoyed her complete incapacity to follow the masters' methods. In asking for the position, she had no reason to urge—only a feeling. There was one thing in her favor. She was not over-wrought and emotional. There was nothing to distract her attention. She had never known the strange logic of a man's mind, and was entirely heart-free. Home and school shut out the rest of the world. When girls of her age got together, or John Waldron filled his great barns for husking bees, Tamsen was not present, and she was not found when women assembled in a neighborly fashion to work with their needles. Her queer school was so much simpler, easier and better to her small heart. She effaced herself in doing what no Dover woman had done for a child not her own.

There was no contemporaneous notice of this teacher, nor has tradition preserved any knowledge of her methods in the schoolroom. We will try to recover the scene, and estimate the probabilities. Spelling and writing are little taught, to read is the main

thing. The younger pupils bring hornbooks, printed slips covered with translucent horn, slung to their necks by a string. The older boys read from a primer, and are taught arithmetic without a text-book. The larger girls learn to read and sew. They do little else, and there is no controversy about it. Tamsen refrains, with a tact above genius—for it is love—from hurting the feelings of the awkward and backward. Though not averse to corporal punishment, she keeps an especial switch for Jack, and a lighter one for his sister. No handiwork of her own is carried on in the schoolroom. So far as possible, commendation and reproof are given privately. Rivalry is reduced to the minimum. No resort is made to shameful discipline. Outside of her home, the children alone make any claim on her time, her attention and her affection, and her simple and devoted mind takes no account of their frequent ingratitude. To say that she loves the dirtiest boy in the lot, would be but a miserable half-truth. She is fonder of children than Master Chapham. Her every nerve is alive and tingling in vibrant unison with their little needs. While the master has failures as well as successes, she leaps through the swift indirection of a woman to successful conclusion. Parents dismiss their misgivings. Doctor Belknap notices her influence over the ne'er-do-weels, and thinks less of her shortcomings at examination.

At length, she grows happy in her task. The feeling does not come through accustomed channels. The new influence develops certain delicately attuned fibres of her being. Her adjustment is complete. Before, everything was different. Her faith even carries her so far as to make her believe that she is happier with the children of her neighbors than she could be with her own. At home she talks about her pupils with a quaint pride. Her wages are ridiculously small, and she is constantly reminded

of her inferiority to the male teachers. If she had any proper pride she would resign. But she remains. Her creed of meekness, forbearance and gentleness puts up with everything.

The country drifts into rebellion. War comes. Into the remoteness and seclusion of Dover drops alarm and anger. Men and youth enlist. Women weep, but run bullets. The Revolution, fiery and throbbing, spreads over the land. Everything else yields. It grows difficult to raise money for school purposes. The little children suffer first. Tamsen's school is abandoned. Years will go by before another woman sits at a public teacher's table in Dover.

Here, naturally, Tamsen is lost in the unrecognized body of people who could not bear arms. There is no record of her teaching after hostilities had ceased. In the fulness of time, her simple faith drew stronger and finer minds, and higher excellencies, into the lines of her belief; and later little children were no longer wholly misunderstood in Dover. Woman

never took form more nobly than Tamsen.

It is not strange that a girl so unornamental drove dame and man out of the infant schools. Perhaps, it is a little strange that a raw, uncultivated girl administered the first blow. But granting the incentive, intellect, training and culture, might have failed. These qualities were not accented in Tamsen's outfit, but she set the mark for all time. She met the man in full tilt in the lists, and he was vanquished. There was something higher. Her gift had little to do with mental quality or the education of the schools. It was the gentleness of her nature that won the victory.

She was a simple, loving, old-fashioned girl, who in the rudimentary process of her intelligence, saw something might be done for little girls and boys; a woman who was near by and ready, at the dawn of common sense in Dover school matters—who saw something ought to be done, and did it.

## The Old Mansion

*By Lona R. Morrison*

In all the region of Tidewater, Virginia, bordering on the lower portion of James River, there is not to be found a fairer spot than the plantation known in ante-bellum days as "The Old Mansion," once the property of Col. William Allen, a wealthy Virginian, who owned 1,000 slaves, and more than five times that number of acres, in one plantation. Though the ravages of civil war, followed, in turn, by years of neglect, have made sad havoc with the lovely old place, it yet possesses great beauty. As for the house: well, there is a style of architecture peculiar to all these old Southern homes. The walls two feet in thickness, of imported

English brick, and laid in mortar of adamantine hardness, have a picturesque irregularity of outline; the clusters of great chimneys suggest Longfellow's lines:

"His great fires up the chimney  
roared,  
The stranger feasted at his board."

There are spacious verandas, with floors of alternate light and dark squares of marble. There are large windows, with tiny panes of glass, in some instances having the view obstructed by a dense growth of old English ivy. Indoors is the great hall running the length of the house and flanked on either side by great,

empty rooms that once pulsed with happy life. Here ex-presidents, state governors and others, in high public life, were wont to gather with the genial host, to feast at his board, drink his wines, view his horses and slaves, and when at night myriads of candles lighted the hall with mellow radiance, they would while the hours away in music and dancing. Passing up the broad stairway, one comes to the upper hall, which is fully as large as the one below, and on either side of which are the sleeping rooms, large and low, each having several sunny, dormer windows, a fireplace, and a tiny bathroom, with a curious mode of letting the water down from an apartment above.

Here is "Washington's room," and one pauses with reverent feet at the threshold and speculates upon the august presence once sheltered there. Just across the hall is "Lafayette's room," and between these two rooms is a door, opening on the upper veranda, where a view of many miles, up and down the river, could be had, and where the signal fluttered that stopped the passing steamers.

Leaving the upper apartments, one descends to the billiard room, to one or two other darkly mysterious apartments, and then to the cavernous gloom of the wine vaults.

A notable instance of "stones crying out," is given in the fact that deep hollows in the stone steps have been worn by repeated footfalls, at-

testing to the fact that the planter's liquors were much in demand by the guests, who came in great numbers every time a passing steamer neared his wharf, which was directly in front of the house and at the lower extremity of a great lawn, all set with choicest shrubbery. On each side of the walk from the front porch there came in bloom, every spring, two long rows of Easter lilies, and verily a sweeter spot could not be found than ole Mars' Allen's lawn, in the tender beauty of an early spring day, when the lilies were ringing snowy bells, when the lindens wore their livery of delicate pink, when the japonicas made a veritable burning bush in the deep green of the lawn, when the mocking birds were giving such glorious outdoor concerts amid the magnolias.

But there came a time when the occupants grew weary of it all and went away, one by one, to sleep in the old family burying ground, out beyond the house on a gentle rise of ground near their loved river. Here was a spot shut in by walls of bricks, and here were set many choice shrubs. When weary of life's cares they were borne out here to rest. A dense growth of myrtle carpets the ground with a wealth of green and great sentinel oaks keep watch and ward over those who, though sleeping so quietly now, once made "The Old Mansion" radiant with happy life.

## Life

*By A. H. McCrillis*

What is life? Is it a circle?  
Do we like wheeling planets roll,  
Or do we rise with each rotation—  
Circling upward is the soul?

If our circles now are broader,  
And gaining thought as we revolve,  
Will light and wisdom broaden, too,  
As on we circle and evolve?

# Dreamland

*By W. P. Elkins*

I suppose a secluded bit of seashore is the best place for day-dreaming, but I like to indulge in day-dreams back among the hills. A lovely piece of woods on the western slope of a New Hampshire hill, and in the small valley at the foot of the hill, is what I have selected to receive the name of "Dreamland." Practically, the enclosure used to be a pasture for cattle and for berry-pickers; for the sportsmen of the country town, it was a wood; but for idlers and more romantic people, it was a spot for reading and for dreaming.

In early spring it was a home for violets and for the modest and lovely arbutus. After the leaves had put forth, and lost the yellow of their nascent state, and reached the dark green of full growth, vegetation was so dense, life so abundant, in this little forest, that one could not see the length or breadth of it. There was a variety of trees, with spruce predominating. Through the valley ran a beautiful brook, and birds, squirrels, mink and other animals, lived near it.

In autumn, after the glory of the foliage, "Dreamland" was disturbed by the noise of shooting; hares, partridges, squirrels and woodchuck were in danger; the king of animals trampled on the most delicate of plants and sought chiefly to kill and to destroy. Later, when the leaves had fallen, it became even more unsafe for bird and beast; even that old inhabitant, the woodpecker, was liable to be brought down by the sportsman's shot. Animals became scarcer and slyer, and there was little active life in the woods when winter came and sifted its white crystals through the trees. Thence all was silent and given over to woodpecker and snowbird, till the spring came and the farmer tapped a few maples by the brook.

This pasture was truly "Dreamland" only in summer. How frequent and how delightful the days I have idled away there, swinging in the hammock by the brook or stretched on moss up the hillside! My morning walk over and breakfast eaten, I would take a volume of poems and enter "Dreamland." After reading until a state of comparative exaltation was mine, I would lay aside my book and, lying in a hammock, surrender to nature. A gentle motion in the hammock seemed to be answered by a gentler motion of the trees and sky. Faint odors of pine and spruce, of wild flowers, reached me; and I seemed to see a meadow, brilliant with flowers, fresh with grass and sedge, waving under a gentle wind which came to me, laden with delicate and grateful perfume.

Nearby the brook was rippling; farther up the valley I could hear the mellow tinkle of cowbells; and in the distance the loud call, homelike, yet startling, of a cock. Insects hummed around me, and unto the harmony of those sweet, familiar sounds was added suddenly the murmur of a gust of wind in some tall pines near by. The murmuring ceased, but voices continued to whisper unto me, unto all listeners—the pure spirits of the pine. They whispered of peaceful homes, of the great innocent heart of nature; and, forgetting all the cares, all the desires, all the ambitions of everyday life, I seemed, like George Hartwig, to lose myself, for one moment, in that great heart.

I looked up to and beyond the murmuring treetops. The sky was smiling in gentle blueness, and a great, white cloud lifted its massive sides into the blue. There it stood, purer than marble, loftier than the alps, grander than they. It looked as

though one could stand or run upon it; but, even as I gazed upon it, it changed its shape, a part disappearing, another part coming forth from the unseen. It stretched away into the distance and lifted itself as though in adoration. I seemed to see the borders of a celestial land,—seemed to hear voices singing “Holy, Holy, Holy!” The earth, the sky, the trees, were swimming in glory. Beauty, joy, love, were everywhere, and everywhere supreme. And then I fell asleep and dreamed I was a child, with the wisdom of a man, but soon a man, with the innocence of a child. My mother and sister and friends were with me, and we helped each other and knew no pain, because we knew no sin. Then I awoke: the sun was

setting, the dew falling upon the ferns and moss of “Dreamland.” I sauntered home, wondering at the blessings granted me, a sinner, hoping I might rise to receive the higher blessings God bestows upon those who hunger and are athirst.

When last I saw “Dreamland,” Mammon had been there, and its beauty had fled. Blackberries ripened on the hillside, cows grazed in the pasture, hares hid in the underbrush, the brook leaped and rippled in its constant course; but the noble trees, the beautiful spruces and pines, were gone, and in their place was an army of stumps. The woods were gone, the pasture was an ugly one, and “Dreamland” seemed a misnomer.

## In the Court of Life

*By Leslie G. Cameron*

Forgive, O Lord, if making light of pain be sin,  
Nor meet my plea as men would meet with laugh of scorn.  
Thou knowest, gracious King, a jester's painted grin  
And cap of bells full well may hide a crown of thorn.

So many of Thy courtiers chose the blood-tipped crown,  
And in the wearing called Thy court of Life an hell,  
That one, unmindful of a Sovereign's dreaded frown,  
To hide the crown he blindly begged, donned cap and bell.

So many cursed the crosses that Thy love called good,  
Or spoke Thee fair that Thou wouldst dry their tears,  
That one, to hide the goading of his heavy rood,  
Put on a jester's gown and laughed through weary years.

Thou knowest, mighty King, the loss of life's best sweet,  
The bitter tears that nightly wash the painted grin,  
The dragging cross that trips his merry dancing feet,  
The drops of blood that stain his jingling cap within.

And so, forgive if he has lost a subject's right  
To strive for honor since he chose a jester's gown,  
His jibes have made Thy courtiers' burdens light,  
His grin has often eased the pain of cross or crown

